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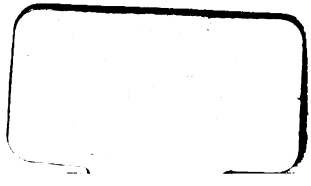

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OF THE

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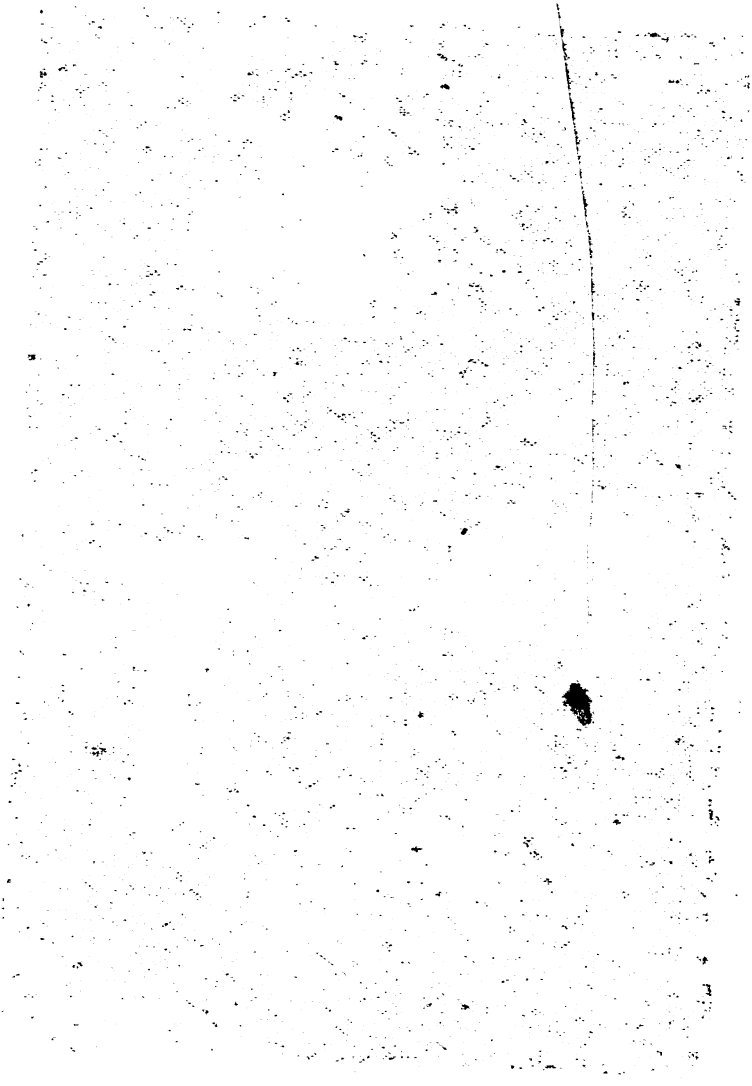

THRILLING STORIES

OF THE

GREAT REBELLION:

COMPRISING

HEROIC ADVENTURES AND HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES OF SOLDIERS, SCOUTS, SPIES, AND REFUGEES; DARING EXPLOITS OF SMUGGLERS, GUERRILLAS, DESPERADOES, AND OTHERS; TALES OF LOYAL AND DISLOYAL WOMEN; STORIES OF THE NEGRO, ETC. ETC.

WITH INCIDENTS OF FUN AND MERRIMENT IN CAMP AND FIELD.

BY A DISABLED OFFICER.

With Illustrations.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN E. POTTER,
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PREFACE.

In the quick succession of surprising events which have characterized our country's history since the outbreak of the great rebellion, it has been beyond the power of any one to retain more than fragmentary, disconnected impressions of scenes and incidents which would prove a valuable addition to one's stock of information, could they but be permanently located in memory's storehouse.

Detailed histories and official records must, of necessity, be resorted to for the graver and weightier matters connected with our present struggle for a national existence; of such, fortunately, there bids fair to be no lack. The earnest inquirer after the outline facts of the contest will be at no loss to discover a variety of sources whence he may glean all that he desires.

Of the comparatively minor movements in the great drama, however, there exists, at present, nothing which can be regarded as a fitting repository. While the deeds and misdeeds of the more prominent actors on the busy stage are chronicled in formal phrases of eulogium or censure, the almost innumerable multitude of incidents of adventure and daring—the items of personal endurance and suffering—the details of peril by flood and field—the rollicking, luxuriant humor of the camp, cropping out in word and act—the heroism of the hospital—the devotion of friendship—indeed, the large majority of individual cases, among the less known and famous, which, in reality, serve to make the present war

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what it is—have thus far been consigned, if noticed at all, to the columns of the newspaper, one day read and the next day forgotten, or to the pages of the letter, intended for but few eyes.

This ought not so to be. He who would form a correct opinion as to the present rebellion as a whole, must carefully examine the various parts which compose it. In this view, scarcely anything bearing upon the contest can be deemed insignificant or trivial, nothing, certainly, "common or unclean."

To rescue this class of incidents from oblivion, to present them in an attractive garb, carefully discriminating between fact and fancy, to collect what else would be fugitive and ephemeral in a permanent and acceptable form—these were the objects contemplated in the preparation of the following pages.

They cannot fail to prove of interest to all. They narrate of our common humanity, when most sorely tried and tempted, whose manifestations have ever, since man was, stirred the blood and enkindled the heart. They record deeds in sympathy with which "the common pulse of man keeps time."

Not a moment of the hours of enforced leisure which have been directed to the selection, condensation, and arrangement of the pages which follow is regretted by the compiler. He knows not that he could have been better or more pleasantly employed.

To the thousands of loyal men and women, whose prayers, wishes, and efforts go forth so earnestly and incessantly for the cause of right and truth, the cause of our common country, and of man wherever found, this book is submitted, with the confident assurance that it contains much, at least, that all desire to remember, and little, if any, that deserves to be forgotten.

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THRILLING STORIES

OF THE

GREAT REBELLION.

THE GREAT RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

THE expedition which is here recorded had, in the daring of its conception, the wildness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results which it sought and was likely to accomplish it was absolutely sublime.

In April, 1862, the rebel forces in the west, under Beauregard, were concentrated at Corinth, Miss., with smaller detachments scattered along the railroad to Chattanooga, Tenn. The railroads on which he relied for supplies and reinforcements, as well as for communication with the eastern portion of rebeldom, formed an irregular parallelogram, of which the northern side extended from Memphis, Tenn., to Chattanooga; the eastern from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Ga.; the southern from Atlanta to Jackson, Miss.; and the western, by a network of roads, from Jackson to Memphis. The Great East Tennessee and Virginia R. R. intersected this parallelogram at Chattanooga. By the obstruction of the northern and eastern sides of this parallelogram Beauregard was isolated, and East Tennessee, then in possession of the rebels, made readily accessible to the Government forces.

A second military expedition was accordingly set on foot, in that month, under the authority and direction of

Gen. O. M. Mitchell, whose division was then at Shelbyville, Tenn., for the purpose of destroying the communication on the Georgia State R. R., between Atlanta and Chattanooga. The expedition comprised twenty-three men, under the lead of J. J. Andrews, a Kentuckian, and the originator of the enterprise, who, with a single exception, a Kentuckian, who acted as the substitute of a soldier, had been selected from different companies in Gen. M.'s division for their known courage and discretion.

The mode of operation proposed was to reach a point on the road where they could seize a locomotive and train of cars, and then dash back in the direction of Chattanooga, cutting the telegraph wires and burning the bridges behind them as they advanced, until they reached their own lines.

All understood that the service was secret and dangerous, and that if they were caught, hanging would probably be their lot. The whole party, accordingly, were disguised in citizen's dress, and on the seventh of April left camp, at Shelbyville, and made for Manchester, Tenn. Great difficulty was experienced in passing their own pickets, and several were near being shot. At Manchester they represented themselves as Kentuckians on their way to Chattanooga to join the rebel army. After leaving that point they fell in with rebel sympathizers, who furnished them with letters and passes to their friends in Chattanooga. At this time the party divided into squads of two and four, and started ahead of each other, all, however, with the same story as to their ultimate object.

After five days the party met at Chattanooga, and at once took the cars for Marietta, Ga. Before leaving Andrews divided among them seven hundred dollars of Confederate script, and told them that they were soon to enter upon their dangerous duty, but the first man that got drunk or flinched in the least, he would shoot him dead on the spot; that the object must be accomplished, or they must leave their bones in Dixie.

After a journey of about eighteen hours, they arrived at Marietta, Ga., and put up at a tavern. The next morning before daylight they again took the cars, and went back the same road to a place called Big Shanty, a refreshment saloon on the line of the Georgia and Atlanta State Road, where were encamped about twenty thousand Confederate troops. It was the general rendezvous for recruits and the organization of regiments. The train contained a number of soldiers as well as citizens, together with a quantity of provisions, and an iron safe containing a large amount of Confederate script, to pay the troops at Corinth. This portion of the road is built over innumerable creeks and rivers, and crosses the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, where a fine bridge is erected.

The whole party, consisting of twenty, left the cars and divided into squads of three and four, taking stations on each side of the train, Andrews stationing himself at the coupling-pin of the third car. A number of the party were engineers, and thoroughly understood the business on hand. One of the engineers was at his post, and found everything all right. All hands now mounted the cars, although the guard was within three feet of them; the word was given, Andrews drew the coupling-pin, and cried all right.

The train, now consisting of three cars and the engine, was started off with as little noise as possible. They soon lost sight of the lights at Big Shanty, and at the first curve the train was stopped, and one of the party climbed the telegraph-pole and cut the wires. They then started, and the next point tore up the track, and took a rail with them on the car; and thus they continued, tearing up the track and cutting the wires on the other side, after passing a town. Unfortunately, however, the train was running in a very slow schedule, and they were compelled to switch off and let the down-train pass. At the first station this occurred, the engineer of the road made his appearance, and was about to step on the engine, when

Andrews told him he could not come on board, as this was an extra train to run through to Corinth, and the present party were engaged to carry it there, and in support of the assertion the iron safe was shown. This apparently satisfied the engineer, and they took in wood and water, and again started. A second time they were compelled to switch off, and in order to get the switch-keys, Andrews, who knew the road well, went into the station and took them from the office. This caused considerable excitement, but it was quieted in a measure by stating that the train contained gunpowder for Beauregard, at Corinth, and soon after they again started.

About twenty miles south of Dalton, Ga., they came to a bridge, and here set fire to one of the cars, piled on wood, and left it on the bridge, designing to set it on fire also. At this time the engineer at the Rome branch, suspecting that all was not right, started up the track, found the rails torn up, and immediately returned to the junction, and took on board a quantity of loose rails, and followed after. Where they had torn up the rails he immediately laid one, and without stopping to fasten it, started over slowly, and gave chase. Soon he came to the bridge with the burning car, which had not yet caught the bridge. In the mean time they had switched off to let an express pass, which train was duly informed of their character by discovering the track torn up, and stopped, but was soon joined by the Rome engineer, who had succeeded in turning the burning car off the bridge. They then both started in pursuit, laying the track as they went along, which they could do in a much shorter time than the expedition could tear it up.

Thus it was they overtook them at work; and as soon as they found themselves discovered, speed was their only hope, and at it they went; but unfortunately their fuel was nearly out, and it was then determined to leave the engine and take to the woods. Accordingly, they stopped and reversed her, intending she should run back

upon their pursuers; but in this they failed, as she had not sufficient steam to turn her over, and the object of the adventurers thus failed from a combination of unfortunate circumstances. Ten minutes more would have set the bridge on fire, and the Rome engineer, with the rails, could not have followed them, and the down express was entirely useless. It was their intention to have destroyed all the bridges, run into Chattanooga, wait until the evening train passed, and then gone on to Bridgeport, destroyed the bridge over the Tennessee River, and then away for Huntsville, to join General Mitchell.

Their troubles now commenced, and the greatest of all their disasters was the division of their party; 'twas now every man for himself.

So soon as they had left the cars, and dispersed themselves in the woods, the population of the country around turned out in their pursuit, employing for this purpose the dogs which are trained to hunt down the fugitive slaves of the South. The whole twenty-two were captured. Among them was private Jacob Parrot, of Co. K, Thirty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers. When arrested, he was, without any form of trial, taken possession of by a military officer and four soldiers, who stripped him, bent him over a stone, and while two pistols were held over his head, a lieutenant in rebel uniform inflicted with a rawhide upwards of a hundred lashes on his bare back. This was done in the presence of an infuriated crowd, who clamored for his blood, and actually brought a rope with which to hang him. The object of this prolonged scourging was to force this young man to confess to them the objects of the expedition and the names of his comrades, especially that of the engineer who had run the train. Their purpose was, no doubt, not only to take the life of the latter if identified, but to do so with every circumstance of humiliation and torture which they could devise.

Three times, in the progress of this horrible flogging,

it was suspended, and Mr. Parrot was asked if he would not confess; but, steadily and firmly to the last, he refused all disclosures, and it was not till his tormentors were weary of their brutal work that the task of subduing their victim was abandoned as hopeless.

The twenty-two captives, when secured, were thrust into the negro-jail of Chattanooga. They occupied a single room, half under ground, and but thirteen feet square, so that there was not space enough for them all to lie down together, and a part of them were, in consequence, obliged to sleep sitting and leaning against the walls. The only entrance was through a trap-door in the ceiling, that was raised twice a day to let down their scanty meals, which were lowered in a bucket. They had no other light or ventilation than that which came through two small triple-grated windows. They were covered with swarming vermin, and the heat was so oppressive that they were often obliged to strip themselves entirely of their clothes to bear it. Add to this, they were all handcuffed, and, with trace-chains secured by padlocks around their necks, were fastened to each other in companies of twos and threes. Their food, which was doled out to them twice a day, consisted of a little flour wet with water and baked in the form of bread, and spoiled pickled beef. They had no opportunity of procuring any supplies from the outside, nor had they any means of doing so—their pockets having been rifled of their last cent by the Confederate authorities, prominent among whom was an officer wearing the rebel uniform of a major. No part of the money thus basely taken was ever returned.

During this imprisonment at Chattanooga their leader, Mr. Andrews, was tried and condemned as a spy, and was subsequently executed at Atlanta, the seventh of June. They were strong and in perfect health when they entered this negro-jail, but at the end of something more than three weeks, when they were required to leave it,

they were so exhausted from the treatment to which they had been subjected, as scarcely to be able to walk, and several staggered from weakness as they passed through the street to the cars.

Finally, twelve of the number were transferred to the prison of Knoxville, Tenn. On arriving there, seven of them were arraigned before a court-martial, charged with being spies. Their trial of course was summary. They were permitted to be present, but not to hear either the argument of their own counsel or that of the judge-advocate.

Soon thereafter all the prisoners were removed to Atlanta, and they left Knoxville under a belief that their comrades, who had been tried, either had been or would be acquitted.

On the eighteenth of June, after their arrival at Atlanta, where they rejoined the comrades from whom they had been separated at Chattanooga, their prison-door was opened, and the death-sentences of the seven who had been tried at Knoxville were read to them. No time for preparation was allowed them. They were told to bid their friends farewell, "and to be quick about it." They were at once tied and carried out to execution. Among the seven was private Samuel Robinson, Co. G, Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, who was too ill to walk. He was, however, pinioned like the rest, and in this condition was dragged from the floor on which he was lying to the scaffold. In an hour or more the cavalry escort, which had accompanied them, was seen returning with the cart, but the cart was empty—the tragedy had been consummated!

On that evening and the following morning the prisoners learned from the provost marshal and guard that their comrades had died, as all true soldiers of the Republic should die, in the presence of its enemies. Among the revolting incidents which they mentioned in connection with this cowardly butchery, was the fall of two of

the victims from the breaking of the ropes after they had been for some time suspended. On their being restored to consciousness, they begged for an hour in which to pray and to prepare for death, but this was refused them. The ropes were readjusted, and the execution at once proceeded.

Among those who thus perished was private Alfred Wilson, Co. C, Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers. He was a mechanic from Cincinnati, who, in the exercise of his trade, had travelled much through the States, north and south. Though surrounded by a scowling crowd, impatient for his sacrifice, he did not hesitate while standing under the gallows to make them a brief address. He told them that though they were all wrong, he had no hostile feelings towards the Southern people, believing that not they but their leaders were responsible for the rebellion; that he was no spy, as charged, but a soldier regularly detailed for military duty; that he did not regret to die for his country, but only regretted the manner of his death; and he added, for their admonition, that they would yet see the time when the old Union would be restored, and when its flag would wave over them again. And with these words the brave man died. He, like his comrades, calmly met the ignominious doom of a felon—but, happily, ignominious for him and for them only so far as the martyrdom of the patriot and the hero can be degraded by the hands of ruffians and traitors.

The remaining prisoners, now reduced to fourteen, were kept closely confined under special guard, in the jail at Atlanta, until October, when, overhearing a conversation between the jailer and another officer, they became satisfied that it was the purpose of the authorities to hang them, as they had done their companions. This led them to form a plan for their escape, which they carried into execution on the evening of the next day, by seizing the jailer when he opened the door to carry away the bucket in which their supper had been brought.

This was followed by the seizure also of the seven guards on duty, and before the alarm was given eight of the fugitives were beyond the reach of pursuit. Six of these, after long and painful wanderings, succeeded in reaching the Union Lines. Of the fate of the other two nothing is known.

The remaining six of the fourteen were recaptured and confined in the barracks, until December, when they were removed to Richmond. There they were shut up in a room in Castle Thunder, where they shivered through the winter, without fire, thinly clad, and with but two small blankets, which they had saved with their clothes, to cover the whole party. So they remained until they were exchanged, at the end of eleven months.

A PROPHETIC PRESENTIMENT.

While Col. Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy on the second day of the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., a sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri requested the captain of his company to send his wife's portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his last moment.

"What is that for?" asked the captain. "You are not wounded, are you?"

"No," answered the sergeant; "but I know I shall be killed to-day. I have been in battle before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became convinced my time had come, but how, I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember, I speak to you as a dying man."

"Certainly, my brave fellow; but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream."

"You will see," was the response.

The picture changed hands. The sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the captain perceived him no more.

At the camp-fire that evening the officer inquired for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape-shot from one of the enemy's batteries.

ADVENTURE OF A SPY.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. The spy had collected his quotum of intelligence, and was on the move for the Northern lines. He was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters had to be crossed, and had then some miles to traverse before he could reach the pickets of the Union troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over him; he was on the outskirt of a wood fringing the dark waters at his feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. He walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. He then crept on all-fours along the ground and groped with his hands. He paused—he groped again—his breath thickened, perspiration oozed from every pore, and he was prostrated with horror! He had missed his landmark, and knew not where he was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff he had hidden ten days before when he commenced his operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As he stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of his calling about him, the sudden cry of a bird or plunging of a fish would act like magnetism on his frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opportunity for escape, he breathes with freedom. But

let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards' distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes; for what knowledge he has to the contrary; knowing, too, with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster, and feels his limbs as free and his spirits as light as when taking a favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than most.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness he felt to discover his true bearings—he was about to let himself gently into the stream, and breast its current, for life and death. There was no alternative. The Northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or he would soon swing between heaven and earth, from some green limb of the black forest in which he stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck his ear. The sound was reviving—the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. He was standing to his middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After a pause of a few seconds he began to creep mechanically and stealthily down the stream, followed, as he knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although by certain uneasy growls he felt assured the beast was at fault. Something struck against the spy's breast. He could not prevent a slight cry from escaping him, as, stretching out his hand, he grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy he felt half choked. In an instant he had scrambled on board and began to search for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, his own skiff (hidden there ten days before), lighting the deep shadows of the verging

wood, and on the log half buried in the bank, and from which he had that instant cast the line that had bound him to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended, and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar the spy aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made, the boat careened over towards his antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his forepaws over the side, at the same time seizing the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was the time to get rid of the accursed brute. The spy drew his revolver, and placed the muzzle between the beast's eyes, but hesitated to fire; for that one report might bring on him a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. He changed his tactics, threw his revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasping his "bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as he released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant he had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through the brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank, and was gone.

Five minutes' pulling landed the spy on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, he was among friends, encompassed by the Northern lines.

THE NEGRO TILLMAN'S NARRATIVE.

The schooner S. J. Waring had started on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, in Montevideo, with an assorted cargo, which, with the vessel, was valued at a hundred thousand

dollars. There were on board the captain and mate; William Tillman, steward, a native of Delaware, 27 years old, who has followed the sea for ten years; Wm. Stedding, seaman; Donald McLeod, seaman, of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, 30 years of age; and Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger.

On the 7th of July, 1861, they fell in with the Jeff. Davis, and a prize crew of five were put aboard who were unarmed. To use the language of Tillman, "They run ten days and didn't find Charleston. They were, however, only fifty miles south of Charleston, and one hundred to the eastward. On the voyage they treated me the best kind of way and talked the best kind of talk."

One day the first lieutenant of the pirates was sitting in the cabin, cross-legged, smoking, and he said to me—

"When you go down to Savannah, I want you to go to my house, and I will take care of you."

I thought, continued the negro, "Yes, you will take care of me when you get me there." I raised my hat, and said—

"Yes, sir, thank you."

But afterwards I said to Billy (the German), "I am not going to Charleston a live man; they may take me there dead."

He had been told by the prize-master that he would get rewarded in Charleston for performing his duty so well in bringing the schooner in. He also heard conversation, not intended for his ears, in regard to the price he would probably bring; and he had heard the prize-master say to one of his men—

"You talk to that steward and keep him in good heart. By ——" said the prize-master, "he will never see the North again."

Tillman conferred with two of the seamen about taking possession of the schooner; but they declined adopting any plan, saying that none of them knew how to navigate

her back should they succeed in getting control. Tillman thought the matter over for three days, and then made an appeal to the German, and said, "If you are a man to stick to your word, we can take this vessel easy."

Then we made a plan that I was to go to my berth, and when most of the men were asleep he was to give me some sign, or awake me. We tried this for two nights, but no good chance offered. But last Tuesday night we caught them asleep, and we went to work.

The mate comes to my berth and he touches me. He says, "Now is your time."

I went into my room and got my hatchet. The first man I struck was the captain. He was lying in a state-room on the starboard side. I aimed for his temple as near as I could, and hit him just below the ear with the edge of the hatchet. With that he made a very loud shriek.

The passenger jumped up very much in a fright. I told him to be still; I shall not hurt a hair of your head. The passenger knew what I was up to; he never said a word more. I walks across the cabin to the second mate's room, and I gave him one severe blow in the mole of the head—that is, right across the middle of his head. I didn't stop to see whether he was dead or no; but I jumped on deck, and as I did so, the mate, who had been sleeping on the companion-way, started from the noise he had heard in the cabin.

Just as he arose upon his feet, I struck him on the back of the head. Then the German chap jumped over, and we "mittened" on to him, and flung him over the starboard quarter.

Then we went down stairs into the cabin. The second mate was not quite dead. He was sitting leaning against his berth. I "catched" him by the hair of the head with my left hand, and struck him with the hatchet I had in my right hand. I told this young German, "Well, let's

get him overboard as soon as we can." So we hauled him over on to the cabin.

He was not quite dead, but he would not have lived long. We flung him over the starboard quarter. Then I told this German to go and call that man Jim, the southern chap (one of the pirates), here. He called him aft.

Says I, "Jim, come down here in the cabin. Do you know that I have taken charge of this vessel to-night? I am going to put you in irons."

"Well," says he, "I am willing."

He gave right up. I kept him in irons till 8 o'clock the next morning. I then sent the German for him, and I said—

"Smith (the name Milnor went by on board), I want you to join us and help take this vessel back. But mind, the least crook or the least turn, and overboard you go with the rest."

"Well," said he, "I will do the best I can." And he worked well all the way back. He couldn't do otherwise. It was pump or sink.

They didn't have any chance to beg. It was all done in five minutes. In seven minutes and a half after I struck the first blow the vessel was squared away before the wind and all sail set. We were fifty miles south of Charleston, and one hundred to the eastward.

Tillman said that at first he had thought of securing all the men, and bringing them all to New York alive, in irons; but he found this was impracticable. To use his own language, "There were too many for that—there were five of them, and only three of us."

After this, I said, well, I will get all back I can alive, and the rest I will kill. Tillman says he went away as a steward, but came back as a captain.

ZAGONYI'S FAMOUS CHARGE.

Among the foreign officers whom the fame of General Fremont drew around him, was Charles Zagonyi, a Hungarian refugee, but long a resident of this country. In his boyhood, Zagonyi had plunged into the passionate, but unavailing struggle which Hungary made for her liberty. He at once attracted the attention of General Bem, and was by him placed in command of a picked company of cavalry. In one of the desperate engagements of the war, Zagonyi led a charge upon a large artillery force. More than half of his men were slain. He was wounded and taken prisoner. Two years passed before he could exchange an Austrian dungeon for American exile.

General Fremont welcomed Zagonyi cordially, and authorized him to recruit a company of horse to act as his body-guard. Zagonyi was most scrupulous in his selection; but so ardent was the desire to serve under the eye, and near the person of the General, that in five days after the lists were opened two full companies were enlisted. Soon after a whole company, composed of the very flower of the youth of Kentucky, tendered its services, and requested to be added to the Guard. Zagonyi was still overwhelmed with applications, and he obtained permission to recruit a fourth company.

The fourth company, however, did not go with us into the field. The men were clad in blue jackets, trousers, and caps. They were armed with light German sabres, the best that at that time could be procured, and revolvers; besides which, the first company carried carbines. They were mounted upon bay horses, carefully selected from the government stables. Zagonyi had but little time to instruct his recruits, but in less than a month from the commencement of the enlistments, the Body-Guard was a well disciplined and most efficient corps of

cavalry. The officers were all American except three—one Hollander, and two Hungarians, Zagonyi and Lieutenant Mathenyi, who came to the United States during his boyhood.

Zagonyi left our camp at eight o'clock on the evening of October 24th, 1861, with about a hundred and sixty men, the remainder of the Guard being left at head-quarters under the command of a non-commissioned officer.

Major White was already on his way to Springfield with his squadron. This young officer, hardly twenty-one years old, had won great reputation for energy and zeal while a captain of infantry in a New York regiment stationed at Fort Monroe. He there saw much hazardous scouting service, and had been in a number of engagements. In the West he held a position upon General Fremont's staff, with the rank of Major. While at Jefferson City, by permission of the General, he had organized a battalion to act as scouts and rangers, composed of two companies of the Third Illinois Cavalry, under Captains Fairbanks and Kehoe, and a company of Irish dragoons, Captain Naughton, which had been recruited for Mulligan's brigade, but had not joined Mulligan in time to be at Lexington.

Major White went to Georgetown, in advance of the whole army, from there marched sixty-five miles in one night to Lexington, surprised the garrison, liberated a number of Federal officers, who were there wounded and prisoners, and captured the steamers which Price had taken from Mulligan. From Lexington White came by way of Warrensburg to Warsaw. During this long and hazardous expedition the Prairie Scouts had been without tents, and depended for food upon the supplies they could take from the enemy.

Major White did not remain at Warsaw to recruit his health, seriously impaired by hardship and exposure. He asked for further service, and was directed to report

himself to General Siegel, by whom he was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Springfield.

After a rapid night-march, Zagonyi overtook White, and assumed command of the whole force. White was quite ill, and, unable to stay in his saddle, was obliged to follow in a carriage. In the morning, yielding to the request of Zagonyi, he remained at a farm-house where the troop had halted for refreshment, it being arranged that he should rest an hour or two, come on in his carriage with a small escort, and overtake Zagonyi before he reached Springfield. The Prairie Scouts numbered one hundred and thirty, so that the troop was nearly three hundred strong.

The day was fine, the road good, and the little column pushed on merrily, hoping to surprise the enemy. When within two hours' march of the town, they met a Union farmer of the neighborhood, who told Zagonyi that a large body of rebels arrived at Springfield the day before, on their way to reinforce Price, and that the enemy were now two thousand strong.

Zagonyi would have been justified if he had turned back. But the Guard had been made the subject of much malicious remark, and had brought ridicule upon the General. Should they retire now, a storm of abuse would burst upon them. Zagonyi, therefore, took no counsel of prudence. He could not hope to defeat and capture the foe, but he might surprise them, dash into their camp, destroy their train, and, as he expressed it, "disturb their sleep," obtaining a victory which, for its moral effects, would be worth the sacrifice it cost. His daring resolve found unanimous and ardent assent with his zealous followers.

The Union farmer offered to guide Zagonyi by a circuitous route to the rear of the rebel position, and under his guidance he left the main road about five miles from Springfield.

After an hour of repose, White set out in pursuit of his

men, driving his horses at a gallop. He knew nothing of the change in Zagonyi's plans, and supposed the attack was to be made upon the front of the town. He therefore continued upon the main road, expecting every minute to overtake the column. As he drew near the village, and heard and saw nothing of Zagonyi, he supposed the enemy had left the place and the Federals had taken it without opposition. The approach to Springfield from the north is through a forest, and the village cannot be seen until the outskirts are reached. A sudden turn in the road brought White into the very midst of a strong rebel guard. They surrounded him, seized his horses, and in an instant he and his companion were prisoners.

When they learned his rank, they danced around him like a pack of savages, shouting and holding their cocked pieces at his heart. The leader of the party had, a few days before, lost a brother in a skirmish with Wyman's force, and with loud oaths he swore that the Federal Major should die in expiation of his brother's death. He was about to carry his inhuman threat into execution, Major White boldly facing him and saying, "If my men were here, I'd give you all the revenge you want."

At this moment a young officer, Captain Wroton by name—of whom more hereafter—pressed through the throng, and placing himself in front of White, declared that he would protect the prisoner with his own life. The firm bearing of Wroton saved the Major's life, but his captors robbed him and hurried him to their camp, where he remained during the fight, exposed to the hottest of the fire, an excited, but helpless spectator of the stirring events which followed. He promised his generous protector that he would not attempt to escape, unless his men should try to rescue him; but Captain Wroton remained by his side, guarding him.

Making a *detour* of twelve miles, Zagonyi approached the position of the enemy. They were encamped half a mile west of Springfield, upon a hill which sloped to the

east. Along the northern side of their camp was a broad and well travelled road; along the southern side, a narrow lane ran down to a brook at the foot of the hill; the space between, about three hundred yards broad, was the field of battle. Along the west side of the field, separating it from the county fair ground, was another lane, connecting the main road and the first mentioned lane. The side of the hill was clear, but its summit, which was broad and flat, was covered with a rank growth of small timber, so dense as to be impervious to horse.

The foe were advised of the intended attack. When Major White was brought into their camp, they were preparing to defend their position. As appears from the confessions of prisoners, they had twenty-two hundred men, of whom four hundred were cavalry, the rest being infantry, armed with shot-guns, American rifles, and revolvers.

Twelve hundred of their foot were posted along the edge of the wood upon the crest of the hill. The cavalry was stationed upon the extreme left, on top of a spur of the hill and in front of a patch of timber. Sharpshooters were concealed behind the trees close to the fence alongside the lane, and a small number in some underbrush near the foot of the hill. Another detachment guarded their train, holding possession of the county fair ground, which was surrounded by a high board fence.

This position was unassailable by cavalry from the road, the only point of attack being down the lane on the right; and the enemy were so disposed as to command this approach perfectly. The lane was a blind one, being closed, after passing the brook, by fences and ploughed land; it was in fact a *cul de sac*. If the infantry should stand, nothing could save the rash assailants. There are horsemen sufficient to sweep the little band before them, as helplessly as the withered forest leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds; there are deadly marksmen lying behind the trees upon the heights, and lurking in the long

grass upon the lowlands; while a long line of foot stand upon the summit of the slope, who, only stepping a few paces back into the forest, may defy the boldest riders. Yet down this narrow lane, leading into the very jaws of death, came the three hundred.

On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider.

To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:

"Fellow soldiers, comrades, brothers! This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy have two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back."

He paused; no one was sick or tired.

"We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our General and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw sabre! By the right flank—quick trot—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on its deadly purpose.

Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts —what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky, or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and Illinois—what sad recollections of tearful fare-

wells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during those fearful moments of suspense?

No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clang of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each straining steed members of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

> "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array."

They pass the fair ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half-way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the wood is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The rebels are not surprised.

There to his left they stand crowning the height, foot and horse ready to engulf him, if he shall be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge up the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his sabre over his head, and shouting, "Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!" he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company and most of the second follow.

From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly in the air, and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like

wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out from the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under the shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looks around him, and to his horror sees that only a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, "They do not come —we are lost!" and frantically waves his sabre.

He had not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the Guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood and saw the enemy's line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some of his men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated.

Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's sabre, and at once gave the order "Forward!" At the same time Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted "Come on, boys! remember Old Kentucky!" and the third company of the Guard—fire on every side of them, from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering stride and long cheers, poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The remnant of the Guard are now in the field under the hill, and from the shape of the ground the rebel fire sweeps with the roar of a whirlwind over their heads. Here we will leave them for a moment, and trace the fortunes of the Prairie Scouts.

When Foley brought his troop to a halt, Captain Fairbanks, at the head of the first company of Scouts, was at the point where the first volley of musketry had been

received. The narrow lane was crowded by a dense mass of struggling horses, and filled with the tumult of battle. Captain Fairbanks says, and he is corroborated by several of his men who were near, that at this moment an officer of the Guard rode up to him and said, "They are flying, take your men down that lane and cut off their retreat"—pointing to the lane at the left. Captain Fairbanks was not able to identify the person who gave this order. It certainly did not come from Zagonyi, who was several hundred yards farther on. Captain Fairbanks executed the order, followed by the second company of Prairie Scouts, under Captain Kehoe. When this movement was made, Captain Naughton, with the Third Irish Dragoons, had not reached the corner of the lane.

He came up at a gallop, and was about to follow Fairbanks, when he saw a Guardsman who pointed in the direction in which Zagonyi had gone. He took this for an order, and obeyed it. When he reached the gap in the fence, made by Foley, not seeing anything of the Guard, he supposed they had passed through at that place, and gallantly attempted to follow. Thirteen men fell in a few minutes. He was shot in the arm, and dismounted. Lieutenant Connolly spurred into the underbrush, and received two balls through the lungs and one in the left shoulder. The Dragoons, at the outset more than fifty strong, were broken and dispirited by the loss of their officers, and retired. A sergeant rallied a few, and brought them up to the gap, again, and they were again driven back.

Five of the boldest passed down the hill, joined Zagonyi, and were conspicuous by their valor during the rest of the day. Fairbanks and Kehoe, having gained the rear and left of the enemy's position, made two or three assaults upon detached parties of the foe, but did not join in the main attack.

I now return to the Guard. It is forming under the shelter of the hill. In front, with gentle inclination, rises a grassy slope, broken by occasional tree stumps. A line

of fire upon the summit marks the position of the Rebel infantry, and nearer, and on the top of a lower eminence to the right, stand their horse. Up to this time no Guardsman had struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time has come. Lieutenant Mathenyi, with thirty men, is ordered to attack the cavalry.

With sabres flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring towards their tremendous foe. Right upon the centre they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel squadron scatters in disgraceful flight through the cornfields in the rear. The bays follow them, sabring the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Mathenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air:

"In open order—charge!"

The line opens out to give play to their sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and quick as thought, with thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them—they waver, break, and fly. The Guardsmen spur into the midst of the rout, and their fast-falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the Southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets.

Seven Guard horses fall upon a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grapevine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair ground, some hurry

into the cornfield, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. The Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice.

"Come on, Old Kentuck! I'm with you!"

And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn, a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle; but, before it has reached the level, Zagonyi's sabre-point descends upon his head, and his life blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now rages through the village—in the public square and along the streets. Up and down the Guards ride in squads of three or four, and wherever they see a group of the enemy charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. No one but has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the Southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charges alone upon a large body of the Guard. He passes through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man.

A third time he rushes upon the Federal line, a score of sabre-points confront him, a cloud of bullets fly around him, but he presses on until he reaches Zagonyi—he presses his pistol so close to the Major's side that he feels it, and draws convulsively back; the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the instant runs the daring rebel through the body; he falls, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, kill him with half a dozen wounds.

"He was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterwards, "and I did wish to make him prisoner."

Meanwhile it has grown dark. The foe have left the village, and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the Guard gathers in the *Plaza*. Not more

than eighty mounted men appear; the rest are killed, wounded, or unhorsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Mathenyi. A few moments afterwards he was observed in another part of the field vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. His active form was always seen in the thickest of the fight.

When the line was formed in the *Plaza*, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said, "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the Guard. I dismiss you."

The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander—the mouthpiece of the instrument was shot away. He said, "The mouth was shot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre. It is unnecessary to add the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter, of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard. He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body Guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed, he caught another from the rebels. The third horse taken by him in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those I shot," said he—"another may have hit them; but those I touched with my sabre I am sure of, because I *felt* them."

At the beginning of the charge he came to the extreme right, and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The Major seeing him, said:—

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterwards.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers were placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired before morning twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

Captain Fairbanks did not see his commander after leaving the column in the lane at the commencement of the engagement. About dusk he repaired to the prairie, and remained there within a mile of the village until midnight, when he followed Zagonyi, rejoining him in the morning.

To return to Major White. During the conflict upon the hill, he was in the forest near the front of the rebel line. Here his horse was shot under him. Captain Wroton kept careful watch over him. When the flight began he hurried White away, and, accompanied by a squad of eleven men, took him ten miles into the country. They stopped at a farm-house for the night. White discovered that their host was a Union man.

His parole having expired, he took advantage of the momentary absence of his captor to speak to the farmer, telling him who he was, and asking him to send for assistance. The countryman mounted his son upon his swiftest horse, and sent him for succor. The party lay down by the fire, White being placed in the midst. The rebels were soon asleep, but there was no sleep for the Major.

He listened anxiously for the footsteps of his rescuers. After long, weary hours, he heard the tramp of horses. He arose, and walking on tiptoe, cautiously stepping over his sleeping guards, he reached the door and silently unfastened it. The Union men rushed into the room and took the astonished Wroton and his followers prisoners. At daybreak White rode into Springfield at the head of his captives and a motley band of Home Guards. He found the Federals still in possession of the place.

As the officer of the highest rank he took command. His garrison consisted of twenty-four men. He stationed twenty-two of them as pickets in the outskirts of the village, and held the other two as a reserve. At noon the enemy sent in a flag of truce and asked permission to bury their dead. Major White received the flag with proper ceremony, but said that General Sigel was in command, and the request would have to be referred to him.

Sigel was then forty miles away. In a short time a written communication, purporting to come from Gen. Sigel, saying that the rebels might send a party under certain restrictions to bury their dead. White drew in some of his pickets, stationed them about the field, and under their surveillance the Southern dead were buried.

The loss of the enemy, as reported by some of their working party, was one hundred and sixteen killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hillside, some of the

foe had returned to the field, taken away their wounded and robbed our dead.

The loss of the Guard was fifty-three out of one hundred and forty-eight actually engaged, twelve men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train. The Prairie Scouts reported a loss of thirty-one out of one hundred and thirty: half of these belong to the Irish Dragoons. In a neighboring field an Irishman was found stark and stiff, still clinging to the hilt of his sword, which was thrust through the body of a rebel who lay beside him. Within a few feet a second rebel lay, shot through the head.

It was the first essay of raw troops, and yet there are few more brilliant achievements in history.

THE FEARFUL ORDEAL.

A private in a certain regiment was tried by a court-martial for deserting his post, and found guilty, the punishment for which is death. His execution was deferred for some time, and he was kept in a painful state of suspense. At last the time was fixed for his execution, and five regiments were drawn up in line to witness it, while a file of twelve men were in advance to execute the sentence of death by shooting him.

The prisoner was led forward blindfolded, and the usual words of preparation and command were given in a low, measured tone, by the officer in command.

During the interval between the commands, "take aim," and "fire," and before the last was given, a horseman rode rapidly up the road, waving in the air a paper, which was understood by all present to be a reprieve. Covered with dust and perspiration, the officer rode hurriedly up to the officer in command, and delivered to him what really proved to be a reprieve.

The shout "reprieve" fell upon the poor soldier's ear,

which was already strained to the utmost in anticipation of hearing the last and final word that was to usher his soul into the presence of his Creator; it was too much for him, and he fell back upon his coffin apparently dead.

The bandage was removed from his eyes, but reason had taken its flight, and he became a hopeless maniac. He was discharged from the army, and sent home to his friends. His death had really never been intended: but it was deemed necessary for the good order and discipline of the army to make an impression upon not only himself, but the whole brigade; for that purpose the forms of the execution were regularly gone through with, in presence of five regiments, and the reprieve arrived in good time, as it was intended.

It was sought by this means to solemnly impress upon the whole assemblage of soldiers, the necessity of a strict observance of duty and obedience, under the penalty of an ignominious death.

Fearful, indeed, was the ordeal through which the deserter passed.

THE FRIGHTENED SPECULATORS.

While the Union troops occupied Oxford, Miss., a very ridiculous rumor got afloat among outsiders that a tremendous rebel army was marching up from Grenada, and a few of the cotton-buyers, who had heard of the bad fortunes of the brethren at Holly Springs, became very nervous. The troubles of one nervous pair furnished merriment for hundreds.

They were lodging together at the hotel, and like cats slept with one eye and both ears open. They had gone to bed early with the intention of getting up in good season and leaving the town with the first division of the army. They had just dozed off in uneasy slumbers when

a drum was beaten at rather an unusual hour, in some one of our distant camps.

"O my Lord!" says Hammond, "there's the long roll! The enemy are coming, sure enough! There's going to be a battle right here! What *shall* we do?"

Both were now up on end, listening to the sound. The drum continued to roll, and as the wind carried the sound about, it came now near and loud, now faint and far, like the sound of some ghostly drum beaten by spirits in the air.

Presently a stronger gust of wind brought the sound, apparently right under their window. This was too much. In an instant they were on their feet, hunting distractedly in the dark for boots, pantaloons, coats, etc.

Hammond was so "clean daft," as the Scotch say, that he could find nothing but his coat (which contained his money) and his spurs. Some fun-loving acquaintance, or the boot-black of the hotel, if the hotel was guilty of that institution, had carried off his boots. After a vain search for them, he drew on the coat, clapped the spurs on his stocking feet, and started down-stairs for his horse. "But," says Williams, "won't the guard arrest us if we are out after night without the countersign?"

"Eh?" "countersign!" "guard!" and Hammond paused for an instant on the stairs. Just then another puff of wind brought the sound of the drum from the distant hills; that decided the matter; down-stairs they went, out to the stable, clapped on saddles and bridles, mounted horse and away, and for three miles out from the north side of Oxford, their flight from the sound of that drum was equal to Tam O'Shanter's race with the witches across the bridge.

Toward breakfast-time, not finding the road full of crowds, running away like themselves, and the woods around looking rather guerrillaish, they concluded that it would be better to show their pluck by coming back to town.

The next night, one of the pair, Hammond, determined to have more courageous company, and changed his lodging-place. On going to bed, he inquired of his room-mate if the enemy would be likely to search a man's stockings for money, in case he was captured? On being told that they probably would not think to look in them, he stowed away six thousand dollars in one of the stockings, which he took the precaution to wear on his feet during the night.

In the morning he had forgotten where he had put the money, and went to a mutual friend of himself, and his room-mate, with a grievous story of his room-mate having robbed him. Attention was, however, called to his bank of deposits, and the matter satisfactorily adjusted.

THE DARING SPY.

"JOHN MORFORD"—so let us call him, good reader—was born near Augusta, Georgia, of Scotch parents, in the year 1832. A blacksmith by trade, he early engaged in railroading, and at the commencement of the rebellion was master-mechanic upon a prominent Southern road. Being a strong Union man, and making no secret of it, he was discharged from his situation and not allowed employment upon any other railroad. A company of cavalry was also sent to his farm and stripped it. Aggrieved at this wholesale robbery, Morford went to John H. Morgan, then a captain, and inquired if he would not pay him for the property thus taken. Morgan replied that he should have his pay if he would only prove his loyalty to the South. Morford acknowledged this to be impossible, and was thereupon very liberally cursed and villified by Morgan, who accused him of harboring negroes and traitors, and threatened to have him shot. Finally, however, he was content with simply arresting

him and sending him, charged with disloyalty, to one Major Peyton.

The major seems to have been a somewhat talkative and argumentative man; for upon Morford's arrival he endeavored to reason him out of his adherence to the Union, asking him, in the course of a lengthy conversation, many questions about the war, demonstrating, to his own satisfaction at least, the necessity and justice of the position assumed by the seceded States, and finishing, by way of clenching the argument, with the inquiry, "How can you, a Southern man by birth and education, be opposed to the South?" Morford replied that he saw no reason for the rebellion, that the Union was good enough for him, that he should cling to it, and, if he could obtain a pass, would abandon the Confederacy and cast his lot with the North. The Major then argued still more at length, and, as a last resort, endeavored to frighten him with a vivid description of the horrors of "negro equality" —to all of which his hearer simply replied that he was not afraid; whereupon, as unskilful advocates of a bad cause are prone to do, he became very wrathy, vented his anger in a torrent of oaths and vile epithets, and told Morford that he ought to be hung, and should be in two weeks. The candidate for hempen honors, apparently not at all alarmed, coolly replied that he was sorry for that, as he wished to live a little longer, but, if it must be so, he couldn't help it. Peyton, meanwhile, cooled down, and told him that if he would give a bond of one thousand dollars and take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, he would release him and protect his property. After some hesitation—no other plan of escape occurring to him—Morford assented, and took the required oath, upon the back of which Peyton wrote, "If you violate this, I will hang you."

With this safeguard, Morford returned to his farm and lived a quiet life. Buying a span of horses, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his land, seeing as few per-

sons as he could, and talking with none. His house had previously been the head-quarters of the Union men, but was now deserted by them; and its owner endeavored to live up to the letter of the obligation he had taken. For a short time all went well enough; but one day a squad of cavalry came with a special written order from Major Peyton to take his two horses, which they did. This was too much for human nature; and Morford, perceiving that no faith could be placed in the assurances of those in command, determined to be revenged upon them and their cause. His house again became a secret rendezvous for Unionists; and by trusty agents he managed to send regular and valuable information to General Buell, then in command in Tennessee. At length, however, in May, 1862, he was betrayed by one in whom he had placed confidence, and arrested upon the charge of sending information to General Crittenden, at Battle Creek. He indignantly denied the charge, and declared that he could easily prove himself innocent if released for that purpose. After three days' confinement, this was assented to; and Morford, knowing full well that he could not do what he had promised, made a hasty retreat and fled to the mountains, whence, some days afterwards, he emerged, and went to McMinnville, at which place General Nelson was then in command.

Here he remained until the rebel force left that vicinity, when he again went home, and lived undisturbed upon his farm until Bragg returned with his army. The presence in the neighborhood of so many officers cognizant of his former arrest and escape rendered flight a second time necessary. He now went to the camp of General Donelson, with whom he had some acquaintance, and soon became very friendly there—acting the while in the double capacity of beef-contractor for the rebel army and spy for General Crittenden. Leaving General Donelson after some months' stay, although earnestly requested to remain longer, Morford next found his way

to Nashville, where he made numerous expeditions as a spy for General Negley. Buell was at Louisville, and Nashville was then the Federal outpost. Morford travelled about very readily upon passes given him by General Donelson, making several trips to Murfreesborough and one to Cumberland Gap.

Upon his return from the latter, he was arrested near Lebanon, Tennessee, about one o'clock at night, by a party of four soldiers upon picket-duty at that point. Halting him, the following conversation occurred:—

"Where do you live?"

"Near Stewart's Ferry, between here and Nashville."

"Where have you been, and what for?"

"Up to see my brother, to get from him some jeans cloth and socks for another brother in the Confederate army."

"How does it happen you are not in the army yourself? That looks rather suspicious."

"Oh, I live too near the Federal lines to be conscripted."

"Well, we'll have to send you to Murfreesborough. I reckon you're all right; but those are our orders, and we can't go behind them."

To this Morford readily consented, saying he had no objection; and the party sat down by the fire and talked in a friendly manner for some time. Morford soon remembered that he had a bottle of brandy with him, and generously treated the crowd. Further conversation was followed by a second drink, and soon by a third. One of the party now proposed to exchange his Rosinantish mare for a fine horse which Morford rode. The latter was not inclined to trade; but objection was useless, and he finally yielded, receiving seventy-five dollars in Confederate money and the mare. The trade pleased the soldier, and a present of a pair of socks still further enhanced his pleasure. His companions were also similarly favored, and testified their appreciation of the gift by

endeavoring to purchase the balance of Morford's stock. He would not sell, however, as he wished to send them to his brother at Richmond, by a person who had given public notice that he was soon going there. A fourth drink made all supremely happy; at which juncture their prisoner asked permission to go to a friend's house, only a quarter of a mile off, and stay until morning, when he would go with them to Murfreesborough. His friend of the horse trade, now very mellow, thought he need not go to Murfreesborough at all, and said he would see what the others said about it. Finally it was concluded that he was "right," and might go; whereupon he mounted the skeleton mare and rode rejoicingly into Nashville.

On his next trip southward he was arrested by Colonel John T. Morgan, just as he came out of the Federal lines, and, as his only resort, joined Forrest's command, and was furnished with a horse and gun. The next day Forrest made a speech to his men, and told them that they were now going to capture Nashville. The column immediately began its march, and Morford, by some means, managed to have himself placed in the advance. Two miles below Lavergne a halt for the night was made; but Morford's horse was unruly, and could not be stopped, carrying its rider ahead and out of sight. It is needless to say that this obstinacy was not overcome until Nashville was reached, nor that when Forrest came, the next day, General Negley was amply prepared for him.

At this time Nashville was invested. Buell was known to be advancing towards the city, but no scouts had been able to go to or come from him. A handsome reward was offered to any one who would carry a despatch safely through to Bowling Green, and Morford undertook to do it. Putting the document under the lining of his boot, he started for Gallatin, where he arrived safely.

For some hours he sauntered around the place, lounged in and out of bar-rooms, made friends with the rebel soldiers, and, towards evening purchased a small bag of

corn-meal, a bottle of whiskey, a pound or two of salt, and some smaller articles, which he threw across his shoulder and started up the Louisville road, with hat on one side, hair in admirable disorder, and, apparently, gloriously drunk. The pickets jested at and made sport of him, but permitted him to pass. The meal, etc. was carried six miles, when he suddenly became sober, dropped it, and hastened on to Bowling Green, and there met General Rosecrans, who had just arrived. His information was very valuable. Here he remained until the army came up and passed on, and then set out on his return on foot as he had come. He supposed that our forces had gone by way of Gallatin, but when near that place learned that it was still in possession of the rebels, and so stopped for the night in a shanty between Morgan's pickets, on the north side, and Woolford's (Union), on the south side. During the night the two had a fight, which finally centred around the shanty, and resulted in driving Morford to the woods. In two or three hours he came back for his clothes, and found that the contending parties had disappeared, and that the railroad-tunnels had been filled with wood, and fired. Hastily gathering his effects together, he made his way to Tyree Springs, and thence to Nashville.

For a short time he acted as a detective of the Army Police at Nashville, assuming the character of a rebel soldier, and living in the families of prominent secessionists. In this work he was very successful; but it had too little of danger and adventure, and he returned again to scouting, making several trips southward, sometimes without trouble, but once or twice being arrested, and escaping as best he could. In these expeditions he visited McMinnville, Murfreesborough, Altamont, on the Cumberland Mountains, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, and other places of smaller note. He travelled usually in the guise of a smuggler, actually obtaining orders for goods from prominent rebels, and sometimes the money

in advance, filling them in Nashville, and delivering the articles upon his next trip. Just before the battle of Stone River he received a large order to be filled for the rebel hospitals, went to Nashville, procured the medicine, and returned to McMinnville, when he delivered some of it. Thence he travelled to Bradyville, and thence to Murfreesborough, arriving there just as the battle began. Presenting some of the surgeons with a supply of morphine, he assisted them in attending the wounded for a day or two, and then went to a hospital tent in the woods near the railroad, where he also remained one day and part of another. The fight was now getting hot, and, fearful that somebody would recognize him, he left Murfreesborough on Friday, and went to McMinnville. He had been there but little more than an hour, having barely time to put up his horse and step into a house near by to see some wounded men, when two soldiers arrived in search of him. Their description of him was perfect; but he escaped by being out of sight—the friend with whom he was supposed to be, declaring, though closely questioned, that he had not seen and knew nothing of him. In a few minutes pickets were thrown out around the town, and it was two days before he could get away. Obtaining a pass to Chattanooga at last, only through the influence of a lady acquaintance, with it he passed the guards, but, when once out of sight, turned off from the Chattanooga road, and made his way safely to Nashville.

General Rosecrans was now in possession of Murfreesborough, and thither Morford proceeded with some smuggler's goods, with a view to another trip. The necessary permission was readily obtained, and he set out for Woodbury. Leaving his wagon outside the rebel lines, he proceeded on foot to McMinnville, arriving there on the 19th of January last, and finding General John H. Morgan, to whom he represented himself as a former resident in the vicinity of Woodbury; his family, how-

ever, had moved away, and he would like permission to take his wagon and bring away the household goods. This was granted, and the wagon brought to McMinnville, whence Morford went to Chattanooga, representing himself along the road as a fugitive from the Yankees. Near Chattanooga he began selling his goods to Unionists and rebels alike, at enormous prices, and soon closed them out at a profit of from four hundred to five hundred dollars. At Chattanooga he remained a few days, obtained all the information he could, and returned to Murfreesborough without trouble.

His next and last trip is the most interesting and daring of all his adventures. Making a few days' stay in Murfreesborough, he went to McMinnville, and remained there several days, during which time he burned Hickory Creek Bridge, and sent a report of it to General Rosecrans. This he managed with so much secrecy and skill as to escape all suspicion of complicity in the work, mingling freely with the citizens and talking the matter over in all its phases. From McMinnville Morford proceeded to Chattanooga, and remained there nearly a week, when he learned that three of our scouts were imprisoned in the Hamilton County jail, at Harrison, Tennessee, and were to be shot on the first Friday in May. Determined to attempt their rescue, he sent a Union man to the town to ascertain who was jailer, what the number of the guards, how they were placed, and inquire into the condition of things in general about the jail. Upon receipt of his report, Morford gathered about him nine Union men, on the night of Tuesday, April 21, and started for Harrison. Before reaching the place, however, they heard rumors that the guard had been greatly strengthened; and, fearful that it would prove too powerful for them, the party retreated to the mountains on the north side of the Tennessee River, where they remained concealed until Thursday night. On Wednesday night the same man who had previously gone to the town was again sent to reconnoitre the posi-

tion. Thursday morning he returned and said that the story of a strong guard was all false: there were but two in addition to the jailer.

Morford's party was now reduced to six, including himself: but he resolved to make the attempt that night. Late in the afternoon all went down to the river and loitered around until dark, when they procured boats and crossed to the opposite bank. Taking the Chattanooga and Harrison road, they entered the town, looked around at leisure, saw no soldiers nor anything unusual, and proceeded towards the jail. Approaching quite near, they threw themselves upon the ground and surveyed the premises carefully. The jail was surrounded by a high board fence, in which were two gates. Morford's plan of operations was quickly arranged. Making a prisoner of one of his own men, he entered the inclosure, posting a sentinel at each gate. Once inside, a light was visible in the jail, and Morford marched confidently up to the door and rapped. The jailer thrust his head out of a window and asked what was wanted. He was told, "Here is a prisoner to put in the jail." Apparently satisfied, the jailer soon opened the door and admitted the twain into the entry. In a moment, however, he became alarmed, and, hastily exclaiming, "Hold on!" stepped out.

For ten minutes Morford waited patiently for his return, supposing, of course, that he could not escape from the yard, both gates being guarded. Not making his appearance, it was found that the pickets had allowed him to pass them. This rather alarming fact made haste necessary, and Morford, returning to the jail, said he must put his prisoner in immediately, and demanded the keys forthwith. The women declared in positive terms that they hadn't them, and did not know where they were. One of the guards was discovered in bed and told to get the keys. Proving rather noisy and saucy, he was reminded that he might get his head taken off if he were not quiet —which intimation effectually silenced him. Morford

again demanded the keys, and the women, somewhat frightened, gave him the key to the outside door. Unlocking it, and lighting up the place with candles, he found himself in a room around the sides of which was ranged a line of wrought-iron cages. In one of these were five persons, four white and one negro. Carrying out the character he had assumed of a rebel soldier in charge of a prisoner, Morford talked harshly enough to the caged men, and threatened to hang them at once, at which they were very naturally alarmed, and began to beg for mercy. For a third time the keys to the inner room, in which the scouts were, were demanded, and a third time the women denied having them. An axe was then ordered to be brought, but there was none about the place; so said they. Morford saw that they were trifling with him, and determined to stop it. Snatching one of the jailer's boys standing near by the collar, and drawing his sabre, he told him he would cut his head off if he did not bring him an axe in two minutes. This had the desired effect, and the axe was forthcoming.

Morford now began cutting away at the lock, when he was startled by hearing the word "halt!" at the gate. Of his five men two were at the gates, two were inside as a guard, and one was holding the light. Ready for a fight, he went out to see what was the matter. The sentinel reporting that he had halted an armed man outside, Morford walked out to him and demanded—

"What are you doing here with that gun?"

"Miss Laura said you were breaking down the jail, and I want to see McAllister, the jailer. Where is he?" was the reply.

"Well, suppose I am breaking down the jail: what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to stop it if I can."

"What's your name?"

"Lowry Johnson."

By this time Morford had grasped the muzzle of the

gun, and told him to let go. Instead of complying, Johnson tried to pull it away; but a blow upon the neck from Morford's sabre soon made him drop it. Morford now began to search him for other weapons, but before he had concluded the operation Johnson broke away, leaving a part of his clothing in Morford's hands. The latter drew his revolver and pursued, firing five shots at him, sometimes at a distance of only six or eight paces. A cry, as of pain, showed that he was struck, but he managed to reach the hotel (kept by his brother), and, bursting in the door, which was fastened, escaped into the house. Morford followed, but too late. Johnson's brother now came out and rang the bell in front, which gathered a crowd about the door; but Morford, not at all daunted, told them that if they wanted to guard the jail they had better be about it quick, as he was going to burn it and the town in the bargain. This so frightened them that no further demonstration was made, and Morford returned to the jail unmolested. There he and his men made so much shouting and hurrahing as to frighten the people of the town beyond measure; and many lights from upper-story windows were extinguished, and the streets were deserted.

A half-hour's work was necessary to break off the outside lock, a splendid burglar-proof one. Morford now discovered that the door was double, and that the inner one was made still more secure by being barred with three heavy log-chains. These were cut in two with the axe; but the strong lock of the door still remained. He again demanded the key, and told the women if it was not produced he would murder the whole of them. The rebel guard, Lew. Luttrell by name, was still in bed. Rising up, he said that the key was not there. Morford now ordered Luttrell to get out of bed, in a tone so authoritative that that individual deemed it advisable to comply. Scarcely was he out, however, before Morford struck at him with his sabre; but he was too far off, and

the blow fell upon one of the children, drawing some blood. This frightened the women, and, concluding that he was about to put his threat in execution and would murder them surely enough, they produced the key without further words. No time was lost in unlocking the door and releasing the inmates of the room. Procuring their clothes for them and arming one with Johnson's gun, the whole party left the jail and hurried towards the river. Among the released prisoners was a rebel with a wooden leg, the original having been shot off at Manassas. He persisted in accompanying the others, and was only induced to go back by the intimation that "dead men tell no tales."

Crossing the river in the boats, they were moved to another place at some distance, to preclude the possibility of being tracked and followed. All now hid themselves among the mountains, and the same Union man was again sent to Harrison, this time to see how severely Johnson was wounded. He returned in a day or two, and reported that he had a severe sabre-cut on the shoulder, a bullet through the muscle of his right arm, and two slight wounds in one of his hands. Morford and his men remained in the mountains until all search for the prisoners was over, then went to the Cumberland Mountains, where they remained one day and a portion of another, and then proceeded in the direction of McMinnville. Hiding themselves in the woods near this place during the day, seeing but not seen, they travelled that night to within eleven miles of Woodbury, when they struck across the road from McMinnville to Woodbury. Near Logan's Plains they were fired on by a body of rebel cavalry, but, though some forty shots were fired, no one of the ten was harmed, Morford having one bullet-hole in his coat. The cavalry, however, pursued them across the barrens, surrounded them, and supposed themselves sure of their game; but Morford and his companions scattered and hid away, not one being captured or found. Night coming

on, the cavalry gave up the chase, and went on to Woodbury, where they threw out pickets, not doubting that they would pick up the objects of their search during the night. Morford, however, was informed of this fact by a citizen, and, in consequence, lay concealed all the next day, making his way safely to Murfreesborough, with all of his company, the day after.

LITTLE EDDIE, THE DRUMMER BOY.

A few days before our regiment received orders to join General Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick, and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp, and brought before our captain, who asked him, "what business he had within the lines?"

He replied: "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this, he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the captain's quarters during the beating of the *reveille*, a good-looking, middle-aged women, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age.

Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time that we had to remain in the service, she could find

employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out—

"Don't be afraid, captain, I can drum."

This was spoken with so much confidence, that the captain immediately observed, with a smile—

"Well, well, sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward."

In a few moments the drum was produced, and our fifer, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped down, with his hands resting upon his knees, that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed—

"My little man, can you drum?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee."

Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself upward, until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife in his mouth, and played the "Flowers of Edenborough," one of the most difficult things to follow with the drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our captain turned to the mother and observed—

"Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?"

"Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterances, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead.

As she arose, she observed: "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after, our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The girl I left behind me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

During the fight at Wilson's Creek, I was stationed with a part of our company on the right of Totten's battery, while the balance of our company with a part of the Illinois regiment was ordered down into a deep ravine upon our left, in which it was known a portion of the enemy was concealed, with whom they were soon engaged. The contest in the ravine continuing some time, Totten suddenly wheeled his battery upon the enemy in that quarter, when they soon retreated to the high ground behind their lines.

In less than twenty minutes after Totten had driven the enemy from the ravine, the word passed from man to man throughout the army, "Lyon is killed," and soon after, hostilities having ceased upon both sides, the order came for our main force to fall back upon Springfield, while a part of the Iowa First and two companies of the Missouri regiment were to camp upon the ground, and cover the retreat next morning.

That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing with the morning call. When I went out with the officer as a relief, I found that my post was

upon a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine, in which our men had engaged the enemy, until Totten's battery came to their assistance. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a hazy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far-off howling of the wolf, that seemed to scent upon the evening air the banquet that we had been preparing for him.

The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened, I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened —the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was—

> **Our drummer boy from Tennessee,**
> **Beating for help the *réveille.***

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching

nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drum-sticks and exclaimed—

"O corporal! I am so glad to see you. Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty.

I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying—

"Don't leave me, corporal—I can't walk."

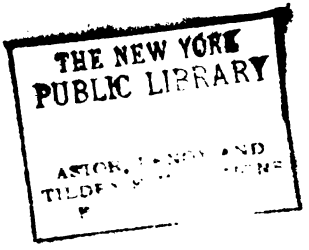
I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said—

"You don't think I will die, corporal, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet."

I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, taken off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died.

While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead.

A NIGHT SCOUT IN THE SOUTHWEST - SURPRISE OF AN OUTPOST.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beginning to turn "Injun," and that he couldn't die until he had had revenge upon the scaly varmints, who, he asserted, were mean enough to cut their grandmothers' throats for the sake of getting what the old women had in their stockings. One night he had been listening to a chap, whom he knew as a briefless lawyer from Clarksville, haranguing a crowd in a bar-room, and growing indignant at what he considered the fellow's insolence, he interrupted him with—

"See here, stranger, yer kin talk jest like clock-work about them cussed abolishunists—and every one knows that I hates 'em as I do pizen—but I'll jest bet yer drinks for the crowd that yer never owned a nigger for 'em to steal."

This challenge from Old Ben, which somewhat staggered the speaker, was received with much secret satisfaction by several Union men of the group, who, from necessity, were obliged to conceal their sentiments, and created a general laugh. It was a few minutes before the lawyer could recover his self-possession. He then drew himself up to assume as great a degree of dignity as possible, and fixing what he intended as a withering look on Old Ben, while a contemptuous smile played around the corners of his mouth, he said—

"Old man, I suppose you are some of the Union rubbish that has not yet been swept out of the State."

"Thar yer right. I'm Union clear through to the marrow, and if I had my way I'd hang up a few such chaps as you ar', who never work, but ar' everlastin' smellin' around for some office, and who have brought all this trouble on the country. Yer ar' now goin' about deceivin' honest people—tellin' 'em that the whole North ar' agoin' to turn nigger stealers, and that the only way for southern men to pertect thar property is for 'em to dissolve the Union and 'stablish a one-hoss consarn, with such one-hoss chaps as you at the head of it. I'd hang

yer up without judge or jury. That would be the quickest way to settle the mischief yer have made."

A loud braying from some of the converts to the new doctrines greeted the remarks of Old Ben. But nothing daunted thereat, he exclaimed—

"Yer may bray jest as much as yer a mind to. But yer kin remember that jackasses do the same thing. And any one who jines the secession crew ain't fit to be named the same day with a jackass. Them's my sentiments, and I don't care who knows 'em."

"Look out, Old Ben! You'll be talkin' treason next, and then you'll be arrested," said one of the crowd who sympathized with the rebels, yet was very friendly with Old Ben.

"Treason!" ejaculated the lawyer. "He has been doing nothing else but talking treason, and should be arrested forthwith."

"Oh no; Old Ben won't do any harm!" exclaimed another secessionist, who did not wish to see the old man molested.

"You've arrested a good many honest people who never harmed any one, and I expect my turn will come one of these days," replied Old Ben.

"You may depend upon that!" exclaimed the lawyer. "It won't be long before you are elevated!" and here he gave a peculiar jerk with the hand which he held near his neck. "If you don't mend your manners, you will go up soon, old man."

Old Ben was about to reply, but was interrupted by the entrance of a man, followed by a number of others, who called the lawyer one side, and then entered into a low but earnest conversation with him. The new-comer was a thick-set, brutal-looking man, with a face well covered with heavy black hair. He was generally known as Black Dave, and his business had been that of a negro-trader; but he was now at the head of a band of ruffians who, under his direction, had been guilty of many acts

of barbarism. The lawyer was a sort of lieutenant and adviser to the band. Old Ben pointed to the spot where they stood, and said—

"Some dirty business is afloat, I reckon, when two such chaps get together. One on 'em, who never owned a nigger or enough money to pay his licker bill, talks about the 'North stealin' *our* niggers!' Them's his words. The other one has run off more niggers, and sold 'em down south, than the abolishunists have stolen these ten years. If them ar' the chaps what ar' agoin' to be yer leaders, ye'll soon smell so bad that the devil won't allow yer to come within rifle-shot of the front door of hell. He will have yer all pitched down the back way!"

After giving utterance to these sentiments Old Ben turned on his heel and strolled leisurely out of the room. He had not gone far ere he was overtaken by one of the party from the bar-room, whom he knew as a sound Union man, and who said, in a low tone—

"You will have to be very careful of yourself after what you have said. I overheard Black Dave tell the other that your case would be attended to shortly."

"They'll attend to me shortly, will they, eh?" ejaculated Old Ben. "Then, I say, let 'em come on! I'll cling to the Union as long as thar's a splinter left! I can't live much longer, any way, but while I do live I'll live like a man!"

"You are well acquainted with the mountains, are you not?"

"Reckon I am."

"You know that a great many Union men, who have been driven from their homes, have been obliged to seek a hiding-place there until such times as the Union army gets this way."

"Yes, I know it; and what is more, I'm agoin' to make one on 'em. I itch to have a little vengeance on them scaly varmints. If the Union men about here had

more of the Parson's stuff in 'em, we'd make screechin' work among them turkey-buzzards."

"But you can't expect all men to be Brownlows. His very boldness awed them for a while, but you see they are getting over that now. Men have to be prudent for the sake of their families. If you will come up to my house to-morrow night, you will hear something that will do you good, and how you can be of vast service to the Union men in this vicinity. Will you come?"

"Yes; I'll be thar!"

Old Ben's companion noticing Black Dave and the lawyer approaching, walked quickly forward. It was rather a secluded spot where they had been standing, and Old Ben being in the shade was not observed by either Black Dave or the lawyer. They halted, and Black Dave, with great gesticulation, said—

"I've sworn to have vengeance on the old cuss, and now is my time! He didn't think that I was good enough for his daughter. If it hadn't been for him, I believe I could have got the girl; but as I've lost her, I'm bent upon having my pay."

"What do you propose to do? Has he got much that we could lay our hands upon?" said the lawyer.

"We'll go out to his place toward midnight, and drag the old hound out of his nest. If I once fairly get him in my power, I'll make him sing psalms. I will let him know if I ain't as good as any of his breed! He has got a couple of fine horses; we'll take them, any how. But come, let us go back now and have a drink with the boys! They'll miss us. You see I don't want any of 'em to know where we are agoing to. It might get talked about, and some Hessian spy give him the alarm."

As they disappeared Old Ben came forth from a hiding-place where he had ensconced himself for the purpose of learning what mischief they were planning. Looking after the retreating figures he muttered, half aloud—

"I'll head off them devils yet, or else I'll give 'em leave

to call me a skunk! The old man whar right in showing Black Dave the door. He should have kicked him out. That's what I would have done. But I'll head off the villains! I'll head 'em off!" he ejaculated, as he hastened forward.

Black Dave and his lieutenant returned to the bar-room, where they with their companions indulged in a drunken revel. Toward midnight he got together some ten or a dozen of those who were the least intoxicated, and started out on his work of vengeance.

This band of "defenders of the rights of Southern men," as they styled themselves, had proceeded a considerable distance from the tavern when their commander ordered them to halt in front of a modest-looking dwelling, surrounded by pleasant grounds. He then addressed them as follows:—

"Boys! now we are about to catch one of the blackest-hearted traitors in the South. He is a regular white-livered Lincolnite, and it ain't to be expected that we will show him much mercy. So, follow me!"

Black Dave then opened the gate and went toward the house, followed by his band. He gave several loud raps on the door with the butt of a pistol, and it not being promptly opened, he applied the heel of his heavy boot and administered a number of lusty kicks. The door was at length opened by rather an elderly female, who had a light in her hand. As soon as Black Dave caught a glimpse of her countenance he said, in a gruff voice—

"We want your old man. Tell him to turn out quick, and not to keep us a-waiting."

"He is not at home," was the mild response.

"You lie! we know better! If you don't turn him out, we'll go in and drag him out!"

"I assure you, sir, that he is not in the house."

"Come, boys, follow me! We won't put up with any of the old woman's nonsense."

Black Dave, as he uttered these words, entered the

house, accompanied by several of his followers. After a lapse of a few minutes he returned, with a countenance blacker than usual, exclaiming—

"The old hound has run away, boys; but the black-hearted traitor don't escape my vengeance so easy. Just throw a torch in the barn yonder."

"Oh! do not fire the place! Have some mercy for the family!" entreated the old lady.

"What is the family to me? I wasn't good enough to make one of them! They are a brood of traitors, the whole of them, and if you don't want 'em roasted, you had better turn 'em out!"

After giving utterance to these brutal words he strode off toward the outbuildings, seizing a torch from one of his followers as he passed along. Looking in the stable and finding that the horses were gone, he gave utterance to a vile oath, and then threw the torch among some loose hay. Watching the flames as they crept slowly along, while a fiendish smile spread over his features, he told one of his band to pick up some of the hay and follow him. He then went toward the dwelling, and ordered the man to throw the hay on the kitchen floor; and then, despite the entreaties of the old lady and the cries of two or three children, who had been hurried from their beds and stood in their night-clothes clinging to their mother, the ruffian applied the torch. When the flames were fairly under way he said—

"Come on, boys! Leave 'em to shift for themselves. Let us see if we can't track the old hound."

The ruffian then, followed by his band, retreated down the road, turning occasionally to behold the flames as they licked up that once happy home.

The next evening Old Ben was prompt to his appointment, and as he listened to the narration of the outrage to a party of Union men, he exclaimed, as his countenance glowed with excitement—

"The miserable scaly buzzards! I wouldn't a thought

they'd gone so far; they're worse nor Injuns! I reckoned it whar all right when I gave him the alarm and he got safe off. But to fire the house, and turn the wimen folks and children out doors that time of night—I swar I'll have vengeance for it! .It mout not be quite reg'lar, but yer kin jest sot Old Ben down for Black Dave and that white-livered skunk from Clarksville. If I don't fix thar flint for 'em then I won't trust bullet and powder any more. Thar's no use of yer sayin' anythin' agin it," he said, as he raised up his hand toward one of the assembly, who he supposed was about to remonstrate, "for I've fixed the hull matter. It's no knowin' what they'll do next, so they've got to go. The devil wants his due, and it is about time they whar on the road to see the chief of all secessionists."

"It is what they deserve!" ejaculated one of the party.

This sentiment was generally concurred in by the assembly. The affairs of that part of the State were then discussed, and it was considered that it would be of great importance if communication could be kept up between the Union men in the mountains, and those who yet remained at home. For the performance of this duty they all agreed that Old Ben, from his thorough knowledge of that region, was peculiarly qualified. He at once consented to act, but put in as a proviso, that he was not to be deprived of the privilege of attending to the case of Black Dave and his lieutenant.

In the meantime Black Dave, intent upon glutting his vengeance, set his spies to work to discover the whereabouts of the man whose homestead he had so ruthlessly destroyed. A number of days passed, and the spies were unable to give any satisfactory report, other than that they thought he had gone to the mountains. At this Black Dave's rage grew furious, and he swore that he would seek revenge in another quarter. The fate he intended for the father should be visited upon the son-in-law, his successful rival, who was settled in a quiet spot

some miles from Knoxville. Black Dave knew that his rival was suspected of being a Union man, and that was a sufficient cloak for him in his design of villainy.

It was on a dark and gloomy night that Black Dave got his band of ruffians together and set out on his work of vandalism. We will not detain the reader with an account of his progress along the road. Arriving at the house, his summons was answered by a trembling black servant, who, in answer to a furious demand for his master, stammered out that he was not at home. The desperado's quick eye at once detected from the servant's manner that he was endeavoring to conceal something, and he immediately ordered his lieutenant to search the house. This duty the lieutenant performed in a style worthy of his leader. The wife, notwithstanding her delicate health, was brutally told to point out where her husband was hid, as they wanted to give him a rope elevation. All feelings of humanity were set at naught, and the search was made in the most brutal and reckless manner. But it proved fruitless. The intended victim, hearing the noise of the band as they approached, at once suspected their object, and, at the solicitation of his wife, consented to secrete himself, and succeeded in making his escape.

Black Dave fairly foamed with rage when he heard that he was again foiled—that his rival could not be found.

"The sneaking cur is hid somewhere!" he exclaimed. "But I'll smoke him and his brood out. Fire the house, boys."

Even the entreaties of her whom he once professed to love failed to stay the hand of the incendiary. Black Dave was inexorable. The torch was applied, and soon the flames began to creep along—slowly at first, as if gathering strength, and then suddenly they darted up their forked tongues and enveloped the whole building in a fiery circle. The flames, reflected by the heavy at-

mosphere, shed a brilliant light over the surrounding country. For a while Black Dave stood gazing upon his work, while a sort of hellish malignity spread itself over his features, totally unmoved by the cries of the terror-stricken women and children. He then ordered the servant whom he had first seen to be tied to a wheel of a large wagon, and lashed until he revealed the whereabouts of his master. For Black Dave to order was to be obeyed, and the trembling black was immediately seized, tied, and flogged. The blows fell fast and heavy, but the faithful black, notwithstanding the blood streamed down his back, refused to betray his master. The ruffian who administered the blows paused for a moment as if to take breath, which his leader observing, he shouted—

"Give the black dog another dose, and lay them on lively!"

The words had scarcely fallen from his lips ere a bullet whizzed past the negro and buried itself in the brain of the ruffian leader, and he fell to the earth to rise no more. He had given his last order. His lieutenant, who stood near, sprang forward, and was in the act of stooping to lift the prostrate form of his captain when crash went another bullet through his brain, and he fell upon the body of him who had been his companion in villainy, and who was now his companion in death. The ruffian who had administered the blows stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, and then, throwing down the whip, he attempted to run, but had taken but a few steps ere a swift-winged messenger sent him travelling the same road with his leaders. Consternation now seemed to seize the remainder of the ruffians, and they took to their heels, many in their flight throwing away their rifles, which were soon picked up by Old Ben and his companions, and their contents sent after their flying owners.

It was not long before the pale and terror-stricken wife

was surrounded by her husband and father. After an affectionate embrace, the father, picking up a lighted torch, approached the place where the bodies lay. Stooping down to examine the leaders, he in a few moments exclaimed—

"Dead!—both of them! Old Ben hit both in nearly the same spot!"

So it was. The father being anxious to see his daughter and her mother, who since the destruction of the old homestead had resided with her, was accompanied by Old Ben and another companion for that purpose. As they approached the farm they beheld the light from the burning dwelling, at once rightly conjectured the cause, and who was at work. They crept stealthily along, and secreted themselves until a favorable opportunity should afford them a chance of being of service. Old Ben insisted that he alone should do the shooting, and that they could do the loading, as no shots were to be wasted. As he observed Black Dave and his lieutenant standing near together, he exclaimed, in a low tone—

"Keerful! keerful, now! They ar' both mine!" And creeping to a favorable spot, he discharged the shots which finished the worldly career of the ruffians.

Black Dave's rival, being secreted where he could view what was going on, seeing the ruffian leaders fall, at once judged that friends were at hand, and he sprang forward to render his aid in the destruction of the vandals. When it was ascertained that they were completely routed, arrangements were made for conveying the family to a place of safety, and in the arrangements the master did not forget his lacerated but faithful servant.

During the next fortnight several of Black Dave's followers were found dead, and upon examination it was discovered that each one had been shot in nearly the same place in the forehead, and it was concluded that they had all been killed by the same person. The con-

clusion was correct, for Old Ben, in his scouting duties, sent many a "buzzard," as he called those who preyed upon the bones of Union men, to his final account.

SURROUNDING FIVE OF THEM.

After the advance of the Union army upon Bragg at Tullahoma, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk River to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting—

"Come in here, you —— Yank, out of the wet!"

The Federal was quite sure that he was "done for," and at once obeyed the order. After dressing himself, he was thus accosted:—

"You surrender, our prisoner, do you?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"That's kind. Now we'll surrender to you!" And the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding—

"We've done with 'em, and have said to old Bragg, 'good-by!' Secesh is played out. Now you surround us and take us into your camp."

This was done accordingly, and is but one of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion in July and August, 1863, in Lower Tennessee.

ARMY WINGS AS EXPLAINED BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

"You say 'you can't understand about army wings, they being crushed, falling back, &c.' Well, here it is, in short.

"Suppose our army to be like a bird at Stone River, head towards Murfreesborough, its body, Thomas's corps, being the centre, McCook's corps the right wing, spread

wide open, and Crittenden's corps, thus spread, the left wing. That will do well enough for illustration.

"Well, Bragg's army pile in on McCook's wing at its tip, and break off an inch or so by capturing batteries and several hundred of our men. And the feathers fly mightily all along that wing, and it is overpowered, and falls back in retreat, just as the bird would fold its wing, until it laps right up 'longside the centre. That's the way it was done.

"But they didn't move our head nor centre, though—nary! Well, the reb cavalry, of which they had a powerful slue during this fight, came round on our rear on the big Nashville road, where were our hundreds of wagons and ambulances. There, we will say, is the bird's tail; and the supply-wagons, and doctors' tools and niggers, we'll call them the tail-feathers. Now, them feathers flew some, you better believe!"

IRISH WIT EVER READY.

The surrender of Lexington, Mo., was rendered a necessity by the want of ammunition, as well as by the want of water. A few of the companies had one or two rounds left, but the majority had fired their last bullet. After the surrender, an officer was detailed by Price to collect the ammunition and place it in safe charge. The officer, addressing Adjutant Cosgrove, asked him to have the ammunition surrendered. Cosgrove called up a dozen men, one after the other, and exhibiting the empty cartridge-boxes, said to the astonished rebel officer, "I believe, sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we had stopped fighting. Had there been any more, upon my word, you should have had it, sir. But I will inquire, and if by accident there is a cartridge left, I will let you know." The rebel officer turned away, reflecting

upon the glorious victory of having captured men who had fired their last shot.

An Irishman from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon-ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him, exclaiming, "Blasht your soul, you owld woman, shtop cryin'; you make more noise about it than the man that losht his head!"

MISS OLDOM THE KENTUCKY HEROINE.

A marauding band of rebels in Kentucky, on their way to Mount Sterling, stopped at the house of a Mr. Oldom, and he being absent at the time, plundered him of all his horses, and among them a valuable one belonging to his daughter Cornelia. She resisted the outrage as long as she could, but finding all her efforts in vain, she sprang upon another horse and started post haste toward the town to give the alarm. Her first animal gave out, when she seized another, and meeting the messenger from Middleton, she sent him as fast as his horse could carry him to convey the necessary warning to Mount Sterling, where he arrived most opportunely. Miss Oldom then retraced her way toward home, taking with her a double-barrelled shot-gun. She found a pair of saddle-bags on the road, belonging to a rebel officer, which contained a pair of revolvers, and soon she came up with the advancing marauders, and ordered them to halt. Perceiving that one of the thieves rode her horse, she ordered him to surrender her horse; this he refused, and finding that persuasion would not gain her ends, she levelled the shot-gun at the rider, commanded him, as Damon did the traveller, "down from his horse," and

threatened to fire if he did not comply. Her indomitable spirit at last prevailed, and the robbers, seeing something in her eye that spoke a terrible menace, surrendered her favorite steed. When she had regained his back, and patted him on the neck, he gave a neigh of mingled triumph and recognition, and she turned his head homeward and cantered off as leisurely as if she were taking her morning exercise.

FIGHTING ON HIS OWN HOOK.

When the martial and patriotic fires began to blaze along the hill-tops of Western New York, and young men were rushing by tens of thousands to join the national standard, one brave fellow who seized the torch with the wildest enthusiasm, and worked hardest in the cause, found it impossible to get his name enrolled with the company of his own town—Bloomfield.

All his companions passed examination. When the surgeon came to B. F. Surby, he found that he had a *stiff knee*, caused by the kick of a horse while he was a boy; and he was rejected.

He could run as fast, mount a horse as quick, play as good a game of ball, and shoot as well as any one of his comrades—better, it was acknowledged, than most. He was athletic, lithe, hard, spry, and made for action and daring. He was twenty-five years old, and all ready to fight. But, with all this, he could not go; he was, however, determined to go, and no surgeon or recruiting officer could stop him.

When the company marched to Canandaigua, he went with them to join the regiment. He put in his pocket all the money he could scrape together, and paid his own way as long as it lasted; and when it gave out, partly by the help of his companions, and partly by eking out in mother-wit what he lacked in cash, he reached the

head-quarters of General King, where his name not appearing on the roll, he was asked to give an account of himself.

What follows is in his own words:—

"Once beyond the Potomac, I'd be blazed if I wouldn't have a chance. So I tried the old Bloomfield game over; but it was no go: I could not put on the uniform of a soldier; I could not have a gun to kill rebels. But I was bound to fetch it, some way or other. I finally got my case before General King, and he got an officer of his staff to take me as his orderly: so I had my way at last, and once in the army (if I did get in at the back door) I could go along, and ride a good horse into the bargain. That finished the *stiff knee* business, which had bothered the Bloomfield surgeon. So I thanked the stars for my good luck, and waited for the first battle.

"This was in a reconnoissance in force towards Orange Court-House, where we had some nice amusement—just enough to stir up the blood of green Western New York boys.

"But nothing very serious happened till the battle of South Mountain, which began to look like war as I had read of it in the histories of great generals. Of course you know all about that battle.

"But then came some bad luck. I'd been thinking all the time that it was too good to last. The officer I was serving got sick after the battle of Cedar Mountain, and had to come on to Washington. Of course I had to come too; and here I remained waiting on him several weeks. In the meantime I lost all chance to be in the battles of Gainesville and Bull Run.

"When my commander got better, but not well enough to take the field, he sent me over to look after his horses, and, knowing my anxiety to be with the brigade, he gave me permission to join it, and the use of his horse.

"I lost no time in doing that. I got in the staff again,

and began to feel at home. General King had fallen sick, and was succeeded by General Hatch. We were in the splendid battle of South Mountain, where I had *one of the great days*, worth more than all my life before. Oh, how glorious the old flag looked every time the smoke rolled off, and we saw her still streaming!

"In the heat of this bloody engagement, when our men were fighting *just right*, the general was wounded, and, being near him at the moment, I had the sad satisfaction of helping to carry him from the field."

"But," I inquired, "as you seem to have been where the shot flew thick, had you not met with any mishap so far?"

"Nary a scratch—nor the captain's horse."

"Well, what came next?"

"The grand and blood-red field of Antietam, all of which I saw; and I never expect to see a better one—nor do I want to. That was no boys' play."

At this point the surgeon of the hospital, where the narrator lay, came up to see how his patient was getting along. After examining his leg, he pronounced it doing well enough. "That will give you no more trouble. But I am inclined to think I shall have to take this arm off."

"You are welcome to it, doctor. I think it has done me about all the good it ever will."

"Well, now for Antietam," I said, as I once more took a chair by his side.

"General Doubleday took command of us there, in place of the wounded General Hatch. In forming his division the night before the battle, while the general and his staff were riding along through the lines, a rebel battery opened on us with shot and shell. A soldier was standing about two rods in front of me. A small shell took his head clean off, and struck my horse in the side, just behind my leg, cutting the girths, and *exploding inside the horse*. I only remember the fire flew pretty thick,

and after in some way getting up into the air higher than I was before, I next found myself on the ground among some of the pieces of the horse.

"The first thought was, 'There goes the captain's horse, and I'm left to foot it!' A somewhat sudden falling back took place, and I started. 'But, by Jove, I won't lose that saddle!' and back I put to get it. While I was working away as fast as I could, the general rode by, and seeing what I was doing, sung out—

"'Quit that, fool, if you care anything about your life!' and as I found it rather difficult to untangle the saddle, I concluded to leave with what traps I had, and return after dark. I did; but it was too late.

"I felt bad. 'What *will* the captain say? I've lost his horse and saddle, and God knows what. Well, I'll see what I can do; I haven't lost my small arms, at any rate; and perhaps I can manage to get another horse before the battle opens in the morning.'"

"Not hurt yourself?"

"Nary a bruise. But I was pretty well spattered up with blood, I remember. So that night, after looking round, and not getting my eye on a horse, I lay down under a fence near our right wing, and thought I would take a nap. But I cared more for a good horse than a good sleep. As luck would have it, I heard, pretty soon, some horses coming down pretty fast. They had evidently broken loose. I sprung for the first one, and missed him. The next was a few rods behind. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'is your last chance;' and it was, for there were only two. I struck for him, and caught him by the bridle-rein. It was light enough to see, and I soon found out I had got a good horse for the captain. I brought him up to the fence and lay down, being pretty well satisfied that what further running that animal did that night he would have to do with me on his back."

"Whom did the horse belong to?"

"He belonged to me."

"Where did he come from?"

"Upon my soul, I forgot to inquire."

"The next morning all was astir, for a battle which had yet no name. But everybody was well enough satisfied that a great fight was coming. It was plain as sunrise that there was to be a fight, and that every man in the great Army of the Potomac knew it, and was ready to do his duty.

"There was a different feeling among the men and officers the night before, and that morning, from what I had seen before any other battle. Each man knew that defeat that day involved the fall of Washington.

"So passed that wonderful day. When I hitched up at night, and got my blanket off the saddle-bow and unrolled it to go to sleep, I found two Minie balls snugly imbedded near the centre of the hard roll—'Thank you, gentlemen; you fired a shade too low.' So I came off safe enough there, and, when I *did* think of it, I made up my mind I was not born to be shot."

"Your new horse behaved well?"

"Finely, and I got very much attached to him. But, poor fellow! I had to kill him to save myself. I was fond of riding about inside our lines, and sometimes beyond them. I knew it was rather a risky business; but I did it, part of the time as a volunteer scout, and at other times on my own hook, and was not very sorry for it, for I now and then got information which may have been worth something.

"I generally managed to get along without any particular trouble, and with many a good run managed to get home safe. But one night I got into a scrape.

"I knew that two or three mounted men were near the enemy's picket-lines, and, thinking it might pay, I started about midnight, and rode in a circuitous way to get near enough to reconnoitre from a quarter where I should not be suspected. I saw a very fine horse tied up to a tree, and I wanted that horse. I came very near succeeding.

But I was suddenly notified by a ball whistling by my head that I was discovered. I put out, and, finding my horse, put spurs to him. Whistle, whizz, whizz, whistle, the balls flew by. It was a close pursuit, and a hard, long run. I passed our lines safe. But it was too much. My horse never was worth much after that. I felt bad about it, for the poor fellow had saved my life more than once. But I had taken good care of him, and, after all, what did it matter? It was all in the cruise.

"Finally, the enemy was before Fredericksburg. During a part of that fight we were troubled by the enemy's sharp-shooters. They were picking off our officers and best artillerists from a very long range. I saw how the thing was working, and I managed to get into an old deserted house (in which Washington is said to have spent some time when young) which could stand a pretty heavy shot.

"I had a splendid rifle, and plenty of ammunition. It was a fine cover, and I used it to some advantage. A large open window looked out just in the direction I wanted, and as fast as I loaded, I slyly took a look out, picked my man, and blazed away. I did not stay at the window any unnecessary length of time, for generally a bullet came whistling through the hole a second or two after my flash.

"Heavier shot at last began to strike; and then, after I had fired, I slid round behind a solid stone chimney standing near the centre of the house. I kept this up for a considerable time, till an accident happened.

"As I was approaching the window for another fire, a shell came through the side of the house, and burst about three feet over my head. Down I went, of course, and began to survey the damage. One piece had struck my left arm, making a compound fracture below the elbow; another piece had struck my left leg, just above the knee.

"I thought now, as I had done a pretty good day's

work, I would contrive in some way to haul off for repairs, and get among my friends. Some of the men at a battery not far off had heard the shell explode in the house where they knew I was firing, and discovering me, carried me off to the hospital quarters, where after a while my arm was tinkered up in a hurry, my leg was dressed, and I lay down and ate my supper, for I was as hungry as a wolf.

"'Well, old boy,' said I to myself, 'you have had your way: you determined to come to the war, and you did. Now look at yourself, and see how you like it.'

"I *did* look at myself. I didn't look very handsome, it's true; but I looked well enough for all practical purposes—and I *felt* still better.

"Being of no particular use down at Falmouth, they sent me up here, where I arrived the other day. The doctor down at Fredericksburg botched my fractures, and between jolting about and one thing and another, I must have the arm taken off now; but, as my leg is nearly well, I shall be about again, almost as good as new, in a few days."

The next morning, after inhaling ether, he was taken into the amputating room, where his arm was taken off three or four inches below the elbow, and dressed, when Surby was returned to his cot. The attendants said he was not out of bed over five minutes.

Of course he got on finely, and in a few days he was walking around town to return the calls of friends who had visited him in the hospital.

But what was he to do now? His name did not appear on the rolls of the army; he had never been mustered into the service; in fact, the Government knew no such man as *a soldier*. Generals King, Hatch, and Doubleday, and a large number of officers besides, knew him, but only as *a volunteer independent scout*. They knew the deeds of valor, and the difficult and important services

he had performed—services which if rendered by a private regularly mustered into the army would have early given him a commission. Now he was to leave the hospital, with one arm the less, no money in his pocket, and only the shoddiest style of clothes on his back, to get to his home the best way he could.

He was certainly in a most anomalous position. But he had friends enough—more than he needed; for he could make his own way.

Some of his former commanders caused the facts to be made known to the War Department; and everything that was right and proper was done, and with promptness, fairness, and despatch. Surby was at once mustered into his regiment, to take effect from the day his company marched out of their native Bloomfield. This gave him pay for the whole time, allowance for clothing he had never drawn, one hundred dollars bounty money, a new patent arm that looks just like its mate, an honorable discharge from the Army of the United States, and an annual pension of ninety-six dollars for life.

DAHLGREN'S FAMOUS DASH.

Gen. Burnside requested Gen. Sigel to make a cavalry reconnoissance of Fredericksburg. General Sigel selected his body-guard, commanded by Captain Dahlgren, with sixty men of the First Indiana cavalry and a portion of the Sixth Ohio. It was no light task to ride forty miles, keep the movement concealed from the enemy, cross the river and dash through the town, especially as it was known the rebels occupied it in force; it was an enterprise calculated to dampen the ardor of most men, but which was hailed almost as a holiday excursion by the Indianians. They left Gainesville in the morning, took a circuitous route, rode till night, rested awhile, and then,

under the light of the full moon, rode rapidly over the worn-out fields of the Old Dominion, through by-roads, intending to dash into the town at day-break. They arrived opposite the place at dawn, and found to their chagrin that one element in their calculation had been omitted—the tide. The bridge had been burned when we evacuated the place last summer, and they had nothing to do but wait till the water ebbed. Concealing themselves in the woods they waited impatiently. Meanwhile two of the Indianians rode along the river-bank below the town to the ferry. They hailed the ferryman who was on the opposite shore, representing themselves to be rebel officers. The ferryman pulled to the northern bank and was detained till he gave information of the rebel force, which he said numbered eight companies—five or six hundred men all told.

The tide ebbed and Captain Dahlgren left his hiding-place with the Indianians—sixty—leaving the Ohioans on the northern shore. They crossed the river in single file at a slow walk, the bottom being exceedingly rocky. Reaching the opposite shore, he started at a slow trot toward the town, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But his advance had been discovered. The enemy was partly in saddle. There was a hurrying to and fro—mounting of steeds—confusion and fright among the people. The rebel cavalry were in every street. Captain Dahlgren resolved to fall upon them like a thunderbolt. Increasing his trot to a gallop, the sixty dauntless men dashed into town, cheering, with sabres glittering in the sun—riding recklessly upon the enemy, who waited but a moment in the main street, then ignominiously fled. Having cleared the main thoroughfare. Captain Dahlgren swept through a cross-street upon another squadron with the same success. There was a trampling of hoofs, a clattering of scabbards, and the sharp ringing cut of the sabres, the pistol-flash—the going down of horsemen

and rider—the gory gashes of the sabre-stroke—a cheering and hurrahing, and screaming of frightened women and children—a short, sharp, decisive contest, and the town was in the possession of the gallant men. Once the rebels attempted to recover what they had lost, but a second impetuous charge drove them back again, and Captain Dahlgren gathered the fruits of the victory, thirty-one prisoners, horses, accoutrements, sabres—held possession of the town for three hours, and retired, losing but one of his glorious band killed and two wounded, leaving a dozen of the enemy killed and wounded. The one brave fellow who lost his life had fought through all the conflict, but seeing a large rebel flag waving from a building, he secured it, wrapped it around his body, and was returning to his command, when a fatal shot was fired from a window, probably by a citizen. He was brought to the northern shore and there buried by his fellow-soldiers beneath the forest pines. Captain Carr, of company B, encountered a rebel officer and ran his sabre through the body of his enemy. Orderly Fitter had a hand-to-hand struggle with a rebel soldier, and, by a dexterous blow, struck him from his horse, inflicting a severe wound upon the head. He seized the fellow's horse—a splendid animal—his carbine and sabre.

It thrills one to picture the encounter—the wild dash, the sweep like a whirlwind—the cheers—the rout of the enemy, their confusion—the victory! This will go down to history as one of the bravest achievements on record.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

Colonel Granville Moody, of the Seventy-fourth Ohio, is a famous Methodist preacher from Cincinnati. He is something over fifty, six feet and two or three inches, of imposing presence, with a fine, genial face, and prodigious vocal range. The reverend colonel, who proved himself

a fighting parson of the first water, was hit four times at the battle of Murfreesborough, and will carry the marks of battle when he goes back to the altar. His benevolence justifies his military flock in the indulgence of sly humor at his expense; but he never permits them to disturb his equanimity. Several battle-anecdotes of him are well authenticated. Not long ago, General Negley merrily accused him of using heterodox expletives in the ardor of conflict.

"Is it a fact, colonel," inquired the general, "that you told the boys to 'give 'em hell?'"

"How?" replied the colonel, reproachfully; "that's some more of the boys' mischief. I told them to give the rebels 'Hail Columbia;' and they have perverted my language."

The parson, however, had a sly twinkle in the corner of his eye, which left his hearers in considerable doubt.

Our Western circuit-preachers are known as stentors. Where others are emphatic, they roar in the fervor of exhortation, especially when they come in with their huge "Amen." This fact must be borne in mind to appreciate the story. The colonel's mind was saturated with piety and fight. He had already had one bout with the rebels, and given them "Hail Columbia." They were renewing the attack. The colonel braced himself for the shock.

Seeing his line in fine order, he thought he would exhort them briefly. The rebels were coming swiftly. Glancing first at the foe, then at the lads, he said, quietly, "Now, my boys, fight for your country and your God," and, raising his voice to thunder-tones, he exclaimed, in the same breath, "AIM LOW!"

Says one of the gallant fellows, "I thought for an instant it was a frenzied ejaculation from the profoundest depths of the 'Amen corner.'" Any day now you may hear the lads of the Seventy-fourth roaring, "Fight for your country and your God—aim low!"

TAKING IT COOLLY.

An instance of endurance and patience occurred at the hospital on the right wing, during the fighting at Fort Donelson, Tenn. The Union columns having been forced back, the hospital, which was a little up from the road, had come within range of the rebels' fire, and was fast becoming an unpleasant position, but no damage was done to it. Just about this time a poor fellow came sauntering leisurely along, with the lower part of his arm dangling from the part above the elbow, it having been struck with a grape-shot. Meeting the surgeon in the house, who was busily attending to other wounded, he inquired how long it would be before he could attend to him, and was told in a few minutes. "All right," said the wounded man, and then walked outside and watched the progress of the battle for a short time, and then returned and waited the surgeon's opportunity to attend to him. The arm was amputated without a murmur from the unfortunate man. After the stump was bound up, the young man put his good hand into his pocket, and took out a piece of tobacco, from which he took a chew, then walking over to the fire, he leaned his well arm against the mantle-piece, and rested his head against his arm, and kept squirting tobacco-juice into the fire, whilst his eyes were cast into the flames, all with the most astonishing composure, as though he was indulging in some pleasant reverie. He remained in this position for some time, and then walked off and went out of sight near where the fighting was going on.

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

A forage-train went out of Nashville, Tenn., upon one occasion, and two or three of the Michigan soldiers

guarding it called at a house for dinner. The woman, ready to take their money and get their favor, at once prepared it. While they were eating, she thought it a favorable moment for conversation, and propounded the usual question of Secessia:—

"What in the world did all you people come down here to fight us for?"

"The fact is, madam," quickly answered one of her guests, dropping his knife and fork, leaning back in his chair and looking her calmly in the face, "we understood your folks were going to free all your negroes and send them up North, and we don't want them and won't have them. So we've come down here to put a stop to it."

The old lady was silenced by this spiking of her guns.

A NAMELESS SPY.

In 1862 there lived in the State of ——— a Union man, with wife and children. He was a friend of the Union, and an anti-slavery man upon principle. After the rebellion broke out, and when the "Southern heart" had become fired, this man, living in a strong pro-slavery region, and surrounded by opulent slaveholders, his own family connections, and those of his wife being also wealthy and bitter secessionists, very prudently held his peace, feeling his utter inability to stem the tide of the rebellion in his section. This reticence, together with his known Southern birth and relations, enabled him to pass unsuspected, and almost unobserved, at a time when Breckenridge, Marshall, Preston, and Buckner, and other ardent politicians of Kentucky, chose the rebellion as their portion, and endeavored to carry with them the State amidst a blaze of excitement. Thus, without tacit admissions or any direct action upon his part, the gentleman of whom we write was classed by the people of his section as a secessionist.

Circumstances occurred during that year by which this person was brought into contact with a Federal commander in Kentucky, General Nelson. Their meeting and acquaintance was accidental. Mutual Union sentiments begat personal sympathy and friendship. Nelson wished a certain service performed in the rebel territory, and he persuaded the citizen to undertake it—which the latter finally did as a matter of duty, we are assured, rather than of gain, for he made no charge for the service after its speedy and successful performance. Soon after, a similar work was necessary; and again was the citizen importuned, and he again consented, but not considering himself as a professional spy.

During this or a similar trip, and while at Chattanooga, our man heard of the sudden death of General Nelson. He was now at a loss what to do. Finally he determined to return and report his business to Major General Rosecrans, who had assumed command of the Federal army. Thus resolved, he proceeded to finish his mission. After ascertaining the position of military affairs at Chattanooga, he came to Murfreesborough, where Bragg's army was then collecting. Staying here several days, he was urged by his Southern army friends to act as their spy in Kentucky. The better to conceal his own feelings and position, he consented to do so, and he left General Bragg's head-quarters to go to that State by way of Nashville, feigning important business, and from thence to go to his home, passing by and through Rosecran's army as it lay stretched out between Nashville and Louisville.

The nameless man now makes his way to the Federal head-quarters, seeks a private interview with General Rosecrans, and states his case fully as we have just related. Here was something remarkable, surely—a spy in the confidence of the commanders of two great opposing armies! Our general took much pains to satisfy himself of the honesty and soundness of the stranger. He was pleased with the man's candid manner, and his story bore an air

of consistency and truth. Yet he was a Southerner, surrounded by rebellious influences, and enjoyed Bragg's confidence; and what guarantee could be given that he was a Union man at heart? None; and our general, in great perplexity, held council with his Chief of Police, and requested the latter to "dig up" the case to its very root. This was done, but in what manner we need not specially state. Satisfied that it would do to trust the spy, to a certain extent at least, he was now sent on his way to perform his mission for Bragg. At all events, that scheming general so supposed, when our man's report was made at the rebel head-quarters a few days afterwards. His information was very acceptable to Bragg; but we strongly question its value to rebeldom, as the spy reported only what he was told by that old fox Colonel Truesdail.

Perhaps the reader will inquire, how can we answer for the report thus made to Bragg? it may have been more true and valuable than we supposed. Well, there is force in the query. We are fallen upon strange times, when honesty, virtue, and patriotism are at heavy discount in rebeldom, and the Indian's idea of the uncertainty of white men is by no means a myth. However, we were then quite confident of the worthlessness of the report of our spy to Bragg, because *he had nothing else* to tell him. For five days did our spy keep himself locked in a private room in the police building at Nashville. His meals were carried to him by a trusty servant. His door was "shadowed" constantly by our best detectives, and so were his steps if he ventured upon the street for a few moments after dark. It was cold and bleak winter weather, and he toasted himself before his comfortable fire, read books and papers, and conferred often with the Chief of Police and his assistant, affording them, strangers that they were to that region of country, a fund of valuable information respecting the rebels of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a man of fine address and good intel-

lectual attainments. When our man concluded it was about time for his return to Bragg's army, he was politely escorted by our mounted police to a proper point beyond our lines, and by a route where he would see nothing of our forces. The reader will now appreciate the grounds of our confidence, we doubt not, in the worthlessness at least of one of General Braxton Bragg's spy reports.

In due time this nameless gentleman again enters our lines, and is escorted in by our pickets to the general commanding, to whom he reports in person concerning all that is transpiring in Bragg's army at Murfreesborough, and then he resumes his pleasant private quarters at the army police building. How little could the rebel General Zollicoffer have thought or have imagined as the wildest dream, while building his elegant house in High Street, Nashville, that its gorgeous rooms should ever be devoted to such purposes! After a brief stay, another trip was made by our man to Bragg's head-quarters, we using the same precautions as previously. In fact, our spy desired, and even demanded such attention at the hands of the Chief of Police. Said he—

"I am a stranger to you all. I can give you no guarantee whatever of my good faith. It is alike due to you and to myself that I be allowed no opportunities for deceiving you."

The report he carried to Bragg on his second trip delighted the latter. His officers talked with our man freely, and, after staying at Murfreesborough two or three days and riding and walking all about in the most innocent and unconcerned manner, he was again sent back to Nashville to "fool that slow Dutchman, Rosecrans," as one of the rebel officers remarked. Of the importance of the report now brought to the "slow Dutchman" we need not state further than that it contributed its due weight [redacted] decision fraught with tremendous consequences to the army and to the country. Marching orders

were soon after issued for the advance of the Army of the Cumberland upon Murfreesborough.

Now commenced a period of excessive labor and peril for the nameless spy. Generals Rosecrans and Bragg each wanted instant and constant information as the armies approached. The minutiæ of this man's work for four or five days we need not stop to relate: it is easily imagined. Within that time he entered the rebel lines and returned three times. He gave the outline of Bragg's line of battle, a close estimate of his force, an accurate account of his artillery and his earthworks, the movements of the rebel wagon and railroad trains, &c. &c. He was very earnest in assuring Rosecrans that Bragg intended to give severe battle with superior numbers.

This information proved true in all essentials, and its value to the country was inestimable. We had other spies piercing the rebel lines at this time, but they did not enjoy the facilities possessed by the nameless one. Almost with anguish did he exclaim against himself, in the presence of the author, for the severe manner in which he was deceiving the rebel general and involving the lives of his thousands of brave but deluded followers.

After the first great battle the work of such a spy is ended, or, rather, it ceases when the shock of arms comes on. Thenceforth the armies are moved upon the instant, as circumstances may require. Our man, who during the four days had been almost incessantly in the saddle, or with his ears and eyes painfully observant while in the camps, took leave of our army upon the battle-field, and retired to a place of rest.

One incident occurred during his last visit to Bragg which is worthy of mention. That general took alarm in consequence of his report, and at once started a special messenger to Gen. John H. Morgan—who was then absent with his cavalry in Kentucky to destroy Rosecrans' railroad communications (in which Morgan succeeded)—to return instantly with his command by forced marches to

Murfreesborough. That same night our man reported this fact to the Federal commander, described the messenger and what route he would take, &c. The information was telegraphed at once to Nashville, Gallatin, and Bowling Green, and a force was sent from each of those posts to intercept the messenger. They failed to apprehend him—which, however, proved of no consequence, as the battles of Stone River were fought and Bragg was on his retreat from Murfreesborough by the time Morgan could have received the orders.

Our spy was a brave man: yet during the last three days of his service he was most sensible of its peril. To pass between hostile lines in the lone hours of the night—for he did not wait for daylight—to be halted by guerrillas and scouts and pickets, with guns aimed at him, and, finally, to meet and satisfy the anxious, keen-eyed, heart-searching rebel officers as well as our own, was a mental as well as physical demand that could not long be sustained. While proceeding upon his last expedition, the author met the nameless one upon a by-road. We halted our horses, drew near, and conversed a few seconds in private, while our attendants and companions moved on. He was greatly exhausted and soiled in appearance—his clothing having been rained upon and splashed by muddy water, caused by hard riding, and which had dried upon him. He said he was about to try it once more, and, though he had been so often and so successfully, yet he feared detection and its sure result, the bullet or the halter. He had been unable, amid the hurry and excitement, to make some final disposition of his affairs. He gave us a last message to send to his wife and children in case it became necessary; and he also desired a promise—most freely given—that we would attend to the settlement of his account with our general for services recently rendered. Thus concluding, he wrung our hand most earnestly, and putting spurs to his fresh and spirited animal, dashed off upon

his mission. Twenty hours afterwards we were relieved of our anxious forebodings by his safe and successful return. The price paid him for his labors was well earned, and to our cause was a most profitable investment.

A DARING DEED.

Captain Spencer, aid to General Wool, received information from two ladies who went from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce, that near midnight a six-oared boat was to leave Norfolk for Richmond with money for the payment of rebel soldiers. He requested permission of Major-General Wool to attempt their capture, and was told not to place too much confidence in the information received. Nevertheless, permission was given, and selecting two good oarsmen on whom he could rely, with their oars muffled, he started at dark and awaited the coming of the enemy's boat. He had previously given direction to his men to pull directly for the boat, and on the moment of striking to "back water" instantly.

About midnight the boat was heard approaching, and taking his station in the bows with a nine-inch shell in his hands, he gave the order to "give way." The moment his bows struck the rebel boat, he threw the shell into the middle of it, and was himself drawn back, luckily receiving no injury from the explosion. Not so the boat and occupants, however, the former of which was broken in two, and the latter were scattered in all directions in the water, not, however, before discharging their pistols at him, two balls going through his cap, and three perforating his coat.

The men were then told that if they submitted quietly they would be saved, otherwise he would leave them to their fate. They preferred the former, and arming him-

self with his pistol in one hand, and a dirk (taken by him at the Battle of Bull Run from a "secesh") in the other, he took them in his boat one by one, handcuffing them as they were pulled in. In addition to which, from the stern of the enemy's boat, which floated, he took eleven hundred dollars in gold, and five thousand dollars in their worthless paper money. It was with some difficulty that he reached the Fort, the gunwale of the boat being almost level with the water with its increased freight.

WOULDN'T SELL.

During the fighting at Fort Donelson a young man came strolling down to a transport, with one arm amputated, and in the well hand holding three chickens which he had captured. A steward of one of the boats stepped up to him, and asked him if he wanted to sell the chickens. He looked at the chickens for a little while and replied, "Well, no; I had so much trouble in catching the d—d things, I believe I'll eat 'em myself;" and off he went with his *fowl* prisoners.

THE IRISH SENTINEL.

A son of the Green Isle, a member of Gillam's Middle Tennessee Regiment, while stationed at Nashville, was detailed on guard duty on a prominent street of that city. It was his first experience at guard mounting, and he strutted along his beat, apparently with a full appreciation of the dignity and importance of his position. As a citizen approached, he shouted—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign."

"I haven't the countersign; and, if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual," rejoined the citizen.

"An' by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all till ye say Bunker Hill," was Pat's reply.

The citizen, appreciating the "situation," advanced, and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"Right! Pass on." And the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

GOOD FOR THE BELGIANS!

A good story is told of an Illinois Colonel who was heard praising the Belgian musket. Says he—"In platoon firing with the Belgian musket, I can tell what I cannot with any other arm, and that is, how many pieces have been fired."

"How can you tell that?"

"Oh! *I count the men on the ground.* It never deceives me. It is 'fire and *fall back' flat.*"

One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule, and burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers have been killed in this way. The bayonet too is a novelty—a soft iron affair, apparently designed to coil round the enemy as it is introduced, thus taking him prisoner.

THE HOLLOW-HEELED BOOT.

In the earlier days of the rebellion there lived in Southeastern Missouri one Ogilvie Byron Young. He was a wild, graceless scamp, rich in the blood of his ancestors, but poor in purse. To the pride of Lucifer he added the courage of Falstaff and the honor of Iago. A scion of Virginia's aristocracy, he deemed himself a statesman from birth and an orator by nature. Showy in manner

and superficial in attainments, he could act the accomplished gentleman or the bullying braggart as best suited the occasion. Vain, reckless, and boastful, he was scorned as a visionary enthusiast by some, feared as a bold, bad man by others, but admired as a genuine Southern cavalier of the old school by those who knew him least. Wildly imaginative, but immensely unpractical, he plunged madly into the first waves of rebellion, and, while Sterling Price was yet a Union general and Claiborne F. Jackson a loyal Governor, dared to avow and advocate opinions of the most ultra-Southern character. Fine-drawn theoretical arguments on the right and duty of secession were spread before the people of the State, in column after column of letters published in newspapers and to which was attached the full signature, "Ogilvie Byron Young." The rough back-woodsmen of his county were momentarily swayed by his presumptuous clamor, and he was sent to the first Missouri State Convention. Here he was the only member that took strong ground in favor of secession *per se*, gaining thereby not a little notoriety. The State did not secede; but Ogilvie Byron Young *did*, and for some months he was not so much as heard from.

In the fall of 1861 he was arrested at the Spencer House, Cincinnati, as a spy. In due time an indictment and trial followed; but, though there was abundant evidence of guilt, he escaped conviction by means of some technical informality in the proceedings. He was ordered to leave the city, however, and did so. In the following spring he was found in Covington, Kentucky, under an assumed name, aiding and abetting the rebels by furnishing information, and was again arrested. He had been cautioned by some one, it would seem; for there was found nothing upon him in the way of papers or letters to warrant his detention, and he was again released to again disappear from sight for some months.

In November, 1862, he is again met with, in Nashville,

where he had been for some weeks as a paroled prisoner, but acting all the while in his old capacity of smuggler and spy. In this business he seems to have had remarkable success, until his career was fortunately arrested by a combination of circumstances and the watchful shrewdness of the army police. About the last of that month Young was introduced to a gentleman who represented himself as a hostage for the return of certain loyal Mississippians captured at Iuka and treated by Price as traitors, contrary to the terms of the cartel between the Federal and Confederate Governments. At first he was shy and suspicious, but was finally convinced that his new acquaintance was really what he purported to be, and heartily entered into all his plans for the advancement of the Confederate cause. As his confidence grew stronger, he remarked that he had been of more benefit to the South, as a spy, than any brigade of rebel soldiers. He had encouraged desertions in the Federal camps, and made out paroles in the names of Morgan and Kirby Smith. The business was getting a little dangerous now, however, and he should get beyond the lines as soon as possible. He would have gone long ago, only that he had expected to be saved the trouble and expense of the trip by the fall of Nashville.

Our Iuka hostage then informed him that Mrs. Major Ranney—wife of Major Ranney, of the 6th Texas Regiment—was in the city, under his charge, and just returned from Europe, whither she had been on diplomatic business for the Confederate Government. She had in her possession very important despatches, and was anxious to get safely through the lines with them. Young said, in reply, that he would bring his influence to bear upon the army officials in her favor, but in case she should be searched it would be well to provide for such a contingency. There was, he said, in the city a man by the name of Thompson, ostensibly a citizen, but really a rebel lieutenant in Bragg's army, and now acting as a spy.

He had made the trip through the lines ten or twelve times, and could do it again. He was now engaged in drawing a map of the fortifications around Nashville and procuring information as to the numbers of the troops, &c., which should be forthcoming in due season. These secret despatches of Mrs. Ranney's together with this map and other papers, could be hidden in the heel of a boot, which would be made for them by a bootmaker of the city in the employ of the Confederate Government. His name was C. J. Zeutzschell, and his shop was on Union Street.

This plan was agreed to, and Young was to assist in the execution of it; in return for which, he was to be placed in a high position at Richmond. Young's reputation, however, was not of the best, and the bootmaker would do nothing for him, when called upon, without first making inquiries among his friends and consulting with our hostage, for whom the boots were wanted.

Accordingly, Zeutzschell came to his room one evening and said that Young had been to his house and wished him to make a pair of boots and to secrete important documents in them so as to defy detection. He had no confidence in Young's honor, and did not wish to do it for *him*. He knew him as identified with the Confederates, indeed, but he was a bad man, low in his habits and associates, never had any money, &c. He (Zeutzschell) had been inquiring of the *friends* of the South—undoubted secessionists—concerning him (our Iuka hostage), and was convinced that he was a gentleman and a true Southerner. He would do anything to promote the cause—money was no object—he would lay down his life for it. If Young could be thrown off the track, he would make the boots and secrete in them a map of the fortifications about Nashville. His brother-in-law, Harris, would go out and see if any new ones had been erected. If not, he had a perfect plan of them in his head, to prove which he immediately sat down and drafted one. He

remarked that he had recently sent several such to General Morgan. He had made the boots for all the spies in the same way, and not one had ever been detected. He had sent valuable information in a common pipe.

"Can you get a pass for your man?" asked our hostage.

"Certainly," was the reply; "as many as you like. There is a German at head-quarters who steals blank passes for me, and I fill them up myself. I give him whiskey for them."

He would like to go South too, he said, in conclusion. He could describe the fortifications so much better than in a map.

Both parties being satisfied, an agreement for the boots was made. Zeutzschell was to get the exact distances of the defences, the number and disposition of the troops, &c., and secrete them, together with Mrs. Ranney's despatches, in the heel of one of the boots. This he did, according to promise: the boots were made and delivered on the evening appointed. Instead of reaching Generals Bragg and Morgan, as intended, however, the maps, papers, boots, owner, maker, and spy, suddenly found themselves in the hands of the army police, much to the astonishment and chagrin of all parties concerned. Zeutzschell and Young were sent to the military prison at Alton.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The account given by Capt. Strong, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, of his escape from rebel captors, will be read with interest. It is as follows:—

As I was passing through a thicket, I was surrounded by six rebel soldiers—four infantry and two cavalry. The footmen were poorly dressed and badly armed, having old rusty altered muskets. The cavalry were well mounted and well armed.

Seeing I was caught, I thought it best to surrender at once. So I said—"Gentlemen, you have me."

I was asked various questions as to who I was, where I was going, what regiment I belonged to, &c., all of which I refused to answer.

One of the footmen said—"Let's hang the d—d Yankee scoundrel," and pointed to a convenient limb.

Another said, "No, let's take him to camp and hang him there."

One of the cavalry, who seemed to be the leader, said, "We will take him to camp."

They then marched me through an open place—two footmen in front, two in the rear, and a cavalry man on each side of me. I was armed with two revolvers and my sword. After going some twenty rods, the sergeant, who was on my right, noticing my pistols, commanded me to halt and give them up, together with my sword.

I said, "Certainly, gentlemen," and immediately halted. As I stopped, they all filed past me, and, of course were in front.

We were at this time in an open part of the woods, but about sixty yards to the rear was a thicket of undergrowth. Thus everything was in my favor. I was quick of foot and a passable shot. Yet the design of escape was not formed until I brought my pistol pouches to the front part of my body, and my hands touched the stocks. The grasping of the pistols suggested my cocking them as I drew them out. This I did, and the moment I got command of them I shot down the two footmen nearest me—about six feet off—one with each hand. I immediately turned and ran toward the thicket in the rear.

The confusion of my captors was apparently so great that I had nearly reached cover before shots were fired at me. One ball passed through my left cheek, passing out of my mouth. Another one—a musket ball—went through my canteen.

Immediately upon this volley, the two cavalry sepa-

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rated, one to my right, and the other to my left, to cut off my retreat—the remaining two footmen charging directly toward me. I turned when the horsemen got up, and fired three or four shots; but the balls flew wild. I still ran on—got over a small knoll, and had nearly regained one of our pickets, when I was headed off by both of the mounted men.

AN INGENIOUS DODGE.

Upon one occasion, when Rosecrans had "shut down" upon passes for officers' and soldiers' wives, a member of the former class telegraphed from Louisville to General Garfield, Chief of Staff, that her husband, an artillery officer, was very sick—perhaps dying—and that she must see him, and requested the general to authorize the issuing to her of a pass to Murfreesborough. The general's heart was touched; but knowing nothing of the matter, he referred it to Col. Barnett, Chief of Artillery. The colonel, too, sympathized with the distressed wife, and kindly sent an orderly out to the husband's battery to inquire into his condition, that the devoted wife might be advised thereof. Speedily the husband himself came in, with astonishment depicted in his face. Something's the matter, somewhere or somehow, he doesn't exactly know what.

"How do you do?" asks the artillery chief.

"First-rate, sir."

"Where have you been of late?"

"At my battery—on duty."

"Have you not been sick lately?"

"No, indeed! Never had better health in my life."

"Quite sure of it, are you?"

"Of course I am."

"You have been on duty all the time? Haven't you been absent from your command at all?"

"Not a day."

"Perfectly well now—no consumption, liver-complaint, fever, spleen, or Tennessee quickstep? eh?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?"

In reply to this query the telegram of his anxious wife was handed to him. He read it, looked down and pondered for a moment in silent wonder at the ingenuity of woman, then called for a bottle of wine, and a general "smile" circulated among the bystanders. The loving wife was informed by telegraph that her husband was in no danger—in fact, was doing remarkably well. Thus she was circumvented for a time. Yet to "vindicate the truth of history," we must add that she gained her point in some other way—what Yankee wife will not?—and made her visit successfully.

"OLD GAP," OF TENNESSEE.

We are just below the Virginia State line in Eastern Tennessee, exactly where the two States touch like a pair of wedges, each pressing against the other.

The time is early March, and the party, seven hardy, hard-fisted, and partially armed men, seated about a camp fire.

There is nothing marked in the faces or persons of six of the party, but the seventh is a human speciality and will bear description.

John Davis stood "six foot four without boots," according to his own declaration. At the time of our notice, not less than seventy winters had passed over his head, whitening his hair and bending his form somewhat, but putting no dimness in his eye, nor yet taking any strength from his hand. The father of John Davis had been one of the early emigrants from North Carolina, and in the very heart of the wilderness of East Tennessee the boy had been cradled and reached maturity. It was the boast of John that his father was the first white man that had

passed through Cumberland Gap, and so firmly did the old woodsman look upon this as a distinction, that when the title of "Cumberland Gap" was bestowed upon him and used instead of his own name, John felt honored in the bestowal. In time this became shortened to "Gap," and in further time, when age crept on, "Old Gap" was as well known through all the section as the spot from whence the sobriquet was derived.

"A-a-a-ow!" stretched one of the men with a long yawn. "The boys are a long time comin' in. Reckon they must be pickin' up suthin'."

"D'know what they kin pick up out o' that God-forsaken place," responded another.

"Wish to thunder they'd pick up a little whiskey," was the sullen remark of a third, "my throat's as dry as stubble for a drink, an nuthin' but water."

"What did Gord. Hopper say to you, Smith?" asked the old man of the one who spoke last.

"Say! why he said if we'd lay over for to-day in this 'ere hollow, he'd be in afore night and fetch us what we wanted. Now I d'know whether he reckons on what we want or no, but if he fetches all I want he'll be right smart."

"Did he say he'd fetch down any more of the boys?" was the old man's question.

"Yes, s-i-r, that's the main pint. He's gwine to bring down all the boys to Jonesville that'll come, and maybe some that'll not come, too."

The old man made no response to this, only to look long and earnestly at the speaker, as though to solve the meaning of every word uttered. He turned quickly to the other men and spoke—

"Wal, boys, if I'm to be captain, then I say that we'll get out of this at daylight to-morrow morning, no matter whether Gord. Hopper comes or no. Is that so, boys?"

A hearty "Yes," from all hands told the old man that he had spoken according to their wishes, when at the very

moment of utterance a long shout was heard from the distance, and every man was on his feet in an instant.

"That's Gord. Hopper's voice," said one of the party.

"Gord. Hopper be —— blowed," answered another, "he never opened his jaws as naturally as that since he was born."

"You Jake," said the old man, "run up to the edge o' the hill and see if ye kin look down t'wards the river. If all's right come back; if thar's anything wrong, shoot off yer iron an' run down towards Clinton, and we'll jine ye afore ye get thar."

The man was away in a moment, while the rest of the party listened earnestly. In a very few minutes Jake was seen coming back swinging his rifle lazily and whistling.

"Gord. Hopper and some other fellers, and a woman," was his answer to the inquiring looks, as he took his seat by the camp fire.

"A woman!" was Old Gap's questioning exclamation as he turned in the direction the party was coming; but before there was an explanation they were seen winding around the hill, and in a moment more were in camp. They were six—five men and a woman—the last mounted on a sorry jade of a horse, and sharing the room upon his back with a well-filled bag, slung pannier-fashion with a 10-gallon keg. The old man stood aloof as the party filed in, and, leaning on his rifle, listened with a lowering brow to the greetings and jibes that passed between his men and the new-comers.

"Why Gord.," said he whom we have called Smith, "what in thunder did you want to fetch Jim Blunt's da'ter along for? Couldn't ye go down to Dixie for a spell without yer gal? An' that 'ere suckin' brother of hers, too; ye can't make Secesh o' him—anyhow, tain't in the blood. The old man's half abolitioner, an' I guess the gal an' boy ain't much better."

"That's none o' your business," drawled out Hopper,

sullenly; "I brought 'em along because I want to keep 'em under my eye. I ain't listed yet, Zack Smith, an' I don't mean to let anybody tell me what to do until I have."

"Wal, there now, there's no use getting mad 'bout it; but you see, Gord., everybody knows that you've been sweet on Jim Blunt's gal a long while, an' if you've taken her off now without her will—an' I reckon you have by the looks of her face—there's going to be tight work of it. The old man ain't going to give it up so; an' if I reckon right, there's 'Bimelech Purdy she's engaged to, an' he's some too."

"D—n 'Bimelech Purdy; I'll spurt my knife 'cross her wizen afore ever he shall have her."

"Wal, I've said my say, an' all I've got to say besides is this: I don't believe our fellers reckon on fightin' any about a woman. They're goin' out to fight for the South, and don't want any private qu'erls on hand."

"Wal, all I've got to say is this—that if you don't want to fight for me, Zack Smith, you can go to ——"

"Whew! hold yer horses, Gord. Don't let's come to it rash. There's time enough yet."

This ended the colloquy, and both parties turned away with a mutual look of disgust. The girl still sat upon the horse, looking around inquiringly from face to face, as though trying to spell out friends from foes. The brother had not yet released his hold upon the bridle, but stood as though in momentary expectation of an order to go forward.

Hopper moved, after his conversation with Smith, direct to the spot where sat Ellen Blunt. She had watched his talk with Smith, and knew both that she was the subject of it and that there had been a disagreement.

A ray of hope shot across her heart, as she thought that perhaps even among those who were supposed to be working in concert with him, all were not the friends of the man who had brought her there. A bitter look of

hatred covered her pretty face as he offered his hand and said—

"Come, Hattie, light down!"

"For what?"

"For what! why, for rest and supper, to be sure. Your journey's ended for to-day."

"See here, Gordon Hopper, perhaps you don't know what you've been doing. If so, I count it my duty to tell you. There may be no law for Old Virginia now, but the day will come when you'll be afraid to put your foot back on her soil for the work you've done this day."

"Oh come! light down, Hattie, and don't talk. There's no law here, you know. I wan't agoing to leave Jonesville without you. P'haps some o' those Yankee sogers that'll be swarming in thar soon might have carried you off, anyhow."

"Yes, and I'd rather be carried off or butchered by those same Yankees, that you are so fond of talking about, ten times over, than to be ten minutes in the presence of a traitor and a rebel," and the girl's dark eyes flashed defiantly on the men that stood loitering around.

"Haven't you got your brother with you?" resumed Hopper; "what do you want more'n that? Wait a bit, an' he'll make just as good a Confederate soger as the best of 'em."

"Never!" shouted the boy. "That's a lie, Gord. Hopper, and you know it. You can take my heart's blood, but you'll never make me fight for your cursed Stars and Bars. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!"

A laugh went up from the men at the vehemence of the boy, and at this moment Old Gap came to the side of the girl.

"Come, gal, you'll have to light down for the time, anyhow. We must make the best of a bad bargain. I know your father, an' I won't let any harm come to ye, if I can help it, an' I reckon I kin help it," he said, turning with a menacing look to Hopper.

The girl put her hand in the old man's, and sprang to the ground, saying as she did so—

"I know you, Gap, and if my father ain't mistaken in you, I shall never meet harm at your hands, but I don't see how an honest man like yourself came to be mixed up with this set."

"Wal, ye see, gal, we can't all think alike. Now if it so be as yer father b'lieves in the North an' the Abolitioners, an' I don't, that ain't agoin' to make either on us any wuss, is it?"

"You are all misled through your own ignorance, and are going to fight for a bad cause, and more than that, you'll all be whipped, too."

The men all stood around in silence, gazing upon the girl, whose beauty added to her words of fire kept them spellbound. She knew it, and determined to improve the opportunity.

"Do you call yourselves men, and lend your aid to drag a woman from her home, for no other end than to help a wretch like Gord. Hopper? I tell you, every one, as I have told him, that you can drag me over the face of the earth, and treat me worse than ever woman was treated before, and yet I shall say as I do now, I'll never marry Gordon Hopper or desert my faith in the flag."

A shout of admiration went up from the men, all but Hopper, who stood scowling furiously on the whole scene. Once more spoke Old Gap—

"Wal, gal, I think ye'll have to mess with me to-night, and in the morning we'll see what kin be done. Now then, will you or Gap be cook?"

Like a tiger just unbound sprang Gordon Hopper into the midst of the little circle.

"Look'ee here, boys, I want to know at won'st who's captain of this gang. If that old man is, don't count me in. I've stood it long enough. You've all taken your jaw about it, and listened to what that girl has to say; now you kin hear me. To-morrow mornin' I'm goin' on

t'wards Nashville, and I'm goin' to carry that gal with me, an' I'm d—d if I wouldn't like to see the man that's goin' to stop me."

Old Gap had seated himself on a log when he had invited Hattie Blunt to be cook, and had listened to this harangue from his seat. When it ended, and the threat was uttered, the old man was on his feet in an instant. There was no stoop in his back now. His brown, long hand went straight to the long hunting-knife in his belt, and his lips closed firmly for an instant before he spoke—

"I'm the man, stranger! I'm the man that says that gal 'll never go to Nashville with you without her bein' willin'. As to who's captain of this gang, I don't care a continental d—n; that's for the boys to say. But I've got da'ters myself, and they've got da'ters of their own, an' I don't mean to let anything happen to Jim Blunt's gal but what's right."

Hopper looked around upon the faces about him, but the expression did not satisfy him, and from them to that of the old man, which had by no means a pleasing look. His fingers had been playing nervously with the hammer of his rifle, but gradually they closed over it, and his eyes dropped.

"Oh, put away yer shootin-iron, boy. The time hasn't come yet for you to think of shootin' Old Gap. Wait till ye git into a skrimmage where ye kin do it safe, because we're both fightin' on the same side. Then I wouldn't trust ye a bit."

Hopper bit his lip, looked up with a sudden glance of fire, and then turned away and walked into the wood.

Hattie had been busy during these last words, assisted by her brother, in preparing the evening meal, and at the same time paying close attention to all that was said. The old man cast a sudden glance upon the dozen faces that stood about the camp-fire, and from them to the girl who was bending over its blaze. There was something in the look of Old Gap that spoke command, and

as quickly as he glanced around the old man knew that his earnestness had taken its proper effect, and that he could depend upon the men to aid him in the promise he had given before Hattie to defend her.

"Who was along with Gord. Hopper when he took this gal and boy?" was his question.

Three of the party answered.

"Yer a nice set o' boys," said the old man, with a sneer. "Ye might better been at suthin else. You've let Gord. Hopper use you to do what, maybe, may bring ye into trouble, allowin' ye should ever want to go back to Jonesville."

The three men hung their heads under the rebuke, and soon followed the example of their leader by sneaking off and hanging about the skirts of the party.

The supper was served as only the hands of a woman could have served it with the rough culinary conveniences of the woodmen, and the party settled for the night's rest. It was Old Gap's turn now to play the gallant, for Hattie Blunt refused the offered attentions of the rest. The old man gathered and made the girl a bed of dried leaves, on the leeward side of a great log, and his blanket, in spite of all her assurances that she did not need it, was the one that covered her during sleep. The old man had been living the life of a hunter both of "bar" and "Ingin" too long not to know the importance of sleeping with one eye open, and of such a nature were his slumbers this night. Once or twice the old fellow raised himself stealthily to a sitting posture, grasped his rifle, and peered out into the darkness, and then, counting the sleeping figures in the group, he would settle uneasily down into his place.

With the breaking of dawn in the east every one sprang to their feet, each feeling that the next hour was fraught with action.

Gord. Hopper had declared that he was going to Nashville, and that he should take Hattie Blunt and her

brother with him, while Old Gap had as emphatically declared that the girl should not go a step without her own consent. The coming struggle between the two, for struggle it certainly was to be, whether of words or blows, and the uncertainty as to the sympathies of the men for one side or the other, sat uneasily on the faces of all, but especially on those of Hattie and her brother.

The breakfast was despatched in silence, and scarce swallowed when the old man came to his feet with a quick movement that meant work.

"Now, then, boys, for the march! Whoever's goin' through the Gap t'wards Nashville, pick up yer traps. 'Twon't pay to wait yere till some of these Yankees sweep down on us and send us up North to spend the summer in prison barracks. You, George Blunt, pick up your traps and take yer sister back to Jonesville, and mind ye don't say one word more'n ye kin help 'bout this scrape, d'ye hear?"

Once more the fingers of Gord. Hopper played uneasily with the hammer of his rifle as he stepped up to the centre of the circle.

"Look'ee here, old man," he said, fixing his eye steadily in that of Gap's, "I told ye last night enough to keep ye from meddling with my business. D'ye think I'm a child that ye should play with me? I tell ye again what I told ye then. I'm goin' on to Nashville, and I'm goin' to take that gal and her brother with me."

Ending this sentence he gave a spring backward, bringing his rifle to his shoulder as he did so, and then finished with—

"And now let me see the man that's going to prevent me."

"Here he is!" shouted a stalwart figure, breaking with a bound through the bush by his side, and followed by a dozen others, sending with one blow of his fist Gord. Hopper one way and his rifle another, "Here's the man that gives you the lie, you villain! Here's the man that's

going to prevent you, and mark it on your carcass, too. And you, too, what kind of men are ye to let such scum as that abuse an old man and ill treat a woman in your presence? D'ye call yourselves men, eh?"

"Hold hard, Bim. Purdy, don't abuse the boys for what they couldn't help. The boys hadn't a chance of 'spressing a 'pinion on the matter when you brushed in."

"Oh, I know all about it. This ain't the first time I've been about ye. I tracked 'em down here last night, and found you too many for us, and I sent over to Tazewell for these boys. I was around you last night when you sat up with your rifle cocked looking for the steps in the bush. And now what's all this party about? I wouldn't ask, Gap, but that I see you among them, and as I have never yet heard that you have been engaged in anything dishonest, I can't believe that the men are rebels and traitors."

"Hold hard, 'Bimelech Purdy, both sides can say that. Maybe they might call you a rebel and a traitor for fightin' on the side of the North."

"I'm not fightin' on the side of the North. I'm fighting for both sides. I'm fighting to save the South from the consequences of her own doing."

This seemed a new idea to the old man, and he stopped to consider it. Purdy saw his advantage and followed it up.

"Have you ever thought, Gap, of what a terrible thing it would be should the South succeed in her evil doings, and if all the old things that you've been taught to love should be swept away? New laws, new customs, a new flag, and new terms for old things. Do you ever think of this, and think that you're an old man, with not long to live."

"Sartainly, sartainly! We must expect changes. Life is nothin' but changes, 'Bimelech!"

"Aye; but why not changes for the better rather than

the worse? You wouldn't change your rifle for one that couldn't do the same work, would ye, Gap?"

"Sartainly not!"

"And then, again, did ye never think ye might be beaten. Think of the disgrace of that—a whipped traitor, a fugitive, fearful to return to his home, to die on the spot where he was born and nurtured!"

The old man leaned his chin heavily on the muzzle of his rifle and seemed for a moment lost in thought. At last he looked up and about the circle, and from them to the spot where stood Purdy, surrounded by his friends and Hattie Blunt clinging to his side. The old man seemed puzzled and waiting for some one to speak. There was a dead silence which he broke with—

"D'ye hear that, boys? I believe its Gospel truth; I reckon there's been some mistake in this consarn. I didn't mind for goin' in for a bit of a scrimmage; but if it's comin' to that there—goin' to tear up all the old fixins—then all I've got to say is, Gap isn't one of 'em."

A hearty shout went up from both parties, and Purdy sprang forward to grasp the hand of the old man and shake it heartily.

"I was sure," he said, "that old Cumberland Gap would never prove false to friend or country. And now, then, boys, who says for Jonesville instead of Nashville? There'll soon be work enough for ye to do there."

Another shout from the whole party, and in a few minutes the men who, but an hour before, were ready to be led to overt treason, were on their march northward.

"What's come of Gord. Hopper?" asked one of the men, picking up his rifle that had been thrown down by Purdy's blow, and looking inquiringly around.

"Oh, no matter!" was the response; "let him go an' jine the Confederate army—that'll be punishment enough for him. March on, boys! Three cheers for Old Gap!"

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

Early one morning in 1862, while at Farmington, near Corinth, Mississippi, as Brigadier (now Major) General Palmer was riding along his lines to inspect some breast-works that had been thrown up during the previous night, he came suddenly upon some of the boys of Co. I, 27th Illinois Volunteers, who had just shot a two-hundred-pound hog, and were engaged in the interesting process of skinning it. The soldiers were startled; their chief looked astonished and sorrowful.

"Ah! a body—a corpse. Some poor fellow gone to his last home. Well, he must be buried with military honors. Sergeant, call the officer of the guard."

The officer was speedily at hand, and received orders to have a grave dug and the body buried forthwith. The grave was soon prepared, and then the company were mustered. Pall-bearers placed the body of the dead upon a stretcher. The order was given to march, and, with reversed arms and funeral tread, the solemn procession of sixty men followed the body to the grave. Not a word passed nor a muscle of the face stirred while the last rites of sepulture were being performed. The ceremony over, the general and his staff waved their *adieux*, and were soon lost in the distance.

The philosophy of the soldier is usually equal to the emergency. He has read and pondered. He now painfully realizes that flesh is as grass, and that life is but a shadow. But he thinks of the *resurrection*, and his gloom passes away. So with the philosophic boys of Company I, 27th Illinois. Ere their general was fairly seated at his own breakfast-table, there was a raising of the dead, and savory pork-steaks were frying in many a camp-pan.

DIDN'T LIKE IT.

During the month of March, 1863, an extensive foraging and reconnoitring expedition, comprising several hundred men and teams of Major-General Reynolds's division, went out from Murfreesborough towards Lebanon, through a fertile and well-stocked country, the people of which were mainly intensely rebel. The expedition was very successful, bringing back corn, fodder, poultry, pigs, and cattle innumerable—also some four hundred head of horses and mules, to aid in mounting Colonel Wilder's infantry brigade.

While out upon this expedition, the train came to the premises of an active, wealthy, bitter old rebel—one who had made himself very busy in procuring volunteers for the rebel army, and particularly obnoxious to his Union neighbors by assisting the rebel agents to hunt down conscripts. He looked rather astonished when our advance cavalry was followed off by his horses. The quartermaster came next, with his mules and the contents of his corn-cribs. When the commissary marched by in charge of the gentleman's extra-fat cattle, "secesh," in great alarm, wanted to know if we were not going to pay for his "goods."

"We are not paying money at present to any one," blandly replied the quartermaster.

"Well, but you will give me a receipt for them?"

"Certainly, sir; here are your vouchers already made out."

"Secesh" read them, apparently well pleased, until he came to the inexorable words, "to be paid at the close of the war, upon proof of loyalty."

"Well, if that is the case," said he, "they may go to the d—l;" and, turning to a couple of his darkies, who were looking on with open mouths, he administered to

them a few vigorous kicks *a posteriori*, exclaiming, "D—n you, you go too!"

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The soldier in his best estate is full of fun. In a tent in the camp of the 11th Indiana Battery, near Murfreesborough, in the absence of chairs, a rude bench had been constructed by placing a board upon cross-legs. The board was soon found too limber to bear up the crowd which daily enjoyed its comforts, and was, in consequence, strengthened by laying another thick plank over it. A roguish sergeant one day removed this top plank, bored a number of auger-holes nearly through the bottom board, filled them with powder, laid a train from one to another, prepared his fuse, and then replaced the plank. Shortly after, the bench, as usual, was filled with his unsuspecting comrades, when he reached down and touched the fuse with his lighted cigar. Of course, there was an explosion just about that time, which hoisted the party as would a petard, upsetting the stove and tea-furniture, knocking down the tent, and enveloping all in smoke and dire confusion.

PRAYING FOR THE PRESIDENT.

In the summer of 1861, a private in one of the regiments of the Army of the Potomac was court-martialled for sleeping on his post out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the General, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate.

The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required

that an example should be made of some one; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came.

"Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him."

The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly.

"Bring up my carriage," he ordered.

It came, and soon the important state papers were dropped, and through the hot, broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles, and saw that the soldier was saved.

He doubtless forgot the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle-pits before Yorktown the following year the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell with six bullets in his body, was Wm. Scott, of company K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life blood ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war, the cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrade that he had shown he was no coward, and not afraid to die.

He was interred in the presence of his regiment, in a little grove about two miles to the rear of the rebel fort, in the centre of a group of holly and vines; a few cherry-trees, in full bloom, are scattered around the edge. In digging his grave, a skull and bones were found, and metal buttons, showing that the identical spot had been used in the Revolutionary war for our fathers who fell in the same cause. The chaplain narrated the circumstance to the boys who stood around with uncovered heads. He prayed for the President, and paid the most glowing tribute to his noble heart that we have ever heard. The tears started to their eyes as the clods of earth were thrown upon him in his narrow grave, where he lay shrouded in his coat and blanket.

The men separated; in a few minutes all were engaged in something around the camp, as though nothing had happened unusual; but that scene will live upon their memories while life lasts; the calm look of Scott's face, the seeming look of satisfaction he felt still lingered; and could the President have seen him, he would have felt that his act of mercy had been wisely bestowed.

THE QUAKERS ON THE WAR-PATH.

This rebellion has disturbed the deepest fountains of the life of our people—both the good and the bad. It has agitated the serenest waters. Even the members of the Society of Friends have been among the bravest and best contributors to the war. In the field their gallant sons have done all the duties of citizens as nobly as their fathers have performed them in the calmer scenes of domestic and civil life.

At one of the regular meetings of the Society of Friends (Orthodox), a committee was proposed to be raised to inquire into and attend to the cases of young men, sons of members, who it was supposed had, in clear violation of all the standard rules of the Society, enlisted for military service in this dreadful war. It was notorious that a large number of this class had actually shouldered the musket and marched with their regiments; and it was strongly suspected that many of these boys had actually received the warmest blessings of their demure but none the less heroic mothers, and the inspiring encouragement of gentle sisters, on their departure.

But, as the case had been brought up before the meeting by some of the strictest Friends, it became necessary to give it the most serious consideration; and the members of the committee were duly proposed.

The first rose with great dignity, and, with that inimitable serenity which always characterizes the proceedings

of the Orthodox Quakers, requested to be excused, on the ground that he could not conscientiously serve in that capacity, since, very much to his pain and sorrow, among the young members who had enlisted for the war he *had a son.*

Another member desired to be excused on the ground that, without his knowledge, *two* of his sons had not only joined the army, but were already in the field.

Finally, the third member rose, and stood some moments without speaking. He was a venerable man: he looked like the patriarch of the solemn assembly. His hair was white, but his cheek looked "like a rose in the snow."

"Friends, we in our weakness cannot foresee the purposes of the great Father of all things; nor should we attempt to scrutinize his almighty designs. It becomes my duty to inform you all that my youngest *son*, *two* of my *grandsons*, and several of my *nephews*, have also taken up arms in the defence of our beloved country; and I am very much afraid that I could not serve on the committee with any good to our cause."

A reverent silence brooded over the assembly, and for a protracted interval the silence remained unbroken. At last the "mover of the motion" rose, and proposed that "the whole matter should be temporarily postponed."

THE SCOUT'S STORY.

It was in the bleak mountain country of East Tennessee; the evening was growing late, and the camp-fire was smouldering lower and lower, but we still sat round it, for the spell of the scout's marvellous gift of story-telling we were none of us willing to dissolve. Captain Charlie Leighton had been a lieutenant in a Michigan Battery at the commencement of the war, but a natural love of excitement and restlessness of soul had early prompted him to seek employment as a scout, in which he soon rose to

unusual eminence. He is a man of much refinement, well educated, and of a "quick inventive brain." The tale I am about to relate is my best recollection of it as it fell from his lips, and if there is aught of elegance in its diction, as here presented, it is all his own. He had been delighting us with incidents of the war, most of which were derived from his own experience, when I expressed a desire to know something of his first attempt at scouting. He willingly assented, took a long pull at my brandy flask, and commenced his yarn; and I thought that I had never seen a handsomer man than Charlie Leighton the scout, as he carelessly lounged there, with the ruddy gleams of the dying camp-fire occasionally flickering over his strongly marked intelligent face, and his curling black hair waving fitfully in the night wind, which now came down from the mountain fresher and chillier.

It happened in Western Virginia, said he. I had been personally acquainted with our commander, General R., before the war commenced, and having intimated, a short time previous to the date of my story, that I desired to try my luck in the scouting service—of which a vast deal was required to counteract the guerrillas with which the Blue Ridge fairly teemed at that time—one night, late in the fall of the year, I was delighted to receive orders to report at his head-quarters. The general was a man of few words, and my instructions were brief.

"'Listen," said he. "My only reliable scout (Mackworth) was killed last night at the lower ford; and General F. (the rebel commander) has his head-quarters at the Sedley Mansion on the Romney road."

"Very well," said I, beginning to feel a little queer.

"I want you to go to the Sedley Mansion," was the cool rejoinder.

"To *go* there! Why, it's in the heart of the enemy's position!" was my amazed ejaculation.

"Just the reason I want it done," resumed the general. "Listen: I attack to-morrow at day-break. F. knows it,

or half suspects it, and will mass either on the centre or the left wing. I must know *which*. The task is thick with danger—regular life and death. Two miles from here, midway to the enemy's outposts, and six paces beyond the second mile-stone, are two rockets propped on the inside of a hollow stump. Mackworth placed them there yesterday. You are to slip to F.'s quarters to-night, learn what I want, and hurry back to the hollow stump. If he masses on the centre, let off one rocket; if on the left, let off both. This duty, I repeat, abounds with danger. You must start immediately, and alone. Will you go?"

Everything considered, I think I voted in the affirmative pretty readily, but it required a slight struggle. Nevertheless, consent I did, and immediately left the tent to make ready.

It was near ten o'clock when, having received a few additional words of advice from the chief, I set forth on my perilous ride. The country was quite familiar to me, so I had little fear of losing my way, which was no inconsiderable advantage, I can tell you. Riding slowly at first, as soon as I had passed our last outpost, I put spurs to my horse (a glorious gray thorough-bred which the general had lent me for the occasion) and fled down the mountain at a breakneck pace. It was a cool, misty, uncertain night—almost frosty, and the country was wild and desolate. Mountains and ravines were the ruling features, with now and then that diversification of the broomy, irregular plateau, with which our mountain scenery is occasionally softened. I continued my rapid pace with but little caution until I arrived at the further extremity of one of these plateaux. Here I brought up sharply beside a block of granite, which I recognized as the second mile-stone. Dismounting, I proceeded to the hollow stump which the general had intimated, and finding the rockets there, examined them well to make sure of their efficiency—remounted, and was away again. But now I exercised much more caution in my movements. I rode

more slowly, kept my horse on the turf at the edge of the road, in order to deaden the hoof-beats, and also shortened the chain of my sabre, binding the scabbard with my knee to prevent its jingling. Still I was not satisfied, but tore my handkerchief in two, and made fast to either heel the rowel of my spurs, which otherwise had a little tinkle of their own. Then I kept wide awake, with my eyes everywhere at once, in the hope of catching a glimpse of some clew or landmark—the glimmer of a camp-fire—a tent-top in the moonlight, which now began to shine faintly—or to hear the snort of a steed, the signal of a picket—anything to guide me or to give warning of the lurking foe. But no: if there had been any camp-fires they were dead; if there had been any tents they were struck. Not a sign—not a sound. Everything was quiet as the tomb.

The great mountains rose around me in their mantles of pine and hoods of mist, cheerless and repelling, as if their solitude had never been broken. The moon was driving through a weird and ragged sky, with something desolate and solemn in her haggard face that seemed like an omen of ill. And in spite of my efforts to be cheerful, I felt the iron loneliness and sense of danger creep through my flesh and touch the bones.

None but those who have actually experienced it can properly conceive of the apprehensions which throng the breast of him, howsoever brave, who knows himself to be alone in the midst of enemies who are *invisible*. The lion hunter of Abyssinia is encompassed with peril when he makes a pillow of his gun in the desert; and our own pioneer slumbers but lightly in his new cabin when he knows that the savage, whose monomania is vengeance, is prowling the forest that skirts his clearing. But the lion is not always hungry; and even the Indian may be conciliated. The hunter confronts his terrible antagonist with something deadlier than ferocity. The hand that levels and the eye that directs the rifled tube are nerved and fired by "the mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,"

which, in this case, is indeed a "tower of strength." And the settler, with promises and alcohol, may have won the savage to himself. But to the solitary scout, at midnight, every turn of the road may conceal a finger on a hair trigger; every stump or bush may hold a foe in waiting. If he rides through a forest, it is only in the deepest shadow that he dares ride upright; and should he cross an open glade, where the starlight or moonshine drops freely, he crouches low on the saddle and hurries across, for every second he feels he may be a target. His senses are painfully alive, his faculties strained to their utmost tension.

By way of a little episode, I knew a very successful scout, who met his death, however, on the Peninsula, who would always require a long sleep immediately after an expedition of peril, if it had lasted but a few hours, and had apparently called forth no more muscular exertion than was necessary to sit the saddle. But, strange as it may seem, he would complain of overpowering fatigue, and immediately drop into the most profound slumber. And I have been informed that this is very frequently the case. I can only attribute it to the fact that, owing to the extreme and almost abnormal vivacity—I think of no better word—of the faculties and senses, a man on these momentous occasions lives *twice or thrice as fast* as ordinarily; and the usual nerve-play and wakefulness of a day and night may thus be concentrated in the brief period of a few hours.

But to resume: I felt to the full this apprehension, this anxiety, this exhaustion, but the knowledge of my position and the issues at stake kept my blood flowing. I had come to the termination of the last plateau or plain, when the road led me down the side of a ravine, with a prospect ahead of nothing but darkness. Here, too, I was compelled to make more noise, as there was no sod for my horse to tread on, and the road was flinty and rough in the extreme. But I kept on as cautiously as possible.

when suddenly, just at the bottom of the ravine, where the road began to ascend the opposite declivity, I came to a dead halt, confronted by a group of several horsemen, so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the earth like phantoms.

"Why do you return so slowly?" said one of them, impatiently. "What have you seen? Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

For a moment—a brief one—I gave myself up for lost; but, with the rapid reflection and keen invention which a desperate strait will sometimes superinduce, I grasped the language of the speaker, and formed my plan accordingly.

"Why do you return so slowly?" I had been sent somewhere, then.

"What have you seen?" I had been sent as a spy, then.

"Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

Oho! I thought, *I* will be Colonel Craig. No, I won't; I will be Colonel Craig's orderly. So I spoke out boldly—

"Colonel Craig met your messenger, who had seen nothing, and advised him to scout down the edge of the creek for half a mile. But he dispatched me, his orderly, to say that the enemy appear to be retreating in heavy masses. I am also to convey this intelligence to General F."

The troopers had started at the tones of a strange voice, but seemed to listen with interest and without suspicion.

"Did the colonel think the movement a real retreat, or only a feint?" asked the leader.

"He was uncertain," I replied, beginning to feel secure and roguish at the same time; "but he bade me to say that he would ascertain; and in an hour or two, if you should see one rocket up to the north there, you might conclude that the Yankees were retreating; if you should see two,

then you might guess that they were not retreating, but stationary, with likelihood of remaining inert for another day."

"Good!" cried the rebel. "Do you know the way to the general's quarters?"

"I think I can find it," said I; "although I am not familiar with this side of the mountain."

"It's a mile this side of the Sedley Mansion," said the trooper. "You will find some pickets at the head of the road. You must there leave your horse, and climb the steep, when you will see a farm-house, and fifteen minutes' walk toward it will bring you to the general's tent. I will go with you to the top of the road." And setting off at a gallop, the speaker left me to follow, which I hesitated not to do. Now, owing to their mistake, the countersign had not been thought of; but the next picket would not be likely to swallow the same dose of silence, and it was a lucky thing that the trooper led the way, for he would reach them first, and I would have a chance to catch the password from his lips. But he passed the picket so quickly, and dropped the precious syllables so indistinctly, that I only caught the first of them—"*Tally*"—while the remainder might as well have been Greek. *Tally, tally, tally* what? Good God! thought I, what can it be? *Tally, tally*—here I am almost up to the pickets—what can it be? Tallyho? No, that's English. Talleyrand? No, that's French. God help me! *Tally, tally*—

"TALLAHASSEE!" I yelled with the inspiration of despair, as I dashed through the picket, and their levelled carbines sank toothless before that wonderful spell—the Countersign.

Blessing my stars, and without further mishap, I reached the place indicated by the trooper, which was high up on the side of the mountain—so high that clouds were forming in the deep valley below. Making my bridle fast, I clambered with some difficulty the still

ascending slope on my left. Extraordinary caution was required. I almost crept towards the farm-house, and soon perceived the tent of the rebel chief. A solitary guard was pacing between it and me—probably a hundred yards from the tent. Perceiving that boldness was my only plan, I sauntered up to him with as free-and-easy an air as I could muster.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

I advanced as near as was safe, and whispered "Tallahassee," with some fears as to the result.

"It's a d—d lie!" said the sentry, bringing his piece to the shoulder in the twinkle of an eye. "That answers the pickets, but not me." Click, click, went the rising hammer of the musket.

I am a dead man, thought I to myself; I am a dead man unless the cap fails. Wonderful, marvellous to relate, the cap *did* fail. The hammer dropped with a dull, harmless thug on the nipple. With the rapidity of thought and the stealth of a panther I glided forward and clutched his windpipe, forcing him to his knees, while the gun slipped to the ground. There was a fierce but silent struggle. The fellow could not speak, for my hand on his throat; but he was a powerful man, with a bowie-knife in his belt, if he could only get at it. But I got it first, hesitated a moment, and then drove it in his midriff to the hilt; and just at that instant his grinders closed on my arm and bit to the bone. Restraining a cry with the utmost difficulty, I got in another blow, this time home, and the jaws of the rebel flew apart with a start, for my blade had pressed the spring of the casket. Breathless from the struggle, I lay still to collect my thoughts, and listened to know if the inmates of the tent had been disturbed. But no; a light was shining through the canvas, and I could hear the low murmur of voices from within, which I had before noticed, and which seemed to be those

of a number of men in earnest consultation. I looked at the corpse of the rebel remorsefully. The slouched hat had fallen off in the scuffle, and the pale face of the dead man was upturned to the scant moonlight. It was a young, noble, and exceedingly handsome face, and I noticed that the hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped; while everything about the body denoted it to have been the mansion of a gallant, gentle soul.

Was it a fair fight? did I attack him justly? thought I; and in the sudden contrition of my heart, I almost knelt to the ground. But the sense of my great peril recurred to me, stifling everything else, however worthy. I took off the dead man's overcoat and put it on, threw my cap away and replaced it with the fallen sombrero, and then dragged the corpse behind an outhouse of the farm that stood close by. Returning, I picked up the gun, and began to saunter up and down in a very commendable way indeed; but a sharp observer might have noticed a furtiveness and anxiety in the frequent glances I threw at the tent, which would not have augured well for my safety. I drew nearer and nearer to the tent at every turn, until I could almost distinguish the voices within; and presently after taking a most minute survey of the premises, I crept up to the tent, crouched down to the bottom of the trench, and listened with all my might. I could also see under the canvas. There were half a dozen rebel chieftains within, and a map was spread on a table in the centre of the apartment. At length the consultation was at an end, and the company rose to depart. I ran back to my place, and resumed the watchful saunter of the guard with as indifferent an air as possible, drawing the hat well over my eyes.

The generals came outside of the tent and looked about a little before they disappeared. Two of them came close to me and passed almost within a yard of the sentry's body. But they passed on, and I drew a deep breath of relief. A light still glimmered through the tent,

but presently that, too, vanished, and all was still. But occasionally I would hear the voice of a fellow sentry, or perhaps the rattle of a halter in some distant manger.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock—would be five before I could fire the signal, and the attack was to be at daybreak.

Cautiously as before, I started on my return, reaching my horse without accident. Here I abandoned the gun and overcoat, remounted and started down the mountain. "Tallahassee" let me through the first picket again, but something was wrong when I cantered down the ravine to the troopers to whom I had been so confidentially dispatched by Colonel Craig. Probably the genuine messenger, or perhaps the gallant Colonel himself had paid them a visit during my absence. At any rate, I saw that something unpleasant was up, but resolved to make the best of it.

"Tallahassee!" I cried, as I began to descend the ravine.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" roared the leading trooper. "He's a Yank!" "Cut him down!" chimed in the others.

"Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" I yelled. And committing my soul to God, I plunged down the gulley with sabre and revolver in either hand.

Click—bang! something grazed my cheek like a hot iron. Click—bang again! something whistled by my ear with an ugly intonation. And then I was in their midst, shooting, stabbing, slashing, and swearing like a fiend. The rim of my hat flapped over my face from a sabre cut, and I felt blood trickling down my neck. But I burst away from them, up the banks of the ravine, and along the bare plateau, all the time yelling "Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" without knowing why. I could hear the alarm spread back over the mountain by halloos and drums, and presently the clatter of pursuing steeds. But I fled onward like a whirlwind, almost fainting from

excitement and loss of blood, until I reeled off at the hollow stump.

Fiz, fiz! one, two! and my heart leaped with exultation as the rushing rockets followed each other in quick succession to the zenith, and burst on the gloom in glittering showers. Emptying the remaining tubes of my pistol at the nearest pursuer, now but fifty yards off, I was in the saddle and away again without waiting to see the result of my aim. It was a ride for life for a few moments; but I pressed as noble a steed as ever spurned the footstool, and as we neared the Union lines the pursuit dropped off. When I attained the summit of the first ridge of our position, and saw the day break faintly and rosily beyond the pine-tops and along the crags, the air fluttered violently in my face, the solid earth quivered beneath my feet, as a hundred cannon opened simultaneously above, below, and around me. Serried columns of men were swinging irresistibly down the mountain toward the opposite slope; flying field-pieces were dashing off into position; long lines of cavalry were haunting the gullies, or hovering like vultures on the steep; and the blare of bugles rose above the roar of the artillery with a wild, victorious peal. The two rockets had been answered, and the veterans of the Union were bearing down upon the enemy's weakened centre like an avalanche of fire.

"So that is all," said the scout, rising and yawning. "The battle had begun in earnest. And maybe I didn't dine with General R. when it was over and the victory gained. Let's go to bed."

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

A squadron of two hundred of Stuart's cavalry had surprised seventeen mounted Union pickets, who were completely surrounded, and, of course, ordered to surrender.

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "such is the fate of war," and offering his sword, turned his horse to his command, and gave the order—

"Boys, empty sixteen saddles."

One flash from sixteen carbines obeyed. Dashing on the rebel captain, and seizing him by the collar, he dragged him away, dangling at his horse's flanks.

"Follow, men!"

They did; and riddled though their clothes were with bullets, they all escaped.

After the first mile had been made, the lieutenant checked up, and asked his prisoner, the captain, if he would prefer any other mode of riding.

Of course he did. As good luck would have it, the rebel's horse was loyal to his master, and he had in the *mêlée* followed him. One of our men seized his bridle rein, and thus, as the rebel captain struck on his feet, his own horse whinneyed to his master's call.

"Now, captain, you must feel at home, I suppose, you are mounted again."

It was a strange coincidence. The rebel was sent to the Old Capitol Prison some days later, and among the courtesies shown to him there, he found the identical copy of Xenophon's Cyropædia which he and his captor had both read, as class-mates, in Yale College, ten years before.

INCIDENTS OF A FIGHT.

At the battle of Hanover Court-House, Va., two sergeants met in the woods; each drew his knife, and the two bodies were found together, each with a knife buried in it to the hilt.

Some men had a cool way of disposing of prisoners. One, an officer of the Massachusetts Ninth, well known in Boston as a professor of muscular Christianity, better

known as "the child of the regiment," while rushing through the woods at the head of his company, came upon a rebel. Seizing the "gray back" by the collar, he threw him over his shoulder, with "Pick him up, somebody."

A little Yankee, marching down by the side of a fence which skirted the woods, came upon a strapping secesh, who attempted to seize and pull him over the rails, but the little one had too much science. A blow with the butt of a musket levelled secesh to the ground and made him a prisoner. There were many marvellous escapes.

A HEROIC SAILOR.

When the record of the war comes to be written, not the least interesting feature of it will be the heroic deeds of the humble men who compose the rank and file of the army and navy. Instances of individual heroism and self-sacrifice are already presenting themselves in abundance, and when the conflict is happily ended, will furnish a rich harvest of materials for the annalist and historian. One of the most conspicuous of these in any chronicle of the war, must be the case of the gallant tar, John Davis, whose courage in the attack on Elizabeth City, N. C., was made the subject of special mention by his immediate commander and by Commodore Goldsborough, who thus united to make manifest the bond of true chivalry, which binds together all brave men, however widely separated their station. The following is the story of this brave sailor:—

"Lieut. J. C. Chapin, commanding United States steamer Valley City, off Roanoke Island, writing to Commodore Goldsborough, noticed a magnanimous act of bravery by John Davis, gunner's mate on board his vessel, at the taking of Elizabeth City. He says John Davis was at his station during the action, in the magazine, issuing

powder, when a shell from the enemy's battery penetrated into the magazine, and exploded outside of it. He threw himself over a barrel of powder, protecting it with his own body from the fire, while at the same time passing out the powder for the guns.

"Commodore Goldsborough, in transmitting this letter to the Navy Department, says, 'It affords me infinite pleasure to forward this communication to the Navy Department, to whose especial consideration I beg leave to recommend the gallant and noble sailor alluded to;' and he adds, in a postcript, 'Davis actually seated himself on the barrel, the top being out, and in this position he remained until the flames were extinguished.'"

The Navy Department promptly rewarded him. He was a gunner's mate, receiving a salary of twenty-five dollars per month or three hundred dollars per year. The evidence of his bravery was received at the Navy Department, and on the next day Secretary Welles appointed him a gunner, an office which carries with it a salary of one thousand dollars per year, and is a life appointment, the salary increasing by length of service to one thousand four hundred and fifty dollars.

ADVENTURE OF KILLDARE, THE SCOUT.

"I left the city of Nashville," says Killdare, "to go South, taking with me a few goods to peddle. I passed down the Charlotte pike, and travelled two miles up the Richland Creek, then crossed over to the Hardin pike, following that road to Harpeth Creek, and crossed below De Morse's mill. At the mill I met —— De Morse, who said to me, 'Killdare, do you make another trip?' I replied, 'I do not know.' De Morse then said, 'If you get below the meeting-house, you are saved,' and smiled. I proceeded on my way until I came to a blacksmith-shop on the pike, at which a gentleman by the name of Marlia

came out and asked if I had heard anything of a man named Sanford being killed. I told Marlin I did not know anything about it, and proceeded on to South Harper to Squire Allison's, which is seventeen miles from Nashville. I then fed my mules, stopped about one hour, and proceeded across South Harper towards Williamsport.

"About one mile the other side of South Harper, two rebel scouts came galloping up, and asked me what I had for sale. I told them needles, pins, and playing-cards. They then inquired, 'Have you any papers to go South?' I replied I had, and showed them some recommendations. They asked me to get down from my carryall, as they wanted to talk with me. This I did; and they then asked—

"'Have you any pistols?'

"'No,' I replied.

"Stepping back a few paces, and each drawing a pistol, one of them said, 'You ——— scoundrel, you are our prisoner; you are a Yankee spy, and you carry letters from the South, and at the dead hour of night you carry these letters to Truesdail's office. We lost a very valuable man on Monday while attempting to arrest you at your house: his name was Sanford, and he was a great deal thought of by General Van Dorn. So now we've got you, —— you, turn your wagon round and go back.'

"We turned and went to Squire Allison's again, at which place I met Dr. Morton, from Nashville, whom I requested to assist in getting me released. Dr. Morton spoke to the men, who, in reply, said—

"'We have orders to arrest him as a spy, for carrying letters to Truesdail's head-quarters.'

"They then turned back to South Harper Creek, and took me up the creek about one mile, where we met about eight more of these scouts and Colonel McNairy, of Nashville, who was riding along in a buggy. The lieutenant in command of the squad wrote a despatch to Van Dorn, and gave it to one of the men, by the name of Thompson,

who had me in custody, and we then proceeded up the creek to Spring Hill, towards the head-quarters of General Van Dorn.

"About six miles up the creek, Thompson learned I had some whiskey, which I gave him, and of which he drank until he got pretty well intoxicated. In the neighborhood of Ivy we stopped until about six o'clock in the evening. About one mile from Ivy the wheel of my carryall broke. A neighbor came to us with an axe and put a pole under the axletree, and we proceeded on our way. We had gone but a few hundred yards when the wagon turned over; we righted it, and Thompson took a carpet-sack full of goods, filled his pockets, and then told me 'to go to ———; he would not take me to head-quarters.' Changing his mind, however, he said he *would*, as he had orders so to do, and showed me the despatch written by Lieutenant Johnson to General Van Dorn. It read as follows:—

"'I have succeeded in capturing Mr. Killdare. Archy Cheatham, of Nashville, says Killdare is not loyal to the Confederacy. The Federals have mounted five hundred light infantry. Sanford's being killed is confirmed.'

"Thompson, being very drunk, left me, taking the goods he stole. Two citizens came up shortly and told me to turn round, and stop all night at Isaac Ivy's, 1st District, Williamson County. There we took the remainder of the goods into the house. At three o'clock in the morning a negro woman came and knocked at the door.

"Mr. Ivy says, 'What do you want?'

"'A soldier is down at the creek, and wants to know where his prisoner is,' was the reply.

"'What has he done with the goods he took from that man?'

"'He has left them at our house, and has just started up the creek as I came up.'

"'That will do. Go on.'

"I was awake, and tried to make my escape, asking Mr. Ivy if he had a couple of saddles to loan me.

"He said he had; and I borrowed from him seven dollars, as Thompson took all my money (fifty dollars in Georgia Currency). He (Ivy) then told me the route I should take—going a few miles towards Franklin, and then turn towards my home in Nashville. Taking Ivy's advice, we proceeded on our way towards Franklin. About eight miles from Franklin, four guerrillas came up to me and fired two pistols.

"'Halt!' said they; 'you want to make your way to the Yankees. We have a notion to kill you, any way.'

"They then ordered me to turn, which I did—two going behind, whipping the mules, and hooting and hallooing at a great rate. We then turned back to Ivy's. When we got there, I said—

"'Where is Thompson, my guard, who told me to go on?'

"'He was here early this morning, and has gone up the hill hunting you, after borrowing my shot-gun,' was the answer.

"Some conversation ensued between the parties, when Ivy wrote a note to General Van Dorn and gave it to Thompson. Ivy then gave us our equipage, and we went towards Spring Hill. On the way we met, on Carter's Creek Pike, a camp of four hundred Texan Rangers. We arrived at Spring Hill at sundown of the day following. At Van Dorn's head-quarters I asked for an interview with the general, which was not allowed, but was ordered to Columbia to prison until further orders.

"The next evening a Nashville soldier, who stood sentinel, let me out, and said, 'You have no business here.' I made my way towards Shelbyville, crossed over Duck Creek; made my way to the Louisburg and Franklin Pike, and started towards Franklin. Before we got to the pickets we took to the woods, and thus got round the pickets. A farmer reported having seen me to the guard,

and I was taken again towards Van Dorn's head-quarters, six miles distant. I had gone about one mile, when I fell in with Colonel Lewis' command, and was turned over to an orderly-sergeant, with whom I was acquainted, and by whom I was taken to the head-quarters of Colonel Lewis. There I was discharged from arrest, and was told by the colonel what route I should take in order to avoid the scouts, which I did, and finally arrived safely within the Union lines."

THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

It was a gloomy night in Washington. One of the unexpected and heart-chilling disasters which befell the Union arms in the early history of the war had that day happened at Ball's Bluff (October 21, 1861). Our forces had been routed and slaughtered, and the gallant Colonel Baker, who had left the Senate-chamber to lead his splendid California Regiment to the war, had fallen, dying instantly, pierced at the same second by seven bullets. This was a *national* loss. His place in the army, in the Senate, in the hearts of the people of California and Oregon, in the admiration of his companions-in-arms in Mexico, and in the realms of eloquence, would remain vacant. No man living was invested with all these rare and great attributes in so eminent a degree. The apparently well-founded suspicion that he had fallen a victim to the foulest treason subsequently mingled the intensest indignation with inconsolable grief for his cruel and untimely death.

It was late in the evening when the news reached Willard's; but a large crowd was still there, among whom, as always, were many well-known public men. In those days secession was more popular in Washington than it has since been or is likely ever to become again. Not only was some slimy spy lurking within earshot of

every man worth tracking, but there were scores of strong sympathizers with the rebellion, who caught with avidity the first rumor of disaster to the national arms.

These abettors and agents of Davis wore the mask as closely as they could; and although the *habitués* of the capital could tell them at a glance, and by an instinct of loyalty nearly infallible, knew when one of them entered the room, yet on some occasions the sudden announcement of bad news for our cause threw them from their guard, and the gleam of fiendish delight flashed from their faces.

"Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff this afternoon."

Never did news transform men's countenances quicker. One class received it with blank amazement and horror; the other, with demoniac exultation.

Words fell which neither party could restrain; and the blood of the coolest began to boil when they heard the murdered Baker's name insulted. A movement was made which bolder men than traitors would not have attempted to resist. The villains started, by a common impulse, for the two doorways, or that mosaic pavement would have worn another color within ten seconds. A minute later, the place was cleansed; the unclean spirit had gone out!—all but one, perhaps.

A very red-faced, stalwart man, who had stood by and seen all that had been going on without saying a word, finally remarked, with a pretty determined air, that "as for himself he didn't care much about the fight. He lived on the Lower Mississippi, and the people down his way could take care of themselves. As long as they owned the Mississippi, the d—d abolitionists could make all the muss they pleased. We hold the Gulf of Mexico, and the Northwest, and the Yankees may be d—d."

A very tall, lean, awkward, bony-looking man sidled quietly up to the Mississippian, and, putting his nose, by a stoop, quite close to his face, said, in unmistakable *far*-Western brogue—

"Look here, stranger," and gently emphasizing his remark by taking the stranger's left ear between his thumb and finger; "now you may not know it, but I live in Minnesoty, and we make that Mississippi water you call yourn, and we kalkilate to use it some."

The stranger's hand moved pretty quick for a side-pocket, but not *quite* quick enough. I saw a movement, I heard a blow, and the blood spattered surrounders slightly. In less time than such enterprises usually require, the stranger had fallen heavily on the marble floor, striking his head against an iron column, and remaining in a condition which rendered it desirable to have his friends look after him, if he had any.

The Western gentleman was congratulated—when he apologized, "I didn't want to hurt the feller, and I didn't care about his bowie-knife going through me, nother. But the tarnal traitor must let the old country alone, and *par*tickilarly that big river. We want to use that *thar*, out West."

Baker's body was brought across the Potomac the evening he fell. It rested all day, and then by ambulance was conveyed to Washington, and carried through the same hospitable doorway of his friend Colonel Webb, from whose steps I had parted with him as he mounted his horse and gave us his warm, earnest hand only two or three mornings before! Oh, how radiant was his face! how athletic and symmetrical his form! how unsullied his ambition! how pure his devotion to God and country!

"God spare *his* life, at least!" we said, as we saw him disappear around the corner! *This* prayer Heaven could not grant.

The following day, when the last preparations for the tomb had been made, we went to gaze once more, and forever, on what of earth remained of the form which so lately enshrined the noble spirit.

> **"Then mournfully the parting bugle bid**
> **Its farewell o'er the grave."**

California claimed her hero and statesman, and his ashes now repose on the calm shore of that ocean which washes the western base of the empire for whose glory he lived and died. His body lies in Lone Mountain Cemetery, near the city of San Francisco, and over it will rise one of the most superb monuments which the genius of Art has ever erected in honor of human greatness.

INCIDENTS OF FORT PICKENS.

I went to visit the Fort. Took a circuit first of the covered way, then of the parapet and ramparts. All around the Fort, inside and out, were marks of the enemy's shot and shell. On the glacis, here and there, are deep grooves, ending in a large hole, where the shot had plumped into it, and where had been shell which had burst. The hole was a great excavation, into which you could drive an ox-cart. Where the projectiles have struck the standing walls, they have clipped off patches of the brick-work (it is a brick and not a stone fort) perhaps eight or ten feet deep, and, where they struck the corners, larger portions have been removed; but in no case has any part of the fortifications received an injury tending in the least to weaken it, and this after two days' heavy firing.

The only man who was killed outright during the two days' action, was an artilleryman, who was passing into the casemates with some bread from the bake-house. A shell exploded at the other side of the area, and one piece, flying a distance of some two or three hundred feet, passed through his body, under his arms. He walked a few steps and fell dead.

There were many almost miraculous escapes. A shell was heard coming toward a gun on the parapet, and the men dodged under their bomb-proofs. The shell hit fair on top of the bomb-proof, went through, and dropped into

a pail of water beside the officer, where it exploded. When the men came out again to resume their work, all they saw of the officer was his heels sticking out of a pile of rubbish. After digging him out, they stood amazed to see that he was not even *hurt*. He rose up, shook the sand from his hair and clothes, and coolly said—

"Come, come! what are you standing there gaping at? Load that gun, there." At it they went again, as if nothing had happened.

Another officer, who had charge of a battery of mortars, had no less than seventeen shells strike within ten yards of him. I saw the ground ploughed up in every direction, and yet not a man was hurt. About twenty of the men, who had been relieved from their guns, were sitting smoking and watching the firing in a corner protected from shot by the walls, when half of a huge shell struck and buried itself right in the middle of the group, without disturbing them in the least.

"What's that?" asked one.

"The devil knows, and he won't tell," indifferently responded another, and went on smoking.

A ten-inch columbiad came rolling toward a group, the fuse whizzing and smoking.

"Wonder if that'll hit us?"

"Guess not; we're too near it!" Crack went the shell! flying in every direction, but fortunately escaping them all.

The rebel powder was poor; as also their shot, except that portion which they succeeded in stealing before the rebellion broke out. Their practice, however, was said to be good—how could it have been otherwise? Uncle Sam taught them at his unparalleled school at West Point, but with little thought that the teaching would be thus employed.

A STRANGE DUEL.

A distinguished duel occurred on the battle-field of Fort Donelson, between one of Col. Birge's sharpshooters and a crack shot inside the enemy's fortifications. Both fired accurately, but both concealed their persons as much as possible, and endeavored to deceive each other by putting their hats on their ramrods, and thrusting their coats from behind the fortifications or the trees. Whatever was exposed, almost invariably received a bullet; but the two were so wary and skilful, that it seemed they might fire until doomsday without danger to either. About four o'clock in the afternoon, however, the rebel, forgetful of prudence, thrust his head over the breastworks, thinking, no doubt, as his enemy had not fired for five minutes, that he might be dead. The movement was fatal. His head was not exposed five seconds, but in that brief period the sharpshooter's ball passed into the rebel's brain, and stretched him out a corpse, before the unfortunate fellow had been able to determine where his enemy was lurking, or by whose hand he was destined to fall.

A STRANGE SIGHT IN BATTLE.

At the battle of Stone River, Tennessee, while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to the men lying down

in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

HEROISM IN THE HOSPITAL.

The surgeon said, "He can hardly live."

He laid the hand down softly, and left *this* patient, to pass through the ward.

It seemed to say that all that earth could do had been done, to save the life of the gallant young soldier. I followed the surgeon a few steps on the routine of duty. We stopped, and looked each other in the face. He knew I wanted to know the whole truth.

"Must the boy die?"

"There is a shadow of a chance. I will come again after midnight."

I went back, with a heavy heart, to the cot we had left, and, knowing something of hospitals and dying men, I sat down to wait and see what new symptoms would occur, with the full directions of the surgeon in any event.

The opiate, or whatever it may have been, which I had last administered, could not take effect at once; and somewhat worn out with the day's labors, I sat down to think. To sleep was out of the question; for I had become so deeply interested in this young man it seemed to me I could not give him up.

It was nearly midnight. The gas had been turned off just enough to leave the light needed, and twilight was grateful to the sick room; for in this vast chamber there were more than two hundred sick men. Now and then came a suppressed moan from one couch, or a low plaint.

of hopeless pain—while at intervals thrilled from the high ceiling the shrill scream of agony. But all the while the full harvest-moon was pouring in all the lustrous sympathy and effulgence it could give, as it streamed over the marble pile called the Patent Office, the unfinished north wing of which had been dedicated to this house of suffering.

Almost noiselessly, the doors of this ward opened every few moments, for the gentle tread of the night nurses, who came, in their sleepless vigils, to see if in these hours they could render some service still to the stricken, the fallen, and yet *not* comfortless.

Leaving my young friend for a few moments, I walked through the north aisle; and it seemed to me—so perfect was the *régime* of the hospital, so grand was its architectural proportions—more like walking through some European cathedral by moonlight, than through a place for sick soldiers. The silence greater than speech, the suffering unexpressed, the heroism which did not utter one complaint, the completeness of the whole system of care and curative process, made one of those sights and scenes which I would not tear away from my memory if I could; for they have mingled themselves with associations that will link each month and year of time to come with all the months and years gone before them.

I felt a strange interest in this young man whom I had left in what I supposed was his last quiet slumber; and yet I knew he would wake once more before he died. I approached his cot again. He was still sleeping, and so tranquilly I felt a little alarmed lest he might never wake till I had touched his pulse and found it still softly beating.

I let him sleep, and I thought I would sit by his side till the surgeon came.

I took a long, free breath, for I supposed it was all hopelessly over. Then I thought of his strange history:—I knew it well.

He was born not far from Trenton Falls—the youngest son, among several brothers, of one of the brave tillers of that hard soil. He had seen his family grow up nobly and sturdily, under the discipline of a good religion and good government, and with a determination to defend both. When his country's troubles began, his first impulse thus found expression to his brothers: "Let *me* go; for you are all married; and if I fall, no matter."

He went. He had followed the standard of the Republic into every battle-field where the struggle carried him, till, worn out, but not wounded, he was borne to this hospital in Washington, a sick boy. He seemed to have a charmed life, for on several occasions his comrades had been shot dead or wounded on either side; and when his last cartridge had done execution, he carried off two of his wounded companions from the field, bearing them and their muskets to the rear—if there were a rear to the flight from the Bull Run of July, '61—and nourished and watched and stood by these comrades till they died, and then got the help of a farmer to carry them with his cart, a whole day afterward, to be buried in a place which he chose.

The boy's example had inspired that farmer with such benevolence—if he were not inspired by patriotism already—that he made honored graves for them; and the writer of this work *knows* where their ashes rest.

When this was all over, the boy came back, as a kind of rear-guard, of one, in the flight of the army of the Potomac, and, having reached the city of Washington and reported himself to his commander, fell senseless on Pennsylvania Avenue. He was taken to a neighboring house and well cared for; and I saw him in the hospital of which I have spoken.

But this was only his life as a soldier. There was another and a deeper life than that. The great loadstone that had led him away was the magnet of his nation.

Another loadstone held his heart at home; it was the magnet of Love.

His wild and wayward history—wild only with adventure and wayward only with romance, he seemed to me, as I looked upon his face, so calm, and chiselled into sculptured beauty—I thought, either he looked like an Apollo with his unstrung bow, or a nautilus, cast on the turbulent ocean, to be wafted to some unknown clime, or sink forever, on the floor of the deep sea, to find a coral sepulchre.

His dark eyelashes—bent up in such clear relief against their white ground—slowly and calmly began to *move*.

I sprang to my feet; for it seemed to me there was a chance yet.

The surgeon was long in coming; and yet I knew he would come. He *did*. His sharp and experienced eye, as he approached the cot, opened with surprise. Touching my shoulder, he said, with surprise—

"He is still alive."

In an instant, taking the hand of the dying or dead boy—I scarcely knew which—a faint smile passed over the surgeon's face.

"I am not sure but he may come up yet. If he revives, there is one chance left for him, if it be but one in a thousand. But I will work for that chance, and see what it will come to. 'Here Art triumphs, if it triumphs at all.'"

The pulse seemed to be coming as he took the hand.

"It acts strangely; but I have seen two or three cases very much like it. Mind you, I do not think we can do much with this case; but you stay and watch, and I will come back in half an hour.

So, while he went through some other wards, I watched the patient. The last glimmer of life, which had given some light as this scene was being enacted, faded into what seemed to me the calmest repose of death.

But then, I thought, it is a strange sight, a heart filled with the earnest passions of youth, in the first hopes of life budding into their fruition beneath his own primeval forest-shades, where if there be an element that ever sanctified an early life it would have built a sanctuary—for the love he must have borne to the fair being for whom he had treasured up his boyhood's jewels, for whom he gave up everything of the earth earthy, to rescue a Republic, and then go back after this episode of suffering to inaugurate the life of a citizen farmer on the bleak hills of New York:—if all this could not sustain him, what could?

In former visits to him he had made me his confidant in regard to these matters. He seemed to be *haunted* with the idea that he would, after all, return to Utica, and once more see those he loved; and yet he also seemed to me like one whose days were numbered, and the surgeon had told me, after repeated counsels with his professional brethren, that it was next to impossible to save his life, and that I must not expect it.

All the while I clung to the belief that some vitality of faith, or love, or hope, or patriotism, or divine aid, would still send that boy back to the banks of the Mohawk.

I saw another nervous twitch around the temples. I felt his pulse. It was an indication of hope, or sudden death.

The surgeon came by again.

"That boy has wonderful vitality," he said, as he looked at his face. Whether it was purely my fancy, my hope, or a fact, I did not know, but twilight seemed to pass over his face.

"Yes, yes—I—I—wait—a moment. Oh, I shall not die!"

He opened his eyes calmly, and then a glow which I shall never forget suffused his cheek, and, lifting his emaciated hands for the first time in several weeks—feebly, it is true, but they seemed to me strong—he ex-

claimed, in a natural voice, "How floats the old flag now, boys?"

The transition from death to life seemed like enchantment. I could scarcely believe my senses. And yet I knew that if he ever rallied this would be the way.

I now feared that his excitement would carry him beyond his strength. I could not keep him from talking. I was bending over him to see if he would remember me. Looking me steadily in the eyes, his brows knit with perplexity for a few seconds, when with a smile of delight and surprise he said, "Yes! yes! it is you, Mr. L——. I am glad you stayed with me. I have been dreaming about you while I've been asleep; and I must have been asleep a great while. How long?"

I told him enough to let him understand how ill he had been, how long, and how weak he still was. He did not realize it. His eyes wandered down to his thin hands, white as alabaster, and through which the pale-blue thread-like veins wandered.

"Oh! is it I?—so lean? I was not so when I fell sick." And large tears rolled down his cheeks.

I implored him to be quiet and rest, and I promised him he should get better every day, and be able to go home in a short time. But he grew impatient the more I tried to soothe and restrain him.

He looked at me beseechingly, and asked, "Won't you let me talk a little? I *must* know something more, or it seems to me I shall go crazy. Please put your ear down to me; I won't speak loud—I won't get excited."

I did. "Have you got any letters for me?"

"Yes, but they are at my office. You shall have them to-morrow. They are all well at home."

"And Bella?"

"Yes."

"Oh, God be praised!"

After a few moments of repose, he again opened his eyes wide.

"I have been gone so long from the army! It seemed as though I never could get back when I got home. I got away; and I wandered, and wandered—Oh! how tired I was! Where is McDowell?—*Is* General Scott dead? They said so. Did they carry off Old Abe? How did he get back? Did the rebels get into Washington that night? How long have I been sick? What place is this?—Oh, my head! my head!"

I was frightened. He had risen from the deep ocean into the sunlight for a brief hour, and now he seemed to be going down to come up no more. The tender chord of memory had given way. In a little while the surgeon came by, and I told him what had happened.

"I was afraid of that. But I think we can manage it. If he wakes again within two hours, give him this powder on his tongue, and a sip of the liquid. If he does not, wake him gently."

And so that anxious night wore away. In the morning he woke bright and clear; and from that hour he began to get well. But for whole days his life was pulsating in its gossamer tenement, fluttering over the misty barriers of the spirit-world.

Bella's letters, received during his extreme illness, could now be read. They were among the noblest ever written by woman.

"Our heart-prayers for you," they said, "have been answered by our Father. We now wait only for your return. When we parted it was not with repining; you had gone to the altar of your country in solemn and complete dedication. I too was prepared for the sacrifice. I expected it, although I knew how crushingly the blow would fall. But if you had not loved your country better than Bella, it would have broken her heart. I hope now in a few weeks you will be again by my side. When your health is once more restored, I will promise in advance, as you desire, not to try to keep you from rejoining your regiment; and if the stars have written that

Walter shall not be my husband, God has decreed that I shall die a widow never married."

He did return to the Mohawk Valley. He married Bella. He returned to the war; and on the eve of the great day of Antietam he heard that his son was born, and the hero-father *died* by the side of Hooker.

IMPUDENT COOLNESS.

In the midst of an engagement with the rebels, eighteen miles from Newtonia, Mo., Gen. Schofield sent Lieutenant Bloodfelt attended by an orderly, with orders to Colonel Hall, Fourth Missouri Cavalry, to move to the left and attack in that direction. The route of the lieutenant was across a point of woods, in which, while passing, he suddenly found himself facing about forty rebels drawn up in irregular line. Without a moment's hesitation, he and the orderly drew their pistols and charged. At the same time, tempering bravery with mercy, and not feeling any desire to shed blood needlessly, he drew out his handkerchief and waved it in token of his willingness to surround and capture the whole rebel force rather than shoot them down.

The cool impudence of the act nonplussed the foe, and perhaps thinking there was a large force in the rear, eight of them threw down their arms and surrendered, and the balance, "skedaddled."

JOE PARSONS, THE MARYLAND BOY.

Joe enlisted in the First Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold soldier boy," and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said—

"What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir, blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes, at Antietam; both eyes shot out at one clip." Poor Joe was in the front at Antietam Creek, and a Minié ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old, but he was as happy as a lark!

"It is dreadful," I said.

"I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin,' though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me.

"'Hello!' says I.

"'Hello, yourself,' says he.

"'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?'

"'You're a Yankee,' says he.

"'So I am,' says I. 'What's the matter with you?'

"'My leg's smashed,' says he.

"'Can't yer walk?'

"'No.' 'Can't yer see?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you're a —— rebel, but will you do me a little favor?'

"'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.'

"Then I says: 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You p'int the way, an' I'll tote yer off the field on my back.'

"'Bully for you,' says he.

"And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders.

"I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! Hows'ever the colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shoot'n; and he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered."

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically.

"That's so," he answered, glibly, "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the old man said of his blind hoss.

"But—'I'm a bold soldier boy,'" he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.

A LOYAL PIGEON.

The following is a true and singularly remarkable story of a pigeon captured by Mr. Tinker, a teamster of the Forty-second New York Volunteers, while the regiment was encamped at Kalorama Heights, Va. Mr. Tinker made a pet of him, and kept him in camp until they started for Poolesville. Strange to say, the pigeon followed on with the train, occasionally flying away at a great distance, but always returning, and, when weary, would alight on some wagon of the train.

At night he was sure to come home, and watching his opportunity, would select a position, and quietly go to roost in Tinker's wagon.

Many of the men in the regiment took a fancy to him, and he soon became a general favorite. From Poolesville he followed to Washington, and down to the dock, where Tinker took him on board the steamer; so he went to Fortress Monroe, thence to Yorktown, where he was accustomed to make flights over and beyond the enemy's works, but was always sure to return at evening, to roost and receive his food at Tinker's wagon. From thence he went all through the Peninsular campaign, afterwards to Antietam, and Harper's Ferry, witnessing all the battles fought by his regiment.

By this time he had gained so much favor, that a friend offered twenty-five dollars to purchase him, but Tinker would not sell him at any price, and soon after sent him home as a present to some friend. It might be interesting to trace the future movements of this remarkable specimen of the feathered tribe, but none will doubt his instinctive loyalty and attachment to the old Tammany regiment.

GATHERING IN THE CONTRABANDS.

Our Southern brethren have been sensitive upon the negro-labor question from the commencement of the rebellion. As a general rule, they preferred losing or lending a horse rather than a slave. They feared army influences upon their chattel—that he would become "a mean nigger." Of course the same difficulty would not arise in the army education of the horse or mule. For this reason it is—at least, we can conceive of no other—that the rebel planter has often fled, at short notice, with his negroes, leaving wife, children, mules, hogs, and household goods to the mercy of the invading Northmen. At the outset the negroes were crammed with most awful accounts of the ways of the savage Yankees, and many of the poor creatures were equally eager with their masters to fly from us.

Thus premising, we have to relate an amusing affair which occurred at Nashville in the fall of 1862. Upon the commencement of the fortifications in that city, orders were given to impress all able-bodied male negroes, to be put at work upon the forts. The slaveholders of the city at once began to secrete their negroes in cellars and by-ways. The Federal officers said nothing, but resolved to bide their time—their gangs upon the works, meanwhile, singing and wheeling away quite merrily. After several days all sensation subsided, and an occasional colored individual would be seen at an open window or shuffling around a street-corner.

At length the time for action was at hand. A fine Sabbath came, and with it a large congregation of pious negroes, in all their Sunday array and perfumery. They felt in fine feather; for was not the city being fortified and defended, and the day of jubilee for the colored race close at hand? A hymn flowed out in harmonious cadence, equal in volume to the rolling flood of the Cumberland. A prayer was offered with great earnestness and unction, and the preacher had chosen his text, when lo! an apparition appeared at the door—yes, several of them! A guard of blue-coated soldiers, with muskets, entered, and announced to the startled brethren that the services of the evening would be concluded at Fort Negley. Out went the lights, as if by magic, and there was a general dive for the windows. Shrieks, howls, and imprecations went forth to the ears of darkness, rendering night truly hideous. Fancy bonnets were mashed, ribbons were rumpled, and the destruction of negro finery was enormous.

Some reached the windows and crawled out, and into the hands of guards who were waiting outside. The shepherd of the flock was thus caught, it is said, while making a dive through the window, head first, butting over two "bold soger boys" as he came out. The scene was amusing indeed. And the next morning it was still

more comical—the same crowd being at work at the fort, dressed in their mussed and bedirtied finery of the previous evening, in which they had slept upon the earthworks—they, meanwhile, being the jeer and sport of their surrounding darkey acquaintances.

It is due to these colored laborers of Nashville to add that by their labor, during some three months' time, Fort Negley and other fortifications were built. They cut the stone, laid the stone wall, wheeled and carted the earth, blasted the rock; and they performed their work cheerfully and zealously, and without any pay, except their daily rations and perhaps some clothing.

JOHN MORGAN'S FEMALE SPY.

On the 16th of December, 1862, while the rebel army was at Murfreesborough and the Army of the Cumberland at Nashville, a lady of middle age and fine personal appearance was walking along the road leading from the former to the latter place. Between Lavergne and Nashville, not far from the Federal pickets, she was overtaken by a gentleman named Blythe—a Union man and a paroled prisoner—who had that day procured a pass from General Bragg to go to Nashville in his buggy. Seeing that she was weary with long walking, he invited her to ride, and they proceeded in company about three-fourths of a mile, when they came upon a party of Federal and rebel officers, consulting about some matter under a flag of truce. Blythe, because of his parole, was allowed to pass within the lines, but the lady was detained outside until her case could be submitted to head-quarters and permission obtained for her entry. While thus delayed, Blythe overheard Lieutenant Hawkins, in charge of a rebel flag, saying to her in a cautiously modulated voice, "If they won't let you in, you can go across the country—about four miles—to my father's, and there they will

run you through the lines anyhow." This aroused his suspicions, and determined him to report her case at the Police Office, with his ideas of her character, and the suggestion that a strict watch be maintained upon her movements.

The next afternoon she was brought in, and immediately sent to head-quarters. Here she gave her name as Mrs. Clara Judd, the widow of an Episcopal clergyman who had died the year previous, leaving herself and seven children, without property and in debt. She was on her return from Atlanta, Georgia, whither she had been on a visit to her son, a boy, who was living there and learning the printing business. She wished to go to Minnesota, where the remainder of her children were, and where she then claimed to reside. Her story was told in so simple, artless a manner, and with such an air of sincerity, that the sympathies of all present were at once enlisted in her favor—it not being in the heart of man to doubt, for a moment, the truth of all she said. The examination ended, a pass was given her to Louisville, and she was allowed to depart in peace. From the Police Office she made her way to the Commercial Hotel, where she expected to meet an old friend, but, finding that he was out of the city, and that the hotel was too full to obtain lodgings, she went to a sutler of her acquaintance, named Becker. He also was absent; but she remained overnight with his partner and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Beaden. Knowing that Blythe was at the Commercial Hotel, she wrote him a note, requesting him to call and see her on important private business.

Early in the evening Blythe called at the police department, inquiring if Mrs. Judd had come in, and was told that she had just gone, a pass having been issued to her. He seemed disappointed, and remarked that they had been fooled—that in his opinion her story was essentially false, and she a bad woman, whom it would be well to watch. His reasons for so thinking were freely given, and, though they did not entirely destroy the confidence

she had inspired, they served to weaken it materially, and to excite doubts as to the truth of her statements and the honesty of her intentions. Returning to his hotel, the note from Mrs. Judd there awaiting him fully confirmed his previously-formed opinions. So strong were they now, and so solicitous was he to fathom and disclose the mischief which he felt to be brewing, that he again went to the police office that evening, taking the note with him, and exhibiting it to the authorities there. He was advised to call as requested, and endeavor to ascertain her true character and designs. He did so, and found her at Mr. Beaden's, as stated. After some unimportant conversation, she said to him, "Are you loyal?" His decidedly affirmative answer she construed to mean that he was a friend to the South and favorable to its cause. It may here be explained that, though Blythe at his first meeting did not recognize her, she at once remembered having seen him at Murfreesborough, where he had been detained some eight or nine weeks before he was allowed to proceed to Nashville. As he seemed while there to be under no restraint whatever, she knew nothing of his being a paroled prisoner and a Northern man. The fact of his having a pass from General Bragg, taken in connection with certain remarks casually made by him, was to her proof positive that he was a Southerner and a rebel. To this very natural mistake she was indebted for all the misfortune that eventually befell her.

Completely self-deceived, she immediately took him into her confidence, and entered upon an explanation of her business and plans. She was going, she said, to Louisville, for the purpose of purchasing quinine and other medicines for the Southern Confederacy, together with a considerable amount of dry goods and groceries for herself and others. But this was only a portion of her business, and of no importance in comparison with the remainder. John Morgan was about to make a raid upon the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and was only wait-

ing for information as to the strength of the garrisons and the disposition of troops along its track, necessary to determine the most available point of attack. This information she had engaged to obtain and furnish to him on her return to Gallatin, where certain of his men were to meet her, by appointment, on a fixed day. This day was now at hand; and accordingly she was anxious to start for Louisville the next morning, so that she might have ample time to purchase her goods and be back to Gallatin on the day appointed. Unfortunately, however, her pass did not allow her to leave Nashville until the morning after, and she wished he would try and exchange it for one allowing her to go on the morrow. Blythe obligingly consented, and further said that, as it would save her a good deal of trouble in Louisville, he would get her a pass to go and return as far as Gallatin. With the old pass he immediately went a third time to the office, stated his wish, and related the conversation that had passed between himself and Mrs. Judd. Colonel Truesdail gave him the desired pass, and insisted upon his accompanying her to Louisville, at the same time instructing him to afford her every facility for the perfection of her plans, but to neither encourage nor restrain her.

Blythe returned with the new pass according to promise. In the conversation that ensued he warned her of the danger of the business she was about to embark in, cautioning her as to the watchfulness of the Federal authorities, and endeavored to dissuade her therefrom. His advice, however, though well meant and kindly enough received, was of no avail. It was her duty, she said, to do all that she could for the South; and, as they were God's chosen people, she was not afraid of any harm befalling her. Seeing that she was determined in her purpose, Blythe affected a deep solicitude in her welfare, and finally told her he would postpone his business for the present and go with her to Louisville then, instead of waiting a few days, as he had intended. It would be

a great accommodation, as well as pleasure, to him, he remarked, laughingly, for then he could sit with her in the ladies' car—no small matter on a train literally jammed with passengers, as that one usually was. Madam was highly pleased at this exhibition of kindness, and with many thanks endeavored to show her gratitude therefor. Thenceforward she placed implicit confidence in Blythe, and unreservedly told him all her plans, together with much of her past history and experience. This was her second trip, she said. The previous one had been quite profitable to her, and had enabled her to furnish a large amount of valuable information to the rebels.

Throughout the entire journey to Louisville she was ever on the alert for the smallest scrap of information. At every station, out of the window would go her head, and the bystanders be plied with guarded questions concerning the strength of the place, means of defence, number of troops and names of regiments there, etc. Blythe was evidently annoyed, and time and again pulled her dress, begging her "for God's sake to sit down and keep quiet," or she would attract attention and ruin both herself and him. She replied that it was a part—and a very important part—of her business to observe, make inquiries, and take notes—she must do it.

At Louisville Blythe paid her every attention, assisted her in her purchases, introduced her to one of the best dry goods houses in the city, and went with her to New Albany, where she bought several hundred dollars' worth of drugs and medicines. Here she was well acquainted—a fact which she explained by saying that she had made purchases there before. These drugs she intended to pack in a trunk with a false bottom, but was told by Blythe that it would not be necessary, as he would see that her trunk was passed without examination. Occasionally he would absent himself for several hours, accounting for this by representing that he was engaged in buying a

large stock of goods, with which he designed returning immediately to Murfreesborough. One day he was taken quite ill, and was attended and nursed by her in the kindest manner. In addition to her confidence, he seemed now to have gained her affections. She devoted herself to him as only women do to those whom they love—anticipating his slightest wishes, and providing for his every want in the most warm-hearted and loving manner. Blythe's pretended sickness was soon over, but it left him weak; and he wished her to remain at Louisville another day. No; she could not stay. Morgan's men had made a positive engagement to meet her that night at Gallatin, and she would not disappoint them for the world. She was to tell them, then and there, all that she had seen and heard down the road, and to advise them where to tap it. In return; they were to assist her in getting her trunks through the lines, which could easily be done by putting them in the bottom of the wagon-bed and covering them with fodder. Seeing that she could not be induced to remain, Blythe determined to return with her. Flattered by this mark of attention and appreciation, she was highly delighted and more affectionate than ever. Arrangements were at once made for the journey, Blythe in the meanwhile visiting General Boyle, explaining the whole matter to him, and procuring an order dispensing with the usual examination of baggage in their case, and also telegraphing to Colonel Truesdail, at Nashville, to have them arrested at Mitchellsville, just before reaching Gallatin.

On the way back she was in the best of spirits, and could hardly refrain from frequent exhibitions of her elation at the success of their schemes. Blythe begged her to be careful, or she would expose herself and him to ruin. "You know," said he, "if anything should happen to you it will get me into trouble, and that would make you feel bad; wouldn't it?" He asked if she was not afraid of being watched—if she did not think

she was already suspected—seeking by this means to prepare her mind for the arrest which was soon to occur, and at the same time to allay any suspicions she might otherwise entertain of his complicity therein. She replied that she was, and that there was then in that very car a person whom she believed to be watching her. She betrayed considerable anxiety, and seemed quite uneasy about the matter for some time, but finally fell into her usual careless mood. At Mitchellsville she took on board two large trunks of goods and clothing, left there on her former trip because of her having had too many to get safely away at that time without exciting suspicion.

Just after leaving Mitchellsville, Blythe said to her, "Now, this is a dangerous business you are in; and you may not get through. At Gallatin I shall leave you, but will go straight through to Murfreesborough; and if you have any word to send, I will take it with pleasure to anybody you may name." In reply she wished he would see lieutenant Hawkins and tell him that she had arrived safely at Gallatin with her goods, but that there was a larger force there than she had expected to find, and she might be troubled in getting out; or if lieutenant Hawkins was not then at Murfreesborough, he might tell any of Morgan's men, and their general would be sure to get the news and devise some means for her assistance. At this time, as well as on previous occasions, she seemed to be on very intimate terms with Morgan and to rely implicitly upon him and his followers. She further informed Blythe that her home was in Winchester, Tennessee, but that she was on her way to Atlanta, Georgia, where her son had a situation in the Ordnance department, and that the knitting-machine purchased by her was intended as a pattern for the manufacture of others, there being nothing of the kind in the South.

This conversation was scarcely concluded when both were arrested, and Blythe—according to previous arrangement—roughly handled. Mrs. Judd turned very pale,

and was strangely excited; though she seemed more affected by Blythe's situation and danger than her own. Blythe, however, seemed to take it coolly enough, and as a matter of course—which but the more increased the sorrow of Mrs. Judd, it being for her only that he had thus ventured and lost. But regrets were useless now, and both were brought on to Nashville at once. Mrs. Judd was put under guard at a hotel, and assured that Blythe would be hung the next morning. At this intelligence she became quite distracted, begged and implored to be heard in his favor, asserting with broken voice and tearful eyes that he was an innocent man, and that the guilt and blame of the whole transaction were hers alone. Making no impression upon those about her, she went so far as to write and send to head-quarters a petition that he might be spared from a punishment he did not deserve. Blythe, of course, was released at once; but she did not know it, and to this day remains ignorant of his real fate and location. Her baggage was examined and found to contain many hundred dollars' worth of contraband goods—unquestionable evidences of her guilt. Among its contents was a Bible, with Blythe's name written in it by herself, which she had purchased in Louisville, intending to present it to him when they should meet again in Murfreesborough.

The circumstances, when known, created not a little excitement in army circles, and the case was personally examined by the general commanding and his staff. The crime was the highest known to military law; the importance of the consequences involved in the success or defeat of the scheme, almost incalculable. In short, it was one of those little pivots on which the fortunes of a campaign or the fate of an army might turn. For such an offence the only adequate punishment was death; but the person implicated was a woman; and that reverence for the sex which brave men ever feel would not allow the application of so extreme a penalty. To pass her lightly by,

however, could not be reconciled with a sense of duty; and it was deemed necessary to make an example of her, by confining her in the military prison at Alton, Illinois, during the war.

INCIDENTS OF GRIERSON'S RAID.

Upon one occasion, as the Union scouts were feeding their horses at the stables of a wealthy planter of secession proclivities, the proprietor looking on, apparently deeply interested in the proceeding, suddenly burst out with—

"Well boys, I can't say I have anything against you. I don't know but that on the whole I rather like you. You have not taken anything of mine except a little corn for your horses, and that you are welcome to. I have heard of you all over the country. You are doing the boldest thing ever done. But you'll be trapped, though; you'll be trapped, mark me."

At another place, where the men thought it advisable to represent themselves as Jackson's cavalry, a whole company was very graciously entertained by a strong secession lady, who insisted on whipping a negro because he did not bring the hoecakes fast enough.

On one occasion, seven of Colonel Grierson's scouts stopped at the house of a wealthy planter to feed their jaded horses. Upon ascertaining that he had been doing a little guerrilla business on his own account, our men encouraged him to the belief that, as they were the invincible Van Dorn cavalry, they would soon catch the Yankees. The secession gentleman heartily approved of what he supposed to be their intentions, and enjoined upon them the necessity of making as rapid marches as possible. As the men had discovered two splendid carriage horses in the planter's stable, they thought under

the circumstances, they would be justified in making an exchange, which they accordingly proceeded to do.

As they were taking the saddles from their own tired steeds and placing them on the backs of the wealthy guerrilla's horses, the proprietor discovered them, and at once objected. He was met with the reply that, as he was anxious the Yankees should be speedily overtaken, those after them should have good horses.

"All right, gentlemen," said the planter; "I will keep your animals until you return. I suppose you'll be back in two or three days at the furthest. When you return you'll find they have been well cared for."

The soldiers were sometimes asked where they got their blue coats. They always replied, if they were travelling under the name of Van Dorn's cavalry, that they took them at Holly Springs of the Yankees. This always excited great laughter among the secessionists. The scouts, however, usually wore the regular "secesh" uniforms.

EDDY McFADDEN.

Two days after the battle of Shiloh, says Gen. Rousseau, I walked into the hospital tent on the ground where the fiercest contest had taken place, and where many of our men and those of the enemy had fallen. The hospital was exclusively for the wounded rebels, and they were laid thickly around. Many of them were Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's command. As I stepped into the tent, and spoke to some one, I was addressed by a voice, the childish tone of which arrested my attention—

"That's General Rousseau! General, I knew your son Dickey. Where is Dick? I knew him very well."

Turning to him, I saw stretched on the ground a handsome boy about sixteen years of age. His face was a bright one, but the hectic glow and flush on the cheeks,

his restless manner, and his grasping and catching his breath as he spoke, alarmed me. I knelt by his side and pressed his fevered brow with my hand, and would have taken the child into my arms, if I could.

"And who are you, my son?" said I.

"Why, I am Eddy McFadden, from Louisville," was the reply. "I know you, General, and I know your son Dick. I've played with him. Where is Dick?"

I thought of my own dear boy, of what might have befallen him; that he, too, deluded by villains, might, like this poor boy, have been mortally wounded, among strangers, and left to die. My heart bled for the poor child; for he was a child; my manhood gave way, and burning tears attested, in spite of me, my intense suffering. I asked him of his father; he had no father. Your mother? He had no mother. Brothers and sisters?

"I have a brother," said he. "I never knew what soldiering was. I was but a boy, and they got me off down here."

He was shot through the shoulder and lungs. I asked him what he needed. He said he was cold and the ground was hard. I had no tent nor blankets; our baggage was all in the rear at Savannah. But I sent the poor boy my saddle-blanket, and returned the next morning with lemons for him and the rest; but his brother in the Second Kentucky regiment, had taken him over to his regiment to nurse him. I never saw the child again. He died in a day or two. Peace to his ashes. I never think of this incident that I do not fill up as if he were my own child.

BRAVE BOY AND A GALLANT SAILOR.

One of the powder boys on the Bienville, Wm. Henry Steele by name, deserves particular attention. He is only fourteen years old, a bright, active fellow, and performed his duties with signal bravery. It was his duty to hand

cartridges to one of the gunners. While the Bienville was in the thickest of the engagement, the balls whistled fiercely over the deck and splashed about in the water, but he never wavered. A large rifled shot struck the water some distance from the steamer, bounded upward, and crashing through the beam, tore through the bodies of two men standing near him at his gun, and wounded two others. He handed his cartridge to the gunner, and stepping over the bodies, brought a fresh supply of ammunition, with which he continued his labors.

After the fight, Captain Steedman, in thanking his men for their noble conduct, especially commended the bravery of young Steele. During a part of the time the Bienville was the mark for almost the entire fire of both rebel batteries, and her crew displayed the greatest heroism. The first shot fired at her struck, and was one of the most serious. Her guns were in such constant use that they became hot, and almost leaped from the deck at each discharge. It is really wonderful that her damage is so very immaterial. Beyond a hole between decks, another through the beam, just at the lower part of the gunwale, a cut shroud and a battered stove-pipe (not smoke-stack), she is unharmed.

The Wabash also came in for a large share of the fight. A cannon-shot passed along her deck, and struck Thomas Jackson, the coxswain. The ball nearly carried away one of his legs, leaving it so that it hung only by shreds of flesh and skin. Leaning against a gun, he drew out his sheath-knife, and tried to cut it off entirely. The knife was too dull, and his shipmates hastened to him, and carried him below. He kept continually asking how the fight progressed, saying, "I hope we'll win; I hope we'll beat them." He died in two hours, his last words expressing happiness that he had done something for his country.

CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT.

An incident of adventure characteristic of the Anderson Zouaves, and of rigorous barbarism characteristic of the blood-earnest warfare of these rebels. One day, Henry Oehl, of company G, Anderson Zouaves, with a comrade went forward to a distant farm house, to get information and enlarge his topographical knowledge of Virginia. The farmer came into the yard, and a conversation sprang up between the three.

"Suddenly," said Oehl, "twenty rebel soldiers rose like ghosts from the edge of the woods just beyond the house, and rushed towards us, calling to us to surrender. Not being much in that line of business, we raised our pieces and let fly at them." They returned the fire. A ball struck Oehl's right hand, knocked his musket out of it, and entered the abdomen at the centre, and went out at the left side. To run had now become a duty. Oehl doubled the corner of the house, and made for the nearest recesses of the White Oak Swamp, via a corn-field, and the bushy covers of a line of old rail-fence. The chase was a keen one.

Oehl's coolness, cunning, and courage saved him. Embosomed in the swamp, he watched his own hurt, and plugged the wound through his abdomen with his fingers. Soon he saw his pursuers return to the house, talk a moment with the farmer, and gesticulate forcibly to the doomed man. Some seized him, and some entered his house. The hidden Zouave was near enough to the building to catch the sounds within of the shrieking of children. Immediately these rushed out of the door, followed by a smoke, and soon by a flame. The ruffians burned the Virginian's house over his head, for the crime of talking with Northern soldiers who entered his yard.

SALLIE RICHMOND AND DEVIL BILL.

The falls of the New River are very fragrant; the water thunders down towards the Gauley from one precipice to another, almost continually; pausing but a moment at the feet of its wild leaps, in boiling caldrons, as if bewildered, and awaiting strength for new and wilder leaps. Throughout its entire course in Virginia, there are but a few rods of calm water. At these points are fords or ferries, usually the latter. For one hundred miles from the mouth of New River there are but three good ferries, and of course are known far and near, throughout the country. The first is Richmond Ferry, and seventy-five miles from the falls of the Gauley. The other two are known as Pack's Upper and Lower Ferry. These ferries, then, are the only means of intercourse between the valleys north and south of the river, and necessary points of occupation to an army operating on both sides of the river. Yet the rough mountain roads will not admit of sufficient transportation to subsist any considerable number of troops, and the Federal forces sought to maintain control of the ferries, by frequently sending scouting parties to them and their neighborhoods, while the rebel "bushwackers," and guerrilla parties, for the same purpose, hovered continually around them.

While affairs stood thus, my regiment was ordered to Raleigh C. H. We found the House of the Court perforated with loop-holes, and every brick dwelling in the village converted into an embrasured fortification, with look out and all appurtenances of a besieged city. Our troops had been threatened by the rebels from Richmond Ferry, during the winter, and these precautions had been taken in anticipation. Shortly after our arrival at Raleigh C. H., Capt. Warner, of Union County, was detailed with one hundred picked men—among whom were many of the Jerome and Belle Point boys—to visit Richmond

Ferry, and cut off the retreat of a body of guerrillas, who had made a raid on the north side of the river, to destroy rebel property, and take as prisoners, or kill all suspicious characters in the neighborhood. Towards the close of the first day the command neared the river. Advance and flanking parties were thrown out from the main body, and the troops moved down from the mountain toward the ferry. A large opening suddenly burst into view and the large bottom farm of the proprietor of the ferry lay stretched out before them. Presently Richmond himself came out to meet them. He was a tall athletic man, and past the meridian of life; he carried a long and heavy rifle on his shoulder and a large hunter's knife dangled from the strap of his deer-skin bullet pouch.

"Hellow, thar," said he on nearing us, "who are you?"

"Federal troops, sir," answered the captain.

"Well, I reckon'd so the moment I sot my eyes on them thar blue coats of your'n. Whar you goin'?"

"Down to the ferry, sir."

"Come along, then; old Richmond's the very man you are huntin' for, eh?"

"Yes; are you Richmond?"

"I reck'n I am."

"They tell me you are a true Union man, Mr. Richmond?"

"Well, I reck'n thar ain't ary better one in these mountains than old Sam Richmond, unless it be my boy Bill, 'Devil Bill;' you've hear'n of *him* up thar at Raleigh C. H., I reck'n?"

"Oh yes," said the captain. "Lead on, Mr. Richmond."

The old man took the trail down the mountain, followed by the captain and his men. They shortly came to the cleared field through which the path led down to the "Richmond House." As they approached the old man's dwelling, a young lady, of apparently "two score seasons," came out to meet them; the old man, in his off hand, rude way, said, "Well, Sallie, here's Capt. Warner

and some troops, come down to the ferry 'on business;' the captain is tired and hungry; get us some supper, for more than likely thar'll be something for us to do, soon, eh, captain?"

"Yes, if our scouts drive down that party of scoundrels upon Blue Stone, they will come here to cross, and we must be on the lookout for them, and assist them in crossing a much darker stream than New River."

"That's it," said the old man; "come in, captain."

Sallie speedily "spread the cloth and set the table," then turning to Captain Warner, she said, "Set up, captain, supper is ready; we boarded Gen. Floyd four weeks last fall, and he sat in that same chair and at that same table, day after day; we are glad to change boarders." Sallie waited on the table, and then, attracted by some noise, went to the door.

"Some one over thar," she said, pointing towards the river; "hollered twice, then once, then twice."

"All right," said the old man, "that's our signal, captain; I'll go down and bring the man over."

"I'll go myself," said Sallie, and she was off instantly. The old man sat down again at the table, and turning to the captain, he said—

"Good girl, that thar Sallie."

"I have no doubt of it," answered the captain.

"Them's her'n," and the old man pointed to a double-barrelled shotgun and cartridge-box, suspended on hooks from the wall.

"Does *she* use them?" asked the captain.

"Indeed she does, sir; and I reckon as how she ain't afear'd to, either. A soldier gave her the box, and my Bill gave her the gun. He took it from a secesher. You've hear'n of 'Devil Bill' up to Raleigh Court House, eh?"

"Yes, I've heard of him."

Sallie shortly after entered the house with the stranger she had rowed across the river. He was dressed in the

home-made butternut style, with fringed trimmings on his hunting-shirt, and accoutred like Richmond. The old man greeted him warmly, and introduced him to the captain as "one of the Union men" who had stood by him in several scrapes he had with the "bushwhackers and guerrillas, and there are several more of 'em, true blue; how would you like 'em to come down and give us a lift to-night, eh?"

"Very much, Mr. Richmond; tell them all to come," said the captain.

The old man said a few words in a low tone to the stranger, who shortly after left the house and took a path down the river, and was almost immediately out of sight.

The captain went out to visit his pickets, and the old man went with him, and at his suggestion new posts were located, a few old ones abandoned, and others strengthened. They returned to the house confident and expectant. About nine o'clock the sentinel at the door cried out "Who goes there?" The captain and Richmond hastened out; six armed men stood out in the field but a short distance from the sentinel, who had cocked his musket and "covered" the party.

"Friends!" said one of the men.

"That's so," said Richmond; "come on, boys."

"Let them come, sentinel," said the captain; and the party came up.

"All right?" asked the old man.

"Yes," said one of the men, "and more of our boys down thar comin'."

They all went into the house and gathered around the fire. The new comers were dressed like the stranger, in suits of butternut, and fringed hunting-shirts, and each bore a heavy rifle, a knife, and pouch. As each sat down he drew from his pouch a pipe of the hemlock root, filled it with tobacco, lighted it, and silently awaited events. The challenge of the sentinel became more and more fre-

quent, until full twenty of Richmond's men had come in, and then it ceased altogether. They were strange-looking men, and as they gathered round the old hearth-stone, with their long rifles, their knives and pipes, and dressed in uniform suits of butternut, and fringed hunting-shirts, they presented a picture one might do well to study—a picture one might go back a century to find a counterpart for, and one from which a few steps—to the troops outside—would, like Rip Van Winkle, take you a century ahead.

After midnight the captain and Richmond again visited the pickets. Everything was quiet, and they returned to Richmond's house. The old man loaded his pipe, and the two sat down by the fire.

"You say your son Bill is up at Raleigh C. H., Mr. Richmond?" said the captain.

"Yes, 'Devil Bill,' they call him, in these mountains; I reckon you're hearin' of him up there to Raleigh C. H., captain?"

"Yes, he was taken once by the rebels, I believe."

"Yes he war, an' I'll tell you how, captain, though it's a long story, and may be you won't like to hear it all?"

"Oh yes," said the captain, "go on, by all means, Mr. Richmond."

"Well, ever since the seceshers got to carryin' on so, Bill has been sot agin 'em, and me and neighbor Boggs, and Bill, and these other fellars here to-night, would come here and meet in my barn. Well, we determined to fight if they disturbed us; we said fight, and we meant it, captain; there ain't a single Richmond, male or female, that won't fight."

"I believe it," said the captain, as he turned his eyes to the shotgun and cartridge box against the wall.

"Well," continued the old man, "the seceshers got quite impudent, and as it took some time to gather our band together, they attempted to cut us off singly; but we got wind of it, and night after night I got into my boat and went down the rapids to the 'island,' for

safety. One night they came to the house here, I war on the island, and Sallie an' the old woman war alone. They tried to frighten Sallie, to make her tell whar I war, but she got mad, and war for pitchin' in to fight 'em, single-handed, and so soon after they went away. At length Bill, and several of these fellars had to leave 'kase Floyd's men war 'round thick, and it war no use to fight then, agin so many; so they took to the brush, and 'riz the mountain' back here, on their way to Pinch Gut Creek.

"Well, they were gone more'n a month, and we begin to git oneasy 'bout 'em. So Sallie said she'd find 'em out, and taking a basket of 'pone,' and shouldering her gun, and sticking my pistol in her belt, she riz the mountain back here and started toward Punch Gut Creek. She travelled on until noon, when she came to the creek, 'bout ten miles from here, I reckon, and hunted up and down a good while, every now and then calling for Bill. But she couldn't find him, nor ary one of the other fellars, but she kept on huntin', and at last she thought she would fire off the pistol. Well, Bill hear'n it, and says he to John, thar," and Richmond pointed to one of the sleeping Virginians, "'there, that's dad's pistol, John;' and you see John had something of a liking for Sallie, so says he to Bill, 'and I shouldn't be surprised if it war Sallie, comin' out to find us, so just hide in here and I'll holler.' Well, he hollored, and Sallie knew the voice mighty quick, I reckon, and soon found them under a big rock; after sharing among them her 'pone,' and giving them words of comfort and cheer, she left them. She left them, and came back home that same night 'bout ten, I reckon.

"Well, after Floyd went away, the bushwhackers were worse than ever, but Bill nor me didn't fear 'em. So Bill and the boys came back, and the seceshers hearin' on it, I reckon, they thought they had a fine chance now to 'rub us out.' So they came down to the river at night, intendin' to cross over in the mornin' early. But we heard they war acomin', and we jest called in all these here boys, and

some other fellers came along, 'kase Floyd had retreated, and they wanted to be thought good Union men, for fear of you Yankees. So they came too, and we put out some of the boys to watch, and slept in the barn all night. Well, 'bout daylight, I thought I saw a secesher, on t'other side of the river, fixin' a canoe to cross over in; so says I to John, 'Your eyes are young, can you see ary secesher cross the river?' But 'bout that time I seed them plain enough myself, so I just ran out round the barn to get a good sight on 'em. Well, sir, the whole gang let drive at me, and the balls whistled awfully against the barn. Bill an' John, and these fellers here, came out, and we got a little nearer the seceshers, and peppered away at them, shot for shot. But the new fellers that came down to help us took to the brush and riz the mountain. Well, we kept afiring till long after breakfast, whenever we could see the shadow of a secesher on t'other bank. After a while, Sallie put something for us to eat in a basket, and wound 'round the mountain to whar them new fellers war, and wanted one of 'em to bring it down to us, but nary one would come, and Sallie jist threw her shotgun on her shoulder, and says she, 'I'll go myself, then, you cowards!' They told her she'd get killed if she did, for the balls was jist hailin' all over the bottom. But Sallie never minded 'em a bit, and came right on; several shots were fired as she came down, but none hit her, and Sallie had the satisfaction to see us eat our breakfasts in that old corn crib out thar, which we used as a fort; pretty good one, I reckon, warn't it, captain?"

"Very good," answered the captain; "were any of you hit?"

"Some of the boys got little scratches, but none were killed. Sallie was in high dudgeon about them 'new fellers,' and we seed she war mad; so John thar pointed out a secesher, cross the river, and she blazed away with her shot-gun at him, but I reckon the thing didn't carry

more'n half way, 'kase you see, captain, 'twere nigh onto two hundred yards, I reckon. Well, 'bout noon the seceshers drew off, an' that's the last big time we've had down here, captain. The corn-crib was pretty well battered with the balls, and the roof looked more like a 'corn sieve,' than a 'corn shed.'

"Three balls struck the house: here, one went through right thar," said the old man, pointing to the shivered window-sash, "and went out through that door thar; one tore that hole in the door cheek thar; and another went through and through the puncheon." The old man lighted his pipe, and remained silent and thoughtful some time.

"Well, about Bill," prompted our captain, "you haven't told me how he was taken, yet."

"Just come to that very point, captain, and now I'll tell you how it all war. Bill were allers a venturesome chap, and willin' to fight anything from a 'cap' down to nothin'. So the folks round here got to callin' him 'Devil Bill'. I reckon you've hearn of him up to Raleigh C. H., captain."

"Yes."

"Well, thar war a company of Jenkinses' Cavalry up here at 'Jumpin Branch,' on the road to Pack's lower ferry, and last winter they killed three of your men who were out on a scout, an' so Bill thought he would jist go up thar an' see what they war doin', bein' as how they war strangers to him and wouldn't know him. Well, Bill went up thar, and stayed round among 'em a good while, and then went into the tavern, and sot down in the bar-room. The captain war in thar, and he war a blowin' 'bout the cussed Yankees, and said the Union war all smashed up. Bill couldn't stand that, so he let the captain have a little piece of his mind on that subject; and the captain jumped right up, and, says he, 'Have a care, young man, or I'll have you took up!'

"'I aint afeared of you,' said Bill, 'nor eny other traitor.'

"'Call me a traitor,' said the captain, coming up to Bill with a revolver in his hand; 'call me a traitor, you cursed liar!'

"Well, Bill would never take the 'lie,' so he jist up and knocked the captain down, and the captain hollered out, 'Seize him! seize him!!' Well, some feller came in, then, who knowed Bill, and he told them who he war, and they were awfully pleased, I reckon, over the capture of Devil Bill. You've hearn of him up thar to Raleigh C. H., I reckon, captain?"

"Yes; go on."

"Well, they kept Bill thar until next day, when they started for Newburn, they said, as they let on they war takin' him to Richmond. They made Bill get up behind a big Irishman, and three other cavalrymen followed behind. After going two or three miles the three cavalrymen fell back, almost out of sight, and then the big Irishman says to Bill, 'Jump down, now, and run for life. I'll shoot towards you, to make them other fellers believe I shot at you, but I won't hit you.' But Bill understood the trick. He knew that several of our neighbors had been killed in that same way, so he said nothin' and jist rode on.

"'Ain't you goin' to run?' asked the Irishman.

"'No, I ain't,' said Bill.

"So the Irishman got wrothy, and swore he'd shoot Bill if he didn't. Well, Bill kinder let on he war getting off, but instead of that he war getting out his long pocket knife, and suddenly seizing the Irishman by the hair, he drew his head back, and with all his might buried his knife in his throat. The feller struggled awfully, and both he and Bill fell from the horse, and in the meantime Bill gave him three or four hard stabs. The Irishman got up to his feet, and after one wild look, fell dead. Well, the other fellers came a galloping up, as fast as they could, and Bill just cut the dead Irishman's carbine from its straps, and took to the brush. Well, the cavalrymen

came up and stopped thar, looking at the dead Irishman. Bill war not far off, neither, I reckon. He war just behind a big chestnut, but a few feet from the road; and, waiting till he got a good chance, he blazed away with his carbine, and one of the other fellers fell from his horse, and the other two started back towards 'Jumping Branch' in a desperate hurry, I reckon. Well, Bill seen that nothing more could be done, so he riz the mountain, and come right on to Raleigh C. H. You've seen him thar, I reckon, captain?'

"Did he kill the last man?"

"No, he war only wounded, and his comrades took him away shortly after. But I can show you the grave of the Irishman to-day. They buried him close to the spot whar he war killed, and that war the way Bill war taken and got away, captain."

The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe, coolly loaded, lighted, and smoked on as before. His story was ended. At length morning came, and with it the news that the rebels had crossed the river at some point down the stream. The captain then determined to cross over, and attack a body of secesh a few miles beyond, at the house of one Colonel Henry and under his command. Sallie was up betimes, and soon had the breakfast ready. About nine the command was taken across the river in boats, Sallie assisting in moving the boats. After the last man stepped on the shore, Sallie followed. Her shotgun was on her shoulder and the cartridge-box hung at her side.

"Why, Miss Richmond, you ain't going with us, are you?" asked the captain in surprise.

"Indeed I am, captain. I reckon I'd like a shot at them fellers, as well as any on you."

The command moved forward rapidly and with caution, making prisoners of every man they met in order to prevent the intelligence of their approach reaching the enemy. Finally the prisoners accumulated to quite a

number, and it was thought advisable to leave them with a small guard, while the command, less encumbered could push on more rapidly. The captain requested Sallie to remain as a part of the guard, which she consented to, and faithfully discharged her trust. Col. Henry and his followers found it convenient to retire before the Federal troops, and when they entered his dwelling, they found the nest yet warm, but the bird had flown. Some prisoners were taken; a little more scouting done in the neighborhood, and the captain took his troops back to the river. Sallie, as before, assisted them over, and welcomed them at the house of her father. Shortly after the troops took up their march for Raleigh C. H., where they arrived the evening of the fourth day, very tired, but exceedingly well pleased with their scout to Richmond Ferry.

The captain recommended the young unmarried officers of the regiment to visit the ferry, if for no other purpose than to see Sallie, and he himself soon made the acquaintance of Devil Bill.—Shortly after the return of the scouting party, the officers of the 30th sent an invitation to Sallie to visit Raleigh C. H., and engaged to present her with a revolver, on her arrival, but the regiment was almost immediately after ordered on to Princeton, and Sallie never made the visit.

KENTUCK AGAINST KENTUCK.

In the rebel charge upon McCook's right in the battle of Stone River, the rebel Third Kentucky was advancing full upon one of the loyal Kentucky regiments. These two regiments were brought from the same county, and consequently were old friends and neighbors, and now about to meet for the first time as enemies. As soon as they came near enough for recognition, they mutually ceased firing, and began abusing, and cursing, and swear-

ing at each other, calling each other the most outlandish names; and all this time the battle was roaring around them without much attention from either side. It was hard to tell which regiment would come off the victor in this wordy battle. As far as I could see, both sides were terrible at swearing; but this could not always last; by mutual consent they finally ceased cursing, and grasping their muskets charged into each other with the most unearthly yell ever heard on any field of battle. Muskets were clubbed, bayonet met bayonet, and in many instances, when old feuds made the belligerents crazy with passion, the musket was thrown away, and at it they went, pummelling, pulling, and gouging in rough and tumble style, and in a manner that any looker-on would consider a free fight. The rebels were getting rather the better of the fight, when the Twenty-third Kentucky succeeded in giving a flanking fire, when they retreated with quite a number of prisoners in their possession. The rebels had got fairly under weigh, when the Ninth Ohio came up on the double-quick, and charging on their now disordered ranks, succeeded in capturing all their prisoners, besides taking in return a great many of the rebels. As the late belligerents were conducted to the rear they appeared to have forgotten their late animosity, and were now on the best terms imaginable, laughing, and chatting, and joking, and, as the rebels were well supplied with whiskey, the canteens were readily handed about from one to the other, until they all became as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

THE SCOUT'S REVENGE.

Night had settled down upon the army of the Potomac, and except in the tent of a general, quiet reigned in the camp. The river rolled placidly along, as though no hostile forces lined its banks, and Washington looked

[illegible] the most outlandish [illegible] roaring around [illegible] from either side. It was [illegible] off the victor in [illegible] both sides were [illegible] not always last; by [illegible] cursing, and grasping [illegible] each other with the most un[illegible] on any field of battle. Muskets [illegible] and in many instan[illegible] the belligerents crazy with pas[illegible] thrown away, and at it they went [illegible] going in rough and tumble [illegible] that any person would consider [illegible] The [illegible] were getting rather the better [illegible] Twenty-third Kentucky succeeded [illegible] when they retreated with quite [illegible] prisoners in their possession. The rebels [illegible] weigh, when the Ninth Ohio came [illegible] quick, and charging on their now dis[illegible] succeeded in capturing all their prisoners [illegible] in return a great many of the rebels. As [illegible] ments were conducted to the rear they ap[illegible] forgotten their late animosities and were [illegible] laughing, and chatting, and joking [illegible] surprised with [illegible] about from [illegible] came as jolly as possible [illegible] circumstances.

[illegible] ETT.

[illegible] of the Potomac, [illegible] resigned in the [illegible] though no [illegible] Washington looked-

AMBUSHED AND SHOT.

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peaceful, as if no devil were trying to pluck some stars from the flag which floated over the Capitol. But the measured tramp of the sentinel, and the quick low-toned challenge to the straggler hurrying to quarters, told the story of the struggle that was going on.

In the tent of the general, grouped round a small table on which were spread maps of the country, sat several officers, eagerly discussing a point upon which opinions differed. It was an informal council of war, and the officer in command, while he listened carefully, refrained from giving his judgment in the matter—flattering first this one with symptoms of agreement with him, or complimenting that one on the clearness of his views, while he drew from some of the more bashful of the party what they thought.

To none was he more polite than to a young man of fine address, whose shoulder-straps claimed for him the rank of colonel. No greater contrast could be found than between the faces of the general and his subordinate. Both had keen eyes, and would be called handsome men anywhere; but the features of the elder wore an open, manly look, while those of the younger bore a sinister cast, that did much to destroy his otherwise good looks. The colonel was evidently ill at ease, and though he returned the polite attentions of the general as a gentleman would, he did not venture to meet the steady gaze that accompanied the honeyed words.

Just at the moment the discussion was at the hottest, the sentry announced a messenger. "Show him in," said the general, and the man entered with a respectful salute. "We will resume this to-morrow, gentlemen," he said, bowing to the party, who, taking the hint, immediately dispersed to their several quarters.

"Well, Hardy, what success?" said the general, turning to the scout who stood leaning on his rifle. He was well worth studying—a tall, lean man, with stooping shoulders, a face thin and sallow, with rambling legs, but his eyes

glistened as if on fire. His body, ungainly as it was, gave promise of great strength, and the long sweep of his arm, joined to the grasp of his immense hand as he caressingly held his weapon to his breast, would have warned his foes that it was unsafe to try conclusions with him at too close quarters. On every line of his countenance, marked as it was with inexpressible sadness, were written honesty and firmness, so that you felt what he said could be trusted.

"A leetle, gineral," he said, looking cautiously about. "Be we alone?" he added, in an undertone.

The general stepped to the door of the tent, but nothing could be seen except the sentry pacing his usual beat. The scout, however, was not satisfied, and walking briskly out he approached the rear of the tent, when a hasty footstep was heard retreating. He listened carefully, at the same time keeping his trusty rifle ready for use, but the footsteps died away in the distance, and he returned to the tent.

"Some drunken soldier, Hardy," said the general, a little annoyed at the occurrence. "It shall be looked to to-morrow."

"Maybe so," said the scout, leaning on his rifle, and refusing to be seated. "Yit his pace war mighty stiddy for a man in liquor."

"Well, he is gone now, so let us to business," said the general, a little testily.

"Watch D'Arblay, general," said the scout. "He's in high favor where I've been to-day, and that ain't no great praise for a Union man."

"Did you reach the village, then?" asked the general, his eyes fixed upon Hardy's face.

"I was there afore twelve o'clock, and by luck fell in with an Alabamy regiment. So, as I was real Virginny," and a mocking smile lit up the sallow face, "I mixed in with the boys."

"You are venturesome, Hardy," said the other. "If

they catch you they will show no mercy. Already your name is known the country round, and a reward offered for you."

"They can't hurt me no worse than they hev, gineral. I went by the homestead to-day, and the ashes are there yet. The fire that burned the old place wint into my heart, and I ain't afeard of being ketched till my work's done."

"Do they know how strong we are in this place?" asked the general.

"To a man, gineral. And they're a chuckling mightily over it. 'Tain't no secret at all, and they don't make no bones of saying they hev good friends in your camp. Did I tell you to watch D'Arblay, gineral?" and the scout fingered the lock of his rifle, looking out upon the white city which lay before him.

Suddenly he started and threw himself in the shadow of the curtain which hung at the door of the tent. A moment he stood so, and then, swiftly bringing his rifle to his shoulder, a quick report was heard, and Hardy turned to the tent.

The startled sentry hastened to inquire the cause, but the imperturbable old man carelessly explained that he had only fired off his load, and, as his eccentricity was well known, that ended it. But he bent low and whispered to the general, "Keep watch on D'Arblay—a close watch—gineral," and gave vent to a chuckle that shook his body till his bones rattled.

An hour later and the little camp that lay as an outpost of the great army was stirring with new life. No rapid beat to arms roused the sleeping soldiers, but swift messengers moved among the white tents, and at their summons the men shook slumber from their eyelids, and eagerly took their positions in the ranks.

A secret expedition, and at night—of all things the greatest delight of the true soldier—so much was clear; but in what direction, or against what force, none knew;

yet the ignorance did not check the undisguised pleasure of the men, as they promptly obeyed the "fall in" of the orderly. It was enough that they were in the enemy's country, on soil once sacred, but now desecrated by the footsteps of rebellion, and so the blow was effectual, they cared not where it fell.

With the officers it might be a little different, and some hastening to the general's tent for instructions were met by an aid who gave hasty information for the marshalling of the forces. No one was trusted with the secret of the movement, and they who persistently sought the commanding officer found at the entrance of his tent only an old man, leaning on his rifle. Those who had been at the council readily connected the singular individual with the present movement; while they who for the first time looked upon his tall form, apparently bent with age and infirmity, did not dream that this was the scout whose deeds were the theme of conversation about the camp-fires, and whose escapes puzzled at once both friend and foe.

Hardy stood watching the gathering of the men with a grim smile playing about his lips. To the numerous inquiries that poured in upon him he gave no answer save that he knew nothing, and the questioner returned no wiser than he came. At last everything was ready, and the order given to march. Stealthily creeping out among the shadows of the night went a little band of fifteen hundred men, not one of whom knew where he was bound.

Just as the last company left the camp, the general came to the door of his tent, and stretched out his hand to the scout. Hardy took it like a man who felt himself the peer of an emperor.

"I have run a great risk, Hardy," he said. "If you have deceived me"—he stopped, for even the starlight could not hide the pained expression that stole across the scout's face—"or if you have deceived yourself, the con-

sequences may be terrible no less to these brave fellows than to me."

"I hev told you the truth, gineral," he said proudly. "We hev fifteen hundred men, and they ain't less than four thousand. It mought be a hard fight, but we kin git the best of 'em for all that. But ef you've any misgivings, gineral, 'tain't too late yit. It's easy callin' of 'em back agin, though the boys looked mighty well pleased at the chance for a brush 'with the critters.'"

At this moment there was a halt in the expedition, having reached a fork in the road. The general hastily wrung the scout's hand, and, as he said, hurriedly, "No, no, I trusted you, and will not repent," Hardy returned the pressure till the more delicate hand of the officer felt as if it were in a vice, and immediately pressed forward to the van of the detachment. When he reached it, the road became clear, and at the command "forward!" the troops marched on.

How fared it with the rebels during these stirring matters among their enemies? Peacefully slumbering among the hills, and dreaming of anything but an attack from a foe they knew to be so inferior in numbers. They were a motley lot. For the most part composed of that class known as "poor whites" in the South, strangely clad and but half disciplined, they would have dispersed from their own internal discord, had not their officers restrained them. But the officers were vastly superior to the men. Deserters from the Federal army, in which they had found both education and subsistence, they turned their talents against their country, and gave a life to the rebellion it could not have had otherwise.

On this evening, while the men sat smoking about their fires, alternately asserting the superiority of their own States and cursing the cowardly Yankees, as they called all Federal soldiers, in not very choice language, a knot of officers were gathered in consultation.

"Has anything been heard from D'Arblay, to-day?" asked one with a colonel's strap upon his shoulders.

"Nothing," said a captain to whom the question was addressed. "Our messenger brought a note from him yesterday that a council of war would be held to-night. We shall have word from him to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, I saw it," said the colonel. "I hope they will resolve to fight. I'm getting tired of this inaction. Who is this Hardy he cautions us about?"

"One of the enemy's scouts," said the captain. "They tell marvellous tales of him, and even our tents ring with his exploits. This very spot was his farm, and yonder chimney stack the remains of his house. The man was a Tory, and barely escaped with his life."

The colonel was thoughtful a moment. "Was this the man whose family?——Well, never mind, such things must be in war. Keep a lookout for him, and if caught, give him short shrift—he may be dangerous." Just then the tattoo was beat, and with a courteous good-night the officers separated.

"I wish we could get along without such fellows as D'Arblay," said one young officer to another, as they strolled along the camp. "I don't mind killing the Yankees, but I like a little fair play about it. This game of his can't last very long, and he'll be coming amongst us."

"Don't be too nice," said the other. "By and by you'll be abusing Burton for this Hardy business. I hear he and his Arkansas man did that nice little job."

"For God's sake, don't talk so," said the other, shuddering. "I have not heard all, but 'twas a brutal thing."

"You'll want a dictionary to give an adjective strong enough when you do hear it all. They say the old man refused to haul down his flag and shot one of our men, when they fired his house, and only Hardy escaped. Burton stood by and saw it done. The women beaten back by the bayonets did not scream, but turned hopelessly inward. It is a mystery how Hardy got away, but

he has been seen since, and lives only for revenge. But, as the colonel says, such things must be in war. Good-night!" and they parted at the entrance of a tent.

While quiet reigns in the rebel camp, the little band we have seen set out under the scout's guidance is cautiously advancing. On through belts of woodland, over hills, and across some of the small streams with which the country abounds, they marched silently but surely on their prey.

The scout looked like a new man. His tall form was no longer bent; or, rather, it did not appear so, as he strode along at the head of the column. The sallow face was lit up with intelligence, and a gleam of ferocity shot from his eyes; the road was as familiar to him as the beaten paths about his lost homestead, but he trusted nothing to chance. Not a sound escaped his practised ear, nor an unusual appearance the keen scrutiny of his eye, and more than once he called a halt, while he reconnoitred in the darkness.

At last they reached the foot of a hill, when Hardy whispered to the colonel in command, and, while the troops rested on their arms, he went forward alone.

Creeping up the ascent, keeping in the shadow of the trees, lest even the feeble starlight should reveal his presence, he reached the summit and flung himself upon the grass. Beneath him lay the white tents of the enemy, clustering around the ruins of his homestead. A quick glance showed him that no reinforcements had, as yet, reached them, and with almost as much pleasure he saw their number was not diminished. If any change there had been, an increase of the foe would have better suited his humor. Not a man less; for the vengeance that fired his heart burned to strike a blow never to be forgotten.

The out-lying pickets passed close to the spot where he lay concealed, and as a surprise was intended, he bent his mind to the task of disposing of them. Lazily walking to and fro, peering now and then out into the night,

the rebel sentry thought of his southern home, heedless of the danger which crouched at his very feet. With such men as Hardy, action follows thought as the thunder belches from the storm-cloud right over head, when the swift lightning cleaves its way to earth; so quickly does the one follow the other, that they seem simultaneous.

The sentry came forward, humming an air learned in the cotton fields of his own native State. A sharp noise, as of a footstep on a rotten stick, startled him; but before he could give an alarm or call for help, the hot breath of an enemy was upon his cheek and his throat was grasped by the sinewy hand of the scout; the struggle was brief. At all times, it was not easy to find Hardy's match, and now, standing in sight of his ruined home, the remembrance of his wrongs gave him the strength of a giant. There was a wild striking out of the arms, a clawing of the hands, a blackening of the face, horrible even in the starlight, until the knees gave way, and the picket fell a lifeless body upon the sward. .

Not a ray of pity, not a pang of regret fell upon the heart of the scout. To him it mattered nothing that this picket had done him no harm; no vision of a southern hearth made desolate, or of the long agony he had prepared for some aching heart because he did not come, moved him. Apart from his duty to the little band who waited his guidance, the sight of the low chimney stack, standing a solitary guardian over the ashes of his home, not only strengthened his arm, but repelled all sympathy with the enemy as a weakness to be swiftly trodden under foot. To him they were all alike. Did not the flames of his house light up a strange banner, and did not that same banner wave above the encampment so quiet below? All alike, all alike to the man—no, not all; one stood out among the throng. When Burton meets this victim of his in the coming struggle, it were well he were shriven before the fight, for Hardy has a special vow of vengeance against him, and will execute it at all risks.

The scout carefully drew the body of the poor wretch out of the path, and seizing his musket, while he put his trusty rifle in a safe place, boldly took up the dead man's beat. Time was flying fast; the morning would soon break, and he must needs hurry his movements; so, taking as near as possible the gait of the picket he had slain, he walked towards his comrade. The darkness of the night favored his disguise, and the other met him without suspicion. Hardy clutched at him with his left hand, while he made a swift movement with his right. There was a gurgling in the throat, a tide of warm blood gushed out, and formed a pool at his feet, and the second picket had started on his last journey.

So far, the way was clear. What obstruction might be upon the hillside he did not know nor care; once get the men upon the summit unobserved, and all was safe. Turning hastily, stopping only to pick up his rifle and listen, lest the struggles in which he had been engaged should have disturbed the quiet of the camp, he passed with quick steps down the slope, and put himself by the colonel's side at the head of the detachment.

The men lost all sense of weariness as they advanced up the hill. But for the order for perfect silence, they would have given cheer upon cheer, so eager were they for the fray; as it was, they pushed on vigorously, dragging the mountain howitzers which accompanied their march as easily as though they were some child's toys they handled, and very soon reached the top of the ascent. Here resting for a moment, to gather breath, and find proper positions for their "bull-dogs," as they called the howitzers, the little band nerved themselves for the work before them.

The gray dawn was already breaking in the east, paling the stars nearest the horizon, as Hardy pointed out to the colonel the arrangements of the enemy.

"You kin take 'em front, kurnel, and your chance is

main good; but I s'pose you'll make it surer by flanking the devils," hinting rather than advising the movement.

"See," he continued, pointing with his long, bony fingers, "there's the boys from South Car'lina right opposite; the Arkansaw men lie by yon chimney stack. Ef I mought, I'd ask a favor before the fighting begins," said the scout, hesitatingly.

"Speak it freely, Hardy," said the colonel kindly, with an anxious look, the while, at the brightening east.

"'Tain't a long one," said Hardy, who had caught the movement of the colonel's eye, "and the boys 'll be better for getting their wind. You know, mebbe, I had a home about here?"

The colonel nodded assent. Something in the scout's face made words needless.

"This was my farm, and that chimney yonder all that's left of the old house. Don't be afraid, kurnel. I ain't a going to tell a long story. Not that it's going to be forgotten, but I shan't talk about it. I'm satisfied if we only clean out that hornets' nest down thar, and I thought, seein' as I know the old place so well, I could pilot a couple of hundred so as to take 'em behind."

"You shall have them, Hardy," said the colonel, sending an aid at once with orders for detailing the necessary number.

The scout looked on with eager eyes. "And now, kurnel," he said, baring his head, and pushing back the thin hair which straggled over his forehead, stretching out his hand, at the same time, to the officer, "I mought as well say, 'good-by.' My work's most done, and ef I don't come out of this skrimmage, tell the gineral how glad I am he trusted me this once. You're goin' to flax 'em out, kurnel, and the quicker the better, for mornin's comin' on," and he wrung his hand with a will.

Hardy led his two hundred men quickly away along the top of the hill, till he reached a deep gorge, now dry, but in the rainy season the bed of a hillside stream, which

foamed and fretted in its course as though no stop could be put to its ravages. In this they turned, and, trusting to the morning gloom, made their way to the back of the camp.

The main body felt their way down the hillside. It was not exactly the place for company movements, and a drill-sergeant would hardly have approved the irregularity of their march; but the men grasped their pieces in fighting humor, and welcomed the coming struggle as eagerly as does the maiden her first ball.

About half the distance towards the camp had been passed over when a sentry discovered the advancing rank, and, firing his piece to give the alarm, fled hastily to the camp. There was no time to lose; silence was no longer observed. The commands of the officers rang out on the morning air, and, at the word, the men rushed upon the enemy. Down the hill, along the open space, where the rebel soldiery were wont to drill, they broke over the slight entrenchment with a yell of delight, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter began.

Struggling among the white tents the rebel soldiery rushed to their arms, half-clad, while a few hundred gathered to the right of the camp, only to be dispersed by shell from the howitzers, which fell among their ranks. There was nothing for it but a retreat, and the beaten and scattered forces huddled together in the rear of the camp, where a new danger met them.

Hardy and his men came upon the field with a ringing cheer, and dashed into the fight. The scout's duty was done, and as he neither knew nor cared anything for military movements, he fought mainly by himself. A frenzy possessed him; his eyes glared like a demon's, and his whole frame was animated with supernatural energy. Clubbing his rifle, he rushed along the narrow alleys of the camp, heedless of the knot of soldiers who slunk away at his coming, or vainly attempted to stop

his progress, till he reached the encampment of the Arkansas men.

A fierce struggle was in progress, and Burton, at the head of the backwoodsmen, was making a desperate stand. A shout broke from the lips of the scout, and in a moment he was in the middle of it. His long rifle, swung by his powerful arm, mowed a lane for him, and he pressed on till he stood in the presence of Burton himself.

The Arkansas leader was no coward, and the defence had been a desperate one; but he trembled when he saw Hardy facing him. He had seen him once before, when the white head and stern face was lit up by the burning dwelling. Even Burton, the gambler, the duellist, the bully, could not shut his soul up from dreams, and the face of the avenger had grown familiar even in his slumbers. Instinctively he drew his bowie-knife from its sheath, and the scout, feeling for the keen weapon he carried in his belt, dropped his rifle, and stood face to face with his great enemy.

There was no cry for quarter, and both were soon locked in fearful strife. A few rapid passes of their bright blades, and the Arkansas colonel threw up his arms with a sullen moan, and muttering a curse, fell a corpse at the feet of the scout.

When the battle was over, Hardy was found leaning against the ruined chimney, the pallor of death spread over his face, while the body of the rebel chief lay a few feet from him.

"You are not badly hurt, I hope," said the colonel, kindly; "what can I do for you?"

"Water," he gasped; and on taking some from a canteen, he revived a little. "My work's done, kurnel," he said, faintly, "and it's about time. There ain't no use in a dead stick, and the green branches are all gone. Ef you will, kurnel, tell the gineral I died under the old chimney, and that I sent the Arkansas chief to say I was comin'."

A grim smile passed over his face, which faded as his listeners stood by.

"Take some more water, Hardy," said one, but he did not answer. The colonel took his hand, but no pressure came from the sinewy fingers. A slight shiver passed through his frame, and the scout was dead.

The victory was complete. A short time was spent burying the slain, and, laden with spoils, the conquerors returned to their camp. When they reached it, they learned that D'Arblay had been shot by the accidental discharge of a musket the night before. Only the general knew the truth.

The despatches that found their way to the papers were very brief. There had been a night *reconnoissance*, and a rebel camp broken up, with great loss to the enemy. Hardy's name was not mentioned; but few who were in the expedition will forget the tall form or underestimate the services of the scout.

WHY THE LIEUTENANT ATE THE PIE.

Gen. Grant, the hero and veteran, who was citizen, captain, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general within the space of nine months, although a rigid disciplinarian and a perfect Ironsides in the discharge of his official duties, can enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one when an opportunity presents. Indeed, among his acquaintances he is as much renowned for his eccentric humor as he is for his skill and bravery as a commander.

When Grant was a brigadier in southeast Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jeff. Thompson, in northern Arkansas. The supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our

soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or "confiscate" uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few small specks of ground, in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible. On that day, Lieutenant W., of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance-guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm-house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the general he might obtain the best the house afforded. So assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house, and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier-General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing." And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the meantime General Grant, who had halted his army a few miles further back, for a brief resting spell, came in sight of, and was rather favorably impressed with, the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they would cook him a meal.

"No!" said a female, in a gruff voice; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant; "what is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep the pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping-ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half-past six for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, etc.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies the acting assistant-adjutant-general read the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD. SPECIAL ORDER, No. ——. Lieutenant W., of the —— Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau Roads, except one pumpkin pie, the said Lieutenant W. is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.—U. S. GRANT, Brigadier-General Commanding.

Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At seven o'clock the lieutenant filed out of camp with his hundred men, amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort concurred in stating that he devoured the whole of the pie, and seemed to relish it.

A GALLANT LAD.

Captain Boggs, of the Varuna, tells a story of a brave boy who was on board his vessel during the bombard-

ment of the forts on the Mississippi River. The lad, who answers to the name of Oscar, was but thirteen years of age but he has an old head on his shoulders, and is alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the Varuna's rebel antagonist was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Captain Boggs, who asked "where he was going in such a hurry?"

"To get a passing-box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball!" And so, throughout the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty.

When the Varuna went down, Captain Boggs missed his boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterwards he saw the lad gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Boggs's boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "All right, sir! I report myself on board," passed coolly to his station.

ON THE CUMBERLAND.

Two of the gunners at the bow-guns of the Cumberland, when the ship was sinking, clasped their guns in their arms, and would not be removed, and went down embracing them. One gunner had both his legs shot away; but he made three steps on his bloody thighs, seized the lanyard and fired his gun, falling back dead. Another lost both arms and legs, yet lived; and when they would assist him, cried out, "Back to your guns, boys! Give 'em fits! Hurrah for the flag!" He lived till she sank.

A CHAT ABOUT STONE RIVER.

There was rare comedy commingled with the tragedy at Stone River. The humorism of battle saturates you after carnage is ended. The richest of the drollery and fun is not printable. But we can roar over it in bivouac. Suppose we have a chapter of incidents. One of the good things was Irish, of course.

An Irish rebel of the 1st Louisiana, who had charged too far into our front, was coming out of the fight a captive, with a broken arm. A surgeon had dressed it temporarily.

"You an Irishman and a rebel," quoth I; "what are you fighting us for?"

"Sure, your honor," swiftly retorted Pat, "an' did ye ever hear uv the likes of an army, an' there wasn't Irishmen in it?"

"But Pat," interposed Father Trecy, "you were forced into the service."

"Yer riverence," replied Pat, respectfully saluting, "I went into it with a good will. The boys was all goin'; there was a fight, an' sure Patrick wasn't the man to lit inny man go furninst him." Pat was an incorrigible, and we let him go.

A cluster of mangled fellows were huddled about a field hospital, waiting surgical attention. A big brawny trooper, with a bullet in his left leg and another in his right arm, hobbled up, holding his wounded arm in his left hand. "By G—d, doctor," said he, with much less piety than pain, "the d—d rebs came pretty near hittin' me."

Another fellow, blowing blood copiously from his nose —the point of which had been shot off—as a whale spouts sea water, interposed: "The d—d rascals"—sputter—"come d—d near"—another sputter—"*missin'* me."

An Irish soldier being hit, turned to his officer, patheti-

cally exclaiming, "Lieutenant, shure an' I'm hit!" "What the d—l are you doing there, then?" responded the lieutenant, taking Pat by the collar and ejecting him from the ranks. "Get out of that and give a better man your place."

The general commanding displayed a distressing faculty for keeping in hot places. After several casualties to the staff, and while missiles were flying about promiscuously, one of his aids modestly asked him, "Do you think it right to expose your life so, sir?" The general replied by dashing into a hotter place to correct an alignment and regulate a battery which was firing rather recklessly. He was suddenly checked by a regiment drawn across the field. The men were down on their bellies, and several rebel batteries were flinging shot and shell all around them. The general thought it a good opportunity to make a speech to them. Although a fine talker, he is not a finished orator. But he jerks out sentences that are not easily misunderstood. The battle-field, the orator, and the audience presented a singular spectacle. When the general addressed the men, each elevated his head from the ground, turning his face towards the commander.

"Men," said he, "do you want to know how to be safe? If you do, shoot low. Fire at their shins. But do you want to know how to be safest of all? I'll tell you. Give them a blizzard right at their shins at short range, and then let them have the bayonet. Give them the bayonet, I say!" The general thinks a "blizzard" at short range a very good thing.

Lieut. Willie Porter, of the general's staff, a promising youth of eighteen or nineteen summers, amused us by his *sang froid*. When he mounted in the morning, he filled the general's haversack with luncheon, and threw it over his own shoulder. During the day a shell exploded in the midst of the staff. A fragment of it struck between Porter's side and the haversack, bruising him severely,

and tearing open the haversack. The luncheon tumbled to the ground. "There," said Porter, with a droll grimace, unmindful of his own narrow escape, "all the dinner is gone."

THE WRONG LEG.

A lieutenant of the First North Carolina regiment, who had lost a leg in an engagement in North Carolina, and who had supplied its place with an artificial member, consisting of a stout oaken peg, was present at the fight at Olustee, Fla., and while the battle was as warm as one would care to experience it, a rebel sharpshooter put a bullet through his trowsers leg and through his wooden peg. He felt the blow, but escaped the twinge of pain that generally accompanies the passage of a bullet through genuine flesh and muscle, and enjoying a keen sense of the ludicrous, he forgot the battle and its dangers, and gave way to the heartiest and most explosive laughter. He pushed along the line, and approached the colonel, to whom, after a severe effort, he was able to communicate the cause of his mirth. Almost convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed: "Colonel! by George! the d—d rebels have shot me through the wooden leg! Ha! ha! Devilish good joke on the fellows!" and he hobbled back to his position in the line.

WHAT IT COST TO BE LOYAL.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, Widow W. lived in the White River country, Mo.—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone upon the side of the National Union. Her neighbors were advocates of the rebellion, and even before the arrival of the army in Springfield, all loyal citizens

were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart, took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-by, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension.

Next she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancying himself secure, was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived were absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body in the house, pierced by a bullet. His torn cap and other signs witnessed to the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. W. lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns, looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods, and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden, and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot."

William went to the door and sat upon the step.

"William," said his sister, "you are not safe there. Come into the house."

He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when

suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her.

"I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three oldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They were all afterwards in the National army. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body. At last she consented. The clods were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down with its wild melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The note so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches, that for a moment they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had escaped for their lives. The unhappy woman was left with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was obliged to go thirty miles upon horseback to mill for food, and afterwards to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children, about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard her two boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered in her absence for the crime of loyalty to the Union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth. Such are the trials of loyal citizens in the border slave States, and wherever rebellion has been in power.

The widow now escaped for refuge to St. Louis. And there, to crown her sorrows in the absence of her three

oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the Fifth Kansas Regiment shot her daughter Mary, as she was standing in the door of her house.

A DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND CONTEST.

Two Minnesota boys once took it into their heads to forage a little for amusement as well as eatables. Striking out from their encampment into the forest, they followed a narrow road some distance, until, turning a bend, five Secession pickets appeared not fifty yards distant. The parties discovered each other simultaneously, and at once levelled their rifles and fired. Two of the Confederates fell dead, and one of the Minnesotians, the other also falling, however, but with the design of trapping the other three, who at once came up, as they said, to "examine the d——d Yankees."

Drawing his revolver, the Minnesotian found he had but two barrels loaded, and with these he shot two of the pickets. Springing to his feet, he snatched his sabre bayonet from his rifle, and lunged at the survivor, who proved to be a stalwart lieutenant, armed only with a heavy sword. The superior skill of the Southron was taxed to the utmost in parrying the vigorous thrusts and lunges of the brawny lumberman, and for several minutes the contest waged in silence, broken only by the rustle of the long grass by the roadside, and the clash of their weapons. Feigning fatigue, the Minnesotian fell back a few steps, and as his adversary closed upon him with a cat-like spring, he let his sabre come down on the head of Secesh, and the game was up. Collecting the arms of the Secessionists, he returned to the camp, where he obtained assistance, and buried the bodies of his companion and their foes in one grave.

FISTS AGAINST MUSKETS.

During the retreat from Bull Run a large bony backwoodsman from Michigan remained behind to assist a wounded comrade, and was surrounded by four Secessionists. Throwing aside his musket, the Michigander exclaimed—

"You darnation scoundrels! I can lick you without my shooting iron."

And suiting the action to the word, Jonathan "went in" by planting his burly fists between the eyes of one of the enemy, knocking him over. One more stroke, well aimed, laid the second in the dust, while the third received a *stunner* upon the proboscis which made him kiss the earth; and probably the fourth would have met a similar fate had he not, with the butt of his gun, knocked Jonathan over. The gallant Michigander was stunned by the blow, when his capture was easily accomplished.

KILLED IN ACTION.

It was the day of Cedar Mountain. Crawford had such scanty numbers that the cavalry was formed as a first line of battle, supporting the advance batteries. The audacity of the movement seemed to puzzle the enemy; for, instead of pushing us hard and driving back our feeble force, the whole morning was spent in slowly feeling their way into position, only now and then pitching a few harmless shell in our direction. Besides, they had about as good ground to fight on where they were as they could find further on; and they were probably ignorant what forces we might have upon their flanks. From sunrise until half past three in the afternoon we stood there wearily, only moving by squadrons to water and detaching carbineers as skirmishers. Across the

fields, which rose in graceful undulations, we could faintly discern the columns of rebel cavalry and infantry moving from wood to wood, in the direction of our left. We were so placed that we could see nothing but the rebels, the Rhode Island Cavalry formed near us, and one battery in sections on the rise of the hill behind us.

At three o'clock we had gathered some oats and wheat harvested in the adjoining field, and were feeding them to our horses in addition to the corn-blades among which we stood, when the rebel batteries were moved by hand over the brow of the hill in front, and opened upon us with great rapidity of fire and accuracy of aim. Our skirmishers in the meantime were sharply engaged with theirs; and, notwithstanding their disadvantage in being mounted and having merely the short carbine, did considerable execution, losing only one horse. They kept their enemy nervously making little rushes forward as they fired, and falling back to load, so that the rebels began to fire wilder and wilder. At last there was an advance in force, and they opened with grape upon this scattered line. Our men came back like a whirlwind, completely obscured by dust, and fell into their places in the ranks. Now the battery which our regiment was supporting began to show its brilliant qualities. I think that it was L battery, First New York Artillery, but am not positive. Its sections, one above the other, either concentrated their fire or distributed it as circumstances required; and from the first shot to the last almost every missile did its duty. An officer of ours, who was out with skirmishers on our right, was so placed that he could see the effects of the fire on a brigade who were lying behind a hill waiting to charge upon the battery. For a few seconds they lay under the fire. Those few seconds cost them thirty men; and as they sprang up to run away they were swept even more fearfully. The force broke, and was not, I believe, re-formed during the engagement.

While the battery was doing its work we were doing

ours—the unpleasantest duty that can be imposed. We had to sit in our saddles, motionless and helpless, exposed to a tremendous fire, and unable to return a shot. Out of the woods in our front the sharpshooters of the rebel brigade had been sent to "*disperse that cavalry.*" Fortunately for us our lieutenant-colonel was an old soldier, and had chosen our place as none but an old soldier would. The corn-field was, as I have said, full of little undulations. Just in front of us was a hollow, and beyond it a rising ground. If we had been in the hollow, though covered from the sharpshooters, we should have been raked by the artillery; and the hilltop was of course bad. So we stood to the rear of the hollow, on the rise of the hill; so that those in front, unconscious of this wide depression, must have thought us so much nearer to them, and have regulated their aim accordingly. This I imagine to have been the case, for a perfect storm of bullets swept across the brow of the hill, and struck up the dust at our horses' feet. Simultaneously balls come whirring through the air just above our heads, causing a shock to the nerves similar to that occasioned by a covey of quail starting from beneath our feet, and causing a good many of the men to dodge and twist a little in their saddles. I was remarking this fact indignantly to the major, when, "Nonsense!" was his reply. "Why, I dodge myself!" of which he immediately gave an illustration. I looked around, and there were General Banks and his staff also bending gracefully to and fro. I therefore concluded that the fire was regarded as hot and heavy.

"Steady in the first squadron! Steady, there, I say! What are you about?" sang out the major's clear, stern voice.

As he moved to check an apparent confusion, a man made his way out of the ranks—a little pale, perhaps, but otherwise as usual.

"What are you doing leaving the ranks, sir?"

"The man saluted him quietly, and answered "Hit, sir." He had a "pretty" sharp clip from a rifle-ball.

"Go to the rear and get dressed," said the major.

The line was dressed again without need of commands, and there we stood again as calmly as ever under fire. But now the men began to suffer, and the horses especially had been struck several times. The battery had dismounted a gun which had been run up to the sharpshooters, to open on us with canister, but the rifle-balls and the shell were becoming more and more accurate in their aim. Bayard turned and spoke to Banks. We heard the Major-general answer, "They stand it like veterans. I shall myself show these their new position when I move them." Presently the order came, "Platoons, right about wheel!" and at a walk, without breaking a rank, we steadily moved back, crossing the exposed hill-top and descending on the other side, where we again formed. But now our whole first line was falling back upon Banks's corps, which had been formed as it had come up behind us; and the enemy had succeeded in planting a battery upon Cedar Mountain, which completely enfiladed our position. Over the brow of the hill and from the left flank, the shriek of the shell thrilled our ears, and all along the line they burst with a sound that, once heard, can never be forgotten.

The battery—one piece dismounted and half the horses killed—limbered up and moved off. Taking down the fence in our rear and that into the road at our right, the regiment again made an about, and retired a second time in line. That was the most trying time of all that day. The enemy's range was perfect, and with every discharge each man wondered how he had escaped. The apprehension of immediate death was strong in every soul, and yet the line moved over that uneven ground better than it could have done on drill. Not an attempt was made to break ranks or to straggle, even when comrades went down on either hand. Oh! how proud we were of the

men, and how cheerfully and confidently all the officers ever after gave their orders, certain that they would be obeyed!

As the chaplain, who had occasionally been riding along the ranks, endeavoring to cheer the men, while his services were not yet required in the hospital, turned from helping to clear away the fence, a man from the left came by, leading two or three horses.

"Where are you going from the field?"

"It's the lieutenant, sir. A shell has struck him, and the boys are carrying him, while I take the horses."

"Who? Not A———?" ejaculated the chaplain anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Here he comes."

And there lay the poor boy, almost a child in look, and a sort of pet among officers and men, pale and stunned, in the arms of some of his platoon, his right leg nearly severed from his body. The crushed and torn muscles showed among them the broken bone, and the blood dropped slowly to the ground, mingling with the dust. To get him into an ambulance and drive back to the hospital seemed fearfully long for all; and I think that the men felt every jolt almost as sharply as did he. Behind a wood was spread out the ghastly apparatus of military surgery, and the poor boy was removed as quickly as circumstances would permit to the neighborhood of the table. As he lay in the chaplain's arms he seemed to recognize the voice that spoke to him, and with the gaspings of a dying man he whispered—

"Oh, chaplain, if I could only pray!"

"Shall I pray for you?"

"Yes."

And the chaplain put up those exquisite petitions in the Episcopal service for the visitation of the sick.

A———'s lips moved as if he were following the words of the petition to the very end. Then he was lifted on the table, the sponge of chloroform applied, and the

ghastly work of amputation performed. He never recovered from the shock. His mind wandered again to the action, and he uttered words of command to his men. At last, with a feeble motion of the hand, he made an effort to ejaculate "Star-spangled banner!" These were his last words. The shells of the enemy came plunging through the wood, and struck against the fence behind which our hospital was established. A——— was placed in an ambulance, beside B———, who had been hit almost at the same moment; and the whole establishment moved back to a house in the rear. Scarcely had he been removed from the vehicle when he quietly breathed his last. He lies buried in Culpepper, in the southwest corner of our military graveyard, while his cousin H—— sleeps at Harrisonburg, awaiting the same general resurrection.

DRAWING RATIONS.

There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse, in some measure, the ennui of camp life. A farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of the "boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from the field. He bore it some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going round to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvellously like those that the gude wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potato."

"I thought you said you drew them."

"Did! we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you. But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the commissary?"

"Nothing easier. *Draw 'em by the tops, mostly!* Sometimes by a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum! Yes! I understand! Well, see here, if you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for the farmer. The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from that field afterward.

HADN'T HEARD OF THE WAR.

After Western Virginia had been for some months the theatre of active operations, a scout going out through the woods near Elkwater, on picket duty, accidentally espied, away in a dark ravine, a little log hut. Anticipating a hearty meal, he rode up to the house, and an old woman, with a face like a pig's, came out looking the picture of consternation. The soldier dismounted, and asked for something to eat.

"What! wittles?" exclaimed the horrible looking crea-

ture. "Whar did you come from, and what be a sojer doin' here?"

"Well, I came from Indianapolis, and be after something to eat. Are there any secesh in these parts?"

"Any what?"

"Secesh."

"Why, gracious, what's them?"

"Are you and your folks for the Union?"

"Why, sartin. That's the old man, neow."

Just at this moment there came a gaunt-eyed, slim-livered, carnivorous, yellow skinned, mountain Virginian —no doubt one of the first families.

"Look heah," continued the old woman, "this 'ere sojer wants to know if you be Union."

The old fellow looked more astonished than the woman at the soldier. In the course of the conversation the soldier inquired what the old man thought of the war.

"What war?" exclaimed the old fellow; "the Revolution?"

"Yes, the rebellion, we call it."

"Oh, why, we gin the Britishers fits, didn't we?"

It was evident the old man knew nothing of the rebellion going on. When asked if he heard the fight the other day, only six miles from his home, he opened his eyes and said that he heard it *thunderin* mighty loud, but couldn't see no clouds, and didn't know what to make of it."

AN IMPROMPTU DUEL.

A Michigander being out on advanced picket duty one day, came in sight of a South Carolina rebel, also on similar duty, when the following dialogue and *duel* took place.

Michigan. "Hallo, South Carolina, how are you, to-day?"

South Carolina. "Pretty well, thank you. How are all the Yankees?"

M. "So so. What's the news over in Dixie?"

S. "Nothing in particular, only we have got some rifles now that will out-shoot your Yankee guns, all hollow."

M. "Don't believe the yarn. You *seceshers* brag too much. Can't fool your pap on that trigger."

S. "Suppose, then, you and I just take a few private passes at each other to settle that little question. What say you?"

M. "Agreed. Forty rods and three shots each."

The question then arose as to the preliminaries, &c., there being no parties present to act as seconds. These were, however, soon settled by South Carolina *giving Michigan a gold dollar for the first three shots!* The parties then took their positions, and South Carolina blazed away his three shots at Michigan, who stood erect and pointed out to South Carolina the direction each of his shots had taken. Michigan escaped unhurt, and now came his turn to fire. South Carolina, to his credit be it said, stood erect, and received Michigan's first shot in the thigh, which brought him down upon the ground.

"Hellow, old fellow, none of that," said Michigan, "no dodging the question; stand up like a man, will you? *You owe me two d—d good shots,* and you must pay them, mind that, or no more bragging about *chivalry.*"

But South Carolina, having one leg broken already by a shot from Michigan's unerring Minie musket, could not stand on *both* pegs of his chivalry, and, therefore, *squatted,* and consequently cheated our honest Michigander out of *"two d—d good shots,"* and thus ended this funny impromptu duel.

HOW IKE BARKER WAS WHIPPED.

Upon a certain day, somewhere about the middle of August, 1862, we were stationed on the side of a hill, in a thick wood commanding a full view of the main road. I was sent that morning to stand guard on the other side of the hill, a quarter of a mile distant. In front of me was a large meadow inclosed by a worm fence, which cornered about two hundred yards from where I stood, and then took off at a right angle and was lost to view in a deep hollow beyond. There was a small stream running through the meadow, which seemed to take its rise in the corner before-mentioned. The weather was intensely hot, and I was very thirsty. The water in my canteen was warm, and did me no good. "I have a great notion," soliloquized I, "to go and fill my canteen at the spring yonder, if there is one." I knew this would not be allowed; our sergeant had given me particular orders not to expose myself in the clearing, as there was danger of my being picked off by some of the enemy's pickets, who were supposed to be in the neighborhood. My thirst, however, became so intolerable, I determined to risk it.

I left my knapsack at the root of a tree, and taking my rifle and canteen, stepped boldly out into the open ground, and soon reached the fence. I crept cautiously along it until I reached the corner; here I paused for a few minutes and listened intently, but could hear nothing. I stood my rifle in the corner of the fence, and sprang lightly over. There was a piece of level green sward in the corner of the field, which broke off suddenly into a deep, rocky gorge. In approaching the edge I discovered a steep, narrow path leading to the bottom. I carefully descended, soon reaching the bottom, and turning the angle of a large rock discovered, as I expected, the spring, and close beside it, to my utter astonishment,

sat a rebel soldier smoking his pipe. He did not seem to be the least disconcerted at my appearance, but coolly taking the pipe from his mouth, surveyed me intently for a few minutes.

"Hallo, Yankee!" said he, "how many's of ye?"

"I am alone," I replied.

"All right," said the rebel, resuming his pipe and puffing away vigorously. "Water, eh?" continued he, pointing toward the spring. "There it is, cool as ice, clear as glass, and plenty in it. Help yourself."

I accordingly took his advice, stepped to the spring, and filling my canteen, took a hearty drink of the cool, delicious beverage. I then refilled my canteen, and prepared to depart, not relishing the close proximity of my new acquaintance.

"On picket duty, eh?" inquired the rebel.

I answered in the affirmative.

"Ditto here," said secesh.

"Well, I'll bid you good day," said I. "I must get back to my post, or I shall be missed."

"Ditto again," said the rebel; "but don't be in a hurry, Yankee, I am going to start myself, and we'll be company." The rebel then arose, knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and placed it carefully in the lining of his hat.

"Go ahead, Yankee," pointing to the pathway. "I'll foller."

I did not like the appearance of my new acquaintance. He was a man of herculean proportions, and there was a look in his eye that I thought boded mischief. I, however, started up the narrow path, and soon reached the level sward, closely followed by secesh.

"Yankee," said he, placing his heavy hand on my shoulder, "them's a darn'dnation good pair of shoes you have on, a mighty good pair of shoes, powerful. Number tens, ain't they?"

I told him I believed they were that number.

"I knew it," said he, nodding his head. "I was sure on it. Number ten is just my fit. What will you take for them, Yankee?"

I told him I did not wish to sell them, as they were the only pair I had.

"Look here, Yankee," said he, meaningly, "I need them shoes, and I'm bound to have 'em. I might take you along, shoes and all, to our camp, but then I mightn't get them, and I might kill you and take the shoes, but I ain't in that sort of business. Now I'll tell you what I'll do, Yankee. I'll give you a eight for your shoes in Alabama money, good as wheat in the mill. You'd better take it, for I'm bound to have them shoes anyhow!"

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Rebel," said I, for I began to be rather nettled, "I won't sell the shoes, and if you think you can get them in any other way, just try it on."

"Hurrah for you, Yankee," said he, nodding approvingly. "You're pluck to the backbone, but it ain't no use; here's what'll settle the hash at once," and, thrusting his hand into his bosom, he drew forth a large bowie-knife, and pointing it towards me, said, "Now, Yankee, I axes you for the last time, will you give up the shoes?"

"No," said I, "I wont; I'll die first."

"Then die and be d—d," roared he, making a sudden plunge at my breast; but I was too quick for him. I sprang nimbly back, and with my right foot gave him a violent kick on the hand. It sent the knife spinning into the air; in its descent it struck a rock and bounded far away into the hollow beneath.

"Well, Yankee," said the rebel, rubbing his hands, "you think you've done it now, don't you! Them's mighty strong soles on them shoes of yourn, powerful strong; but it only makes me the more anxious to get them; you think, because the knife's gone, you're safe; but you ain't; here's what'll choke the life out of you in double quick time," opening and shutting his fingers. "Do you know who I am? I'm Ike Barker, I am, the

Alabama ring-tail-roarer, half horse, half alligator, the other half boa-constrictor, never was whopp'd or laid on my back by man or mortal. Yankee," continued he, drawing off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, "look at this; there's muscle, there's sinners; this," said he, crooking and straightening his arm, "is the axletree of the world; and this," baring his other arm, "is the sledge-hammer of destruction; you may be a pretty good man among Yankees, but I'm a man among men, and I jest tell you what it is, if you don't give up them shoes at once, you're a gone sucker; that's what you are."

"There is only one way for you to get the shoes," replied I, "and that is to come and take them. But I warn you, you will be very apt to get hurt."

"Darn the odds," replied he, "I ain't afeared. Now look out for yourself, Yankee, for I'm down on you like a thousand of bricks."

So saying, he stepped a step or two back, sprang lightly up, and came bounding towards me; then, stopping suddenly, before I was aware of it, caught me round the waist, and threw me heavily to the ground. But you know, George, it is pretty hard to hold me down in a scuffle; I was on my feet again in an instant, and had disengaged myself from my powerful antagonist. We once more stood face to face on the green sward.

"Well, Yankee," said he, eying me curiously, "you're some in a bar fight, I swar you are! But I'll have them shoes yet, I will, by thunder."

And again he stepped back, preparatory to making another rush at me. I did not wait for him to come on this time, but, rushing in, planted my right fist heavily between his eyes, which nearly knocked him down. I endeavored to follow up with my left, but did not quite reach him, and he again closed with me. This time we took a fair back hold. This was my favorite mode of wrestling, and you know, George, I have wrestled with some of the best men in the country with that hold, and

never have been thrown on my back yet. But I got my match this time. I strained every nerve, tried every manœuvre, but all to no purpose; he was my equal in science, and had the advantage of me in strength.

Our deadly struggle had now brought us close to the edge of the gorge, my strength was fast leaving me, and I knew, unless something was done at once, I should soon be as the rebel predicted—"a gone sucker!" The ground on which we were now struggling sloped towards the gorge. I was on the lower side. The rebel pressed me hard, thinking to throw me over. I suddenly let go my hold, slipped down through his arms, caught him by the legs, and, with an almost superhuman effort, threw him over my head, falling on the ground at the same time myself nearly exhausted. When I again rose to my feet I saw my antagonist *hors de combat.*

In his fall his head had struck a rock, and there he lay stunned and hardly able to move. I picked up my canteen, and hurrying down to the spring, I took a hearty drink of the cool, delicious water; then, securing the rebel's bowie-knife, which I had the good fortune to find, I again ascended to look after my fallen antagonist. He'd contrived to raise himself into a sitting posture, and was rubbing his eyes and groaning fearfully.

"Hullo," said I, "secesh! how are you getting on?"

He looked at me confusedly for a while, like one awakened from a dream, then, shaking his head dolefully, he exclaimed, in a lugubrious voice—

"Ike Barker's whopped! Whopped, too, by a cussed Yankee. O—o—oh!"

"How is it about the shoes?" said I, preparing to take my leave.

"It's all up with them," said he, shaking his head, "gone, gone! Number tens, too! Just my fit! O—o—oh! bo! bo!"

I handed him his canteen of water, and left him groaning and bemoaning the loss of the new shoes. I found

my rifle where I had left it, and soon regained my post, quite satisfied to be so well rid of my powerful antagonist.

LIFE AT ELK HORN TAVERN.

On the 10th of November, 1862, the writer was ordered from Springfield, Missouri, to Elk Horn Tavern to take command of the first and second battalions of the First Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers, then holding the post. At that time, the second and third divisions of the Army of the Frontier had fallen back into Missouri, and the first, Gen. Blunt commanding, was in camp on Lindsey's Prairie, near the line between northwestern Arkansas and the Cherokee Nation. Elk Horn Tavern, situated on Pea Ridge, Arkansas, and itself the centre of the fiercest fighting of the three days' conflict of March of that year, is a rude old-fashioned structure, on the Virginian model of a hundred years gone. Its overhanging roof and capacious chimneys, built up sturdily from the outside, as though scorning modern improvements, gave it an air of comfort, and in the days of the over-land mail, its good cheer was most ample.

At the time we mention, it was an outpost for the main body of the Army of the Frontier, then lying from forty to fifty miles east of it. Gen. Blunt was forty miles nearly due west, but relied on this post to facilitate his dispatches to Gen. Curtis, commanding the Department of Missouri.

The military telegraph had lately been continued to Elk Horn, and it was therefore of great importance to hold the post.

There was no intermediate office between Elk Horn and Springfield—strange, too, that there was none at Cassville—and had the post been abandoned, two days' hard riding by messengers, with all the delays and dangers incident thereto, would have been added to the

vexations—always numerous enough—of keeping up a long line of communication. Moreover, the place was threatened by guerrillas, an insignificant enemy when the movements of a grand army are considered, but by no means to be sneered at in defending outposts, generally weak in numbers, and always hazardous in position.

Such was Elk Horn Tavern—*a town of one house*—on the 14th day of November, 1862. Scarcely had the writer arrived, when information came in that the wires had been cut. Keitsville, as pestiferous a place as can be found above ground, lay ten miles northeasterly, and a detachment was at once sent up the road to trace the depredators and repair damages. The evidences of the mischief were discovered near the town referred to, but the wily rascals who caused it had taken to the "brush." Administering some wholesome advice to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, that closed with the significant intimation that if the offence was repeated, not a house would be left standing for miles along the highway, the officer in command returned with his party to Elk Horn. The threat had its effect, and for weeks the line was undisturbed.

On the morning of the 15th, a scouting party was sent out under the command of Captain W—. of company H, to scour the country adjacent to White River, to rescue five men who had recently been captured by Ingraham's band, and, if possible, "take in" Ingraham himself. While out, there occurred a fight in the dark. Ingraham, however, was not captured, and still continued his robbing and retreating. The same day were furnished twenty-five men to escort the daughters of Isaac Murphy to their home in Huntsville, forty miles distant. On the morrow, arriving within a mile and a half of the place, it was deemed prudent to allow the young ladies to go on alone. There were no appearances of danger, no rumors afloat, and the men were permitted to dismount. They had stopped at the base of a small hill, near an intersection

of roads, and the surrounding country was favorable for a surprise. Suddenly between sixty and seventy horsemen dashed in upon them. A few sprang into the saddle. Others were unable to, and took to the woods, and still others were captured. A feeble resistance was made, and those who escaped were very much inclined to say, each to the other, *put not your trust in appearances.*

The detachment, save the prisoners, seven in number, came finally into camp, and all reports concurred in the fact, that the attack was made by regulars aided by a number of home guards. The information was important enough to warrant reconnoitring, and accordingly, on the 17th inst., Major Johnson, commanding the first battalion, was sent out with a detachment of two hundred men, with orders to penetrate as far as Huntsville if he should consider it prudent to do so, at all events to ascertain whether any considerable force had actually moved up from below. Such a demonstration was not improbable, for many of the Missourians in the Trans-Mississippi army were known to be disaffected, and clamoring for an advance in the direction of their homes. Starting in a severe rain storm that continued for thirty-six hours without cessation, Major Johnson forded White River with difficulty, and then pushed on rapidly towards Huntsville. When within ten miles of the town, he was met by loyal citizens, known to be such, who confirmed the surmises then current at Elk Horn, even among citizens of Huntsville, that there was at that place at least a brigade of rebel soldiery.

Major Johnson now threw out his scouts, placing a trusty officer in charge, who reported a confirmation of the previous statements, and added to their definiteness by rehearsing the story of certain persons, who declared solemnly that they had themselves seen cannon in the streets of Huntsville, pointed in the direction in which the Federals were expected to approach. The White River was now rising rapidly, and the danger of being

cut off serious, in case a retreat should become necessary. Those who ought to know had informed Major Johnson of the condition of affairs at Huntsville, and having been ordered out to reconnoitre simply, he wisely concluded to return before the White River should effectually bar him. His command were compelled to swim the stream, as it was, and two horses were drowned.

But the sequel showed how a party of reconnoissance can be deceived. There had only been at Huntsville those who attacked the escort, mostly Jackman's men, and these secretly made their way into Missouri, directly after the skirmish. Madame Rumor, and citizens whose selfish fear of a foraging party was more powerful than their patriotism, ruled the hour, and dispatches were forwarded to head-quarters that would have answered very well as addenda to "The Arabian Nights" or "Sinbad the Sailor."

There were at this time in confinement at Elk Horn, certain citizens of Arkansas, against whom charges had been preferred for offences known to military law.

Among them was one John Bell. On the morning of the 16th, his wife drove within the pickets, accompanied by a lady well dressed and intelligent. Her conduct exciting the suspicion of a refugee at Elk Horn, she was arrested. Of course, she must know why, and expressed very great surprise that she should be so severely dealt with. She declared positively that she came simply as a companion to Mrs. Bell, and to aid in effecting the release of her husband. Moreover, that she had left her "little one" at Fayetteville, and was very anxious to return to him. Upon further inquiry the "little one" proved to be a boy *thirteen years of age*, and her general conduct continuing to be suspicious, it was concluded that she would "do to hold."

The tavern was occupied in part by the wife and family of its owner, then in the rebel army, and with them Mrs. Vestal was domiciled. She was frequently observed

looking searchingly down the Fayetteville road, and often inquired for newspapers, always wishing the latest. Like a true student of the times, she invariably scanned the telegraphic columns first, and seemed to be deeply interested in the war budget. She was a puzzle to us all, and on the 17th, Capt. H——, of Texas, then at Elk Horn with a number of Texans, who were making their way homeward with the view of raising a regiment, was granted the privilege of taking such a course as he might choose to adopt for the purpose of ascertaining her real character. By arrangement, it was represented to Mrs. Vestal that an imprisoned Texan captain wished, if agreeable, to have an interview with her. It had been previously ascertained that she had travelled in Texas, and the request was eagerly acceded to. Arrayed in "butternut" of the most approved color, Capt. H—— was marched to her apartment under guard, the sentry remaining at the door. He introduced himself as Captain Watrous, of Hunt County, a veritable officer in the rebel army, and soon acquired her confidence. She now informed him that she had left Van Buren on the Tuesday previous; that between twenty thousand and thirty thousand men were assembled there and in the vicinity; that the cavalry advance was at Cane Hill, and that thirty days' rations were being prepared for a forward movement.

She further exhorted him to be of good cheer; told him that he need not be uneasy about his situation, and that if he should reach the Confederate army before she did, he must not fail to inform a certain Missouri regiment of her arrest and detention.

"But, captain," at length shrewdly suggested his fair confidant, "I did not see you in the guard-house this morning when I visited it with Mrs. Bell."

"Oh! I am an officer," was the ready reply, "and they allow me the liberty of the camps." But the position was becoming critical, and Watrous thought it about

time to beat a retreat. He therefore excused himself, not wishing to intrude too much upon the lady's time, and signifying to the guard his readiness to be taken away, bowed himself out, and was formally marched off. The following morning, this Vestal, in name at least, was taken to Cassville, thence to be forwarded to the Provost Marshal General, at Springfield. Mrs. Bell remained at Elk Horn long enough to find out that her husband could not return with her, when she departed for home, a sadder but a wiser women. While Mrs. Vestal's case was under consideration, and a military commission was sitting, events were thickening below.

On the 15th, General Blunt had telegraphed that Marmaduke, with five thousand cavalry and four pieces of artillery, was at Rhea's Mill on the 14th, and that Hindman with a large infantry force was coming up from Mulberry Creek to join him. He, nevertheless, expressed the determination to fight them, but desired active scouting in the direction of Elm Springs, Fayetteville, and the White River. The enemy, however, fell back across the Boston Mountains, and for a time it was thought by those who wear the stars, that he would retreat, not only to Van Buren, but thence to Little Rock. These conjectures proved to be incorrect. Marmaduke again advanced, and General Blunt, to cripple the enemy before they should be able to concentrate, made a forced march of thirty-five miles, and attacked the rebel cavalry at Cane Hill, driving them back in disorder to the Boston Mountains. He now took a position and awaited developments. It soon became apparent that Hindman was intending a general advance, and dispatches for head-quarters came "thick and fast" to Elk Horn.

Though General Blunt is the personification of bravery, and, when the danger was imminent of being attacked by far superior numbers, could characteristically predict "one of the d—dest fights or foot races ever heard of," he was not unmindful of the necessity for reinforcements.

More than once he telegraphed to bring forward the second and third divisions, but their advance was tardy, and when General Herron arrived at Elk Horn at noon, on the 5th of December, Blunt's pickets were engaging the rebel vanguard. While these events were passing, the cavalry at Elk Horn were not idle.

Orders were received to scout thoroughly to Yelville, seventy-five miles in one direction; to Huntsville, forty-five miles in another; and indefinitely towards Fayetteville, and beyond.

Formal instruction from the commanding officer showed, as was expected, but two battalions of cavalry, who had never been *one hour* in a camp of instruction; and, though now in the service from eight to nine months, under the most distressing circumstances, and called out by special order from the War Department, had, up to this time, been only partially clothed—there was not an overcoat in the line—and had never been paid. Added to this, they were not attached to any division in the Army of the Frontier. Campaigning by itself, the regiment was ordered first by one general and then another—the innocent shuttlecok between distant battledoors.

But the men knew the country where they were operating. They were on their native hills, again, and were active and zealous in their efforts to support that government, loyalty to which had caused them so much suffering. Scouting was maintained with vigor. Frequent inroads were made into the enemy's country—a party striking here to-day and there to-morrow—now moving around Fayetteville, and driving in Marmaduke's pickets at Cane Hill, and again dashing into Huntsville, or fighting the "bushwhackers" of Carroll County after their own method. At the same time men were needed to keep open telegraphic communication with the East, and occasionally to forward messages of the first importance to General Blunt.

Within the lines of the post, matters were more quiet.

The "tavern" soon became a central point for the neighborhood, many of the citizens being attracted to it by their own necessities, and some, no doubt, from motives that would not bear the test of scrutiny. Women on horseback, with boys *en croupe*, and sacks in their hands, clamored for salt. Twenty-five cents a quart, payable in eggs, butter, chickens, money, the genuine ringing silver, *anything* for the saline treasure. Had Lot's wife been crystallized at Elk Horn, the monument of her disobedience would have been hailed *as manna from above*.

We had taken with us, for individual use, a bushel of "fine table," and it so happened that just at that time no one else had any to spare. The persistent women soon found this out, and we were compelled to go to bartering for our mess. It availed nothing to insist that we had already traded for fifteen chickens, had ten quails, and *more* butter and eggs than we knew what to do with.

"No, you must give me at least a quart. You have sold Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith some, and I need it as much as they do. Now you haven't got any pies, and I've some of the nicest you ever saw. I dried the peaches *myself*." We took the pies, and when that bushel of salt disappeared, made light drafts on the commissary.

Prisoners were frequently brought in, poor, ignorant, deluded men, the rough work of the rebellion. Examinations were protracted or otherwise, according to circumstances, and, aside from their revelation of the dark phases of this revolt, the terrible effect of secession upon the poor and confiding, their occasional ludicrousness is deserving possibly of a passing notice.

"What is your name?" said the provost-marshal to one of them.

"Which?"

"What is your name, I say?" repeated the officer.

"Still."

"I know; but what is your first name?"

"J."

"No, it isn't," chimed in his wife, pettishly. "Lilburn J. Can't you understand the provo?"

"Well," continued the marshal, "what does the J. stand for?"

"I don't know, I'm no scholar," replied the imperturbable Still.

"That all may be," said the marshal, now a little vexed, "but you *certainly* must know what that J. means."

"I don't, sir; I didn't put it there. You'll have to ask pap, I reckon."

The provost-marshal, now concluding that some other person would certainly have to be interrogated before the point could be cleared up, proceeded with the other features of the case.

One day in December, the pickets brought in a seedy, sallow, vagabond-looking individual, wearing an old straw hat, and clothed otherwise in the ubiquitous "butternut." He represented himself as from Lawrence County, Missouri, whither he was travelling with a sick wife. Further inquiry drew from him the assertion that he had been conscripted into the rebel service, and belonged to Bryant's battalion. He seemed familiar also with the topography of Benton County, and spoke freely of prominent rebels living there.

When brought to headquarters, it so happened that a lieutenant from Benton County was in the room. While questioning the man pretty sharply, Capt. W——, likewise from Benton, came to the door.

Hearing his own name mentioned, and seeing at once what was going on, a sly wink from the lieutenant turned the case over to him.

"Where did you say you have been?"

"In the Southern army; I was conscripted."

"Where do you live?"

"In Lawrence County, Missouri, when I am to home."

"They don't conscript up there," continued the captain.

"Well, I run down har to git out of the way of the army, and they picked me up," replied the prisoner, not at all disturbed.

"You are acquainted in Benton County, I understand?"

"I am that," with emphasis.

"You mentioned Wimpy's name a little while ago. Wimpy, Wimpy!" said the captain thoughtfully, "what Wimpy was that?"

"Dick Wimpy. He's a 'Fed' captain."

"You know him, of course, when you see him," continued the captain inquiringly, and looking him steadily in the face.

"I reckon I do," replied the prisoner, with a confident air. "I was at his house oncst; but I know his wife a heap better than I do him. He was away most of the time."

This was consoling, but the captain, seeing that he was not recognized, began again.

"Were the 'rebs' after Wimpy?"

Prisoner, knowingly, "You better believe. They watched his house."

"Who watched it?"

"Wilson Woodward was one."

"Anybody else?"

"I can't remember, now."

Captain (still a little curious to see if the fellow did really know anything about him, for he told the truth when he mentioned Wilson Woodward) "What sort of a fellow is this Wimpy?"

"Well, he's a brave chap. I'd bet on him *quicker 'an I would on five aces.*"

The captain's modesty now overcame him, and he beat a retreat, not, however, until he had informed the forward individual that he was the veritable Wimpy in question.

Five minutes afterward a blank countenance went to the guard house.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY PRISON.

Towards the close of the year 1863, the Union officers confined in the Libby Prison at Richmond, Va., conceived the idea of effecting their own exchange, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance towards a sewer running into the basin. This they proposed to do by commencing at a point in the cellar, near a chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above this hospital was a room for officers, and above that, yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and the prisoners who were in the secret improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavating operations.

The dirt was hid under the straw and other refuse matter in the cellar, and it was trampled down so as not to present so great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance under ground it was found difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it and it was run into the tunnel, and as soon as filled, was drawn out and the dirt deposited under the straw, but after hard work and digging with finger nails, knives, and chisels a number of feet, the working party found themselves stopped by piles driven in the ground. These were at least a foot in diameter. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other articles that would cut were called for, and after chipping, chipping, chipping for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnellers commenced again, and in a few moments reached the sewer.

But here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewers and the flow of filthy water was so great that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead then alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others besides those who had first thought of escape, and then a party of seventeen, after viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey Street. On the opposite side of this street from the prison was a sort of a damaged house or out-house, and the project was to dig under the street and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of this fence. The prisoners then commenced to dig at the other side of the chimney, and after a few handfuls of dirt had been removed they found themselves stopped by a stone wall, which proved afterward to be three feet thick. The party were by no means undaunted, and with penknives and pocketknives they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar.

After nineteen days and nights' hard work they again struck the earth beyond the wall, and pushed their work forward. Here, too (after they had got some distance under ground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging for some days, the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at, and in order to, if possible, test the matter, Captain Gallagher, of the Second Ohio Regiment, pretended that he had a box in the carriage-house, over the water, and desired to search it out. This carriage-house, it is proper to state, was used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to prisoners from the North, and the recipients were often allowed to go, under guard, across the street, to secure their property. Captain Gallagher was granted permission to go there, and as he walked across, under guard, he, as well as he

could, paced off the distance, and concluded that the street was about fifty feet wide.

On the 6th or 7th of February, 1864, the working party supposed they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upwards. When near the surface they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were some two or three feet yet outside the fence.

The displacing of a stone made considerable noise, and one of the sentries called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. This hole was stopped up by inserting into the crevice a pair of old pantaloons filled with straw, and bolstering the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, &c., of the prison. The tunnel was then continued only six or seven feet more, and when the working party supposed they were about ready to emerge into daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away. Others refused, fearing the consequences if they were re-captured; and others yet declined to make the attempt, because, as they said, they did not desire to have their government back down from its enunciated policy of exchange.

About 8½ o'clock on the evening of the 9th the prisoners started out, Colonel Rose, of New York, leading the van. Before starting, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three, and four, and each squad was to take a different route, and after they were out, were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party was to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and consequently, the rope ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar.

Colonel W. P Kendrick, of West Tennessee; Captain D. J. Jones, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieutenant R. Y. Bradford, of the Second West Tennessee, were detailed as a rear guard, or rather to go out last; and from a window Colonel Kendrick and his companions could see the fugitives walk out of a gate at the other end of the inclosure of the carriage house, and fearlessly move off. The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made a considerable noise in getting to their respective quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus was again commenced. Colonel Kendrick and his companions looked with some trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out of the inclosure into the glare of the gas-light. Many of them were, however, in citizen's dress, and as all the rebel guards wear the United States uniform, but little suspicion could be excited, even if the fugitives had been accosted by a guard.

Between one and two o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety, until such time as they would be able to move on their journey. At half-past two o'clock Captain Jones, Colonel Kendrick and Lieutenant Bradford passed out in the order they were named, and as Colonel Kendrick emerged from the hole he heard the guard within a few feet of him sing out, "Post No. 7, half-past two in the morning, and all's well." Col. Kendrick says he could hardly resist the temptation of saying, "Not so well as you think, except for the Yanks." Lieutenant Bradford, who was intrusted with the provisions for his squad, and

could not get through with his haversack upon him, was therefore obliged to leave it behind.

Once out, they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passed eastwardly through the city.

A description of the route pursued by this party, and of the tribulations through which they passed, will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it. Colonel Kendrick had, before leaving the prison, mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one towards Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer rebel pickets in that direction.

While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Colonel Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunate, too, was that fall for him and his party, for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up, and saw in a direct line with them a swamp bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing over the bridge. They therefore moved some distance to the south, and, after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here now was a difficulty. The river was only twenty feet wide, but it was very deep, and the refugees were worn-out and fatigued. Chancing, however, to look up, Lieut. Bradford saw that two trees had fallen on either side of the river, and that their branches were interlocked. By crawling up one tree and down the other, the fugitives reached the east bank of the Chickahominy, and Col. Kendrick could not help remarking that he believed Providence was on their side, else they would not have met that natural bridge.

They subsequently learned, from a friendly negro, that had they crossed the bridge they had seen, they would assuredly have been recaptured, for Captain Turner, the keeper of Libby Prison, had been out, and posted guards

there, and, in fact, had alarmed the whole country, and got the people up as a vigilance committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing over this natural bridge, they lay down on the ground, and slept until sunrise on the morning of the 11th, when they continued on their way, keeping eastwardly as near as they could. Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon of the 11th, they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabouts of the rebel pickets, and furnished them with food.

Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness had set in, when they were furnished with a comfortable supper by the negroes, and after dark proceeded on their way, the negroes (who everywhere showed their friendship to the fugitives) having first directed them how to avoid the rebel pickets. That night they passed a camp of rebels, and could plainly see the smoke and camp-fire. But their wearied feet gave out, and they were compelled to stop and rest, having only marched seven miles that day.

They started again at daylight, on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the woods, they saw a negro woman working in a field, and called her to them, and from her received directions, and were told that the rebel pickets had been about there, looking for the fugitives from Libby. Here they laid low again, and resumed their journey when darkness set in, and marched five miles, but halted until the morning of the 14th, when the journey was resumed.

At one point they met a negro in the field, and she told them that her mistress was a secesh woman, and that she had a son in the rebel army. The party, however, were exceedingly hungry, and they determined to secure some food. This they did by boldly approaching the house, and informing the mistress that they were fugitives

from Norfolk, who had been driven out by Butler, and the secesh sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them of her substance, and started them on their way with directions how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity. This information was exceedingly valuable to the refugees, for by it they discovered the whereabouts of the Federal forces.

When about fifteen miles from Williamsburg, the party came upon the main road, and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper found by Captain Jones satisfied him that they were Union cavalry, but his companions were suspicious, and avoided the road and moved forward, and at the "Burnt Ordinary" (about ten miles from Williamsburg) awaited the return of the cavalry that had moved up the road, and from behind a fence corner where they were secreted, the fugitives saw the flag of the Union, supported by a squadron of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Colonel Spear's Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners.

The party rode into Williamsburg with the cavalry, where they were quartered for the night, and where they found eleven others who had escaped safely. Colonel Spear and his command furnished the officers with clothing and other necessaries.

At all points along the route was their reception by the negroes most enthusiastic, and there was no lack of white people who sympathized with them, and helped them on their way.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARKANSAS REFUGEE.

When General (then Colonel) Sigel fell back from Carthage, Mo., to Mt. Vernon, in the summer of 1861, one De Witt C. Hopkins, a refugee from Arkansas, who had

acted as the General's guide, determined to revisit his home, and if possible put himself in such an attitude that he could remain there until other opportunities should be presented to give information to the Federal army. To this end he arrayed himself in the home-spun of the country—a process, however, that required but slight modifications of his former garb—and started out alone and on a circuitous route, first for Lower Kansas and the Indian Nation. Arriving at Humboldt, he struck thence for the Neosho River, down that to Grand River, and from the latter stream wended his way to the Grand Saline (salt works) in the Cherokee Nation. He then purchased a pair of Indian ponies, with the view ostensibly of selling them to the Confederate army, when he should have reached it from below. From the Grand Saline he went to Telequah, and from thence to Maysville, Benton County, Arkansas.

Learning that the rebels were concentrating again and reorganizing their forces on Cowskin Prairie, he entered the camp from the southwest, leading one pony and riding the other. Meeting a number of old acquaintances, he regretted *very much* his inability to be at the Carthage fight, and rejoiced with them over the easy surrender of the redoubtable Teuton, who commanded at Neosho. His character as a sympathizing Indian trader giving him ready currency, he sold one of his animals, and retaining the other, passed on homeward, but soon found that he could not remain in safety. His sudden disappearance at a critical juncture had been observed, and he saw that he was an object of suspicion. A very few days, in fact, sufficed to warn him of his danger, and he was compelled to abandon his father's roof for the woods hard by.

On one occasion he was near the house, when a party of men rode suddenly up and demanded his forthcoming. Listening to their conversation with his father, he gathered enough of it to induce him to show himself, to prevent the burning of the house, but in such a way that his pre-

sence should be *felt* as well as seen. He was well mounted, an intrepid rider, and dashing past them, discharged both barrels of a shotgun, and spurred into a thicket. Attention was now directed from the house, the party riding after him, save two crippled rebels, who were the unfortunate recipients of this unexpected salutation. Escape, nevertheless, was easy, and as soon as his pursuers were baffled, young Hopkins cautiously approached the house of Small Cloud Spicer, acting Chief of the Seneca Nation. A minor, Curly Eye Butterfly, was the heir apparent, but to Small Cloud was intrusted the management of the affairs of the tribe, and Hopkins, previously acquainted with him, believed his protection to be worth the seeking. It was cheerfully, but cautiously accorded, and to avoid suspicion, a hiding place a short distance off, near the Cowskin River, was pointed out. There Hopkins secreted himself for several days, his food being brought to him by an Indian maiden, daughter of Small Cloud, when learning that his enemies had left the vicinity, he ventured to return home.

Shortly after this occurrence, a dancing party assembled at the house of a Captain Parks, in the Cherokee Nation. Ascertaining in advance that a number of rebel officers were expected to grace the occasion with their presence, Hopkins determined to attend, for the double purpose of enjoying himself and gathering information of army movements. Inviting an Indian girl, he led her in due time to the floor, but had scarcely done so when a stalwart Cherokee brushed past him in a manner that, by the customs of the tribe, could only be construed into a deliberate affront. It was so intended, in fact, for the same dusky damsel had declined him as an escort to the dance, our friend having preoccupied the ground. The insult was properly resented, and the ball came suddenly and tragically to a close. While the company had been assembling, young Hopkins learned that a movement was in contemplation against General Lyon, but not pos-

sessed of sufficient information to warrant the hazards of a trip to Union headquarters, returning home he tendered his services to General Rains. They were accepted, and he was established at headquarters, a voluntary *aide-de-camp* without rank or braid.

On the 9th of August the rebels were so to move, as to attack Springfield at daylight on the 10th, and Hopkins, becoming satisfied that such was the intention, essayed to reach the Federal lines. He was arrested, however, just outside of the rebel lines, by a patrol of Louisiana troops, and it required all his coolness and address to sustain, even partially, the character of forager for the General's mess. Considered a suspicious personage, he was taken to camp, and placed under guard, his case to be disposed of after the expected battle then absorbing attention. For various reasons, the contemplated advance on the night of the 9th was not made, and on the following morning the battle was fought at Wilson's Creek, ten miles southwesterly from Springfield. During the engagement Hopkins was kept with Woodruff's battery, but in the evening the guards left him, wild, like their comrades, over the unexpected success of the rebel arms. Springing now on to a horse, he rode rapidly homeward. Alternating between the house and the woods, he remained in the vicinity until General Fremont's arrival at Springfield, an event that hastened his departure, successfully now, to the Federal lines. Arriving at Flat Creek, he reported to Sigel, commanding the advance, and was placed at once in the corps of secret service men. In January following he was sent southward by General Curtis, then commanding the Army of the Southwest, to proceed to the Arkansas River.

The rebels then held Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri; were making extensive preparations for the battle fought afterwards at Pea Ridge, and to enter their lines, much more to pass through them to the river in question, was an undertaking as difficult as hazardous. Providing

himself with a suit of the most approved Confederate gray; dyeing his hair and whiskers; adjusting a pair of goggles; mounting a "C. S." horse, and assuming the character of a Missouri officer, returning from a recruiting expedition, he struck into the Indian Nation, and then boldly southward. It required now all his address to avoid suspicion, but his confidence increased with his peril.

Courage on the battle-field, questionable ofttimes, as advancing columns approach each other, is thoroughly roused by a few volleys, but the cool, deliberate daring of the spy—the resolution that braves reproach, ignominy, and death, belongs to men of other stamp. The services of this class are as old as war, and though the spy may occasionally fail of his object, and impart information to be received with allowances, he is indispensable, and so far as money can reward, government looks well to his interests.

At the time of which we write, Fort Smith, situated at the junction of the Arkansas and Poteau Rivers, and directly on the line between the State of Arkansas and the Choctaw Nation, was a central point in rebel scheming in the Southwest; where troops were gathered; from which news of importance to the army was set in motion, and where, within the fortress of the same name, magnates of the new Confederacy met to eat, drink, and plot treason. Here, in February, 1862, Ben McCullough sneered at Northern prowess; and here, in March, was buried, falling at Pea Ridge, before the aim of Peter Pellican, a private of Company "B," of the 36th Illinois Infantry Volunteers. The officers' mess at the fort was kept by a Mrs. Preston, and it was customary to lay the table for supper immediately after dark. Formality in coming and going was dispensed with; the place in this particular assuming more the character of a restaurant than officers' quarters. Of these peculiarities Hopkins was cognizant, and moving rapidly through the Cherokee Nation, arrived on the evening of the fourth day out at a friendly house on the

northern bank of the Arkansas, a mile from the fort. During the night, and the next day, he remained in the neighboring cane, and as darkness set in moved for the river. His garb securing ferriage across without difficulty, he rode boldly up to the main entrance, saluted the sentinel on duty as he passed, and with the air of an *habitué*, dismounted in front of the officers' quarters, tied his horse, and walked with the utmost *nonchalance* into the supper room.

It so happened that the bell had just been rung, and entering with others, he quietly took a seat at the foot of the table. There were seated about it, General McIntosh (killed at Pea Ridge), Major Montgomery, of the Quartermaster's Department, and other prominent officers. The conversation turned upon the all-absorbing events of the time; the probable advance of General Curtis, and their own state of preparation, and was in nowise restrained by the presence of the pseudo recruiting officer. The viands disposed of, the position was becoming embarrassing, and Hopkins wished for nothing so much, as that his *brother officers* should rise and precede him from the room, but they pertinaciously clung to their seats. At length, conscious that he could remain no longer without exciting suspicion, he rose and moved unconcernedly towards the door. Now, for the first time, he arrested attention. As he passed General McIntosh, that officer turned sharply around—

"Who do you belong to?" he inquired, with more emphasis than politeness.

"Quartermaster's Department, Little Rock!" was the ready response.

"What's that you say?" said Major Montgomery, starting up from the other side of the table.

Seeing, on the instant, that his affairs were likely to take a disastrous turn, and without venturing a reply, he rushed quickly out, cut the strap with which his horse was tied, and dashed for the fortress gate leading into

Garrison Avenue—the avenue to the river. For a few moments the officers at the fort were so startled by the strange occurrence that they lost their self-possession. Recovering it, they gave the alarm; shouted to the sentinel on duty at the gate to "halt the dare-devil," and harmlessly discharged one or two pistols. By this time Hopkins had passed the guard, though shot at and slightly wounded as he darted by, and was galloping at a furious rate down the avenue. Arriving at the river he spurred his horse boldly in, and sliding off in a manner, not unfamiliar to those whose army experiences have compelled them to swim streams too deep to be forded, grasped the animal by the caudal extremity, and making a rudder of himself, landed finally on the opposite bank. Remaining unobserved that night and the next day in the friendly cane, while an active search was being made for him, apparently in almost every direction, he then struck northward, moving up by Frog Bayou through Crawford, Washington, and Benton Counties, Arkansas, and after the lapse of several days reported to General Sigel.

While McCullough's army was lying at Cross Hollows in the February following, Hopkins appeared within the lines with two artillery horses for sale. Readily bargaining them away for Confederate notes, he delivered one, and at his own request was permitted to retain the other until the following morning. Meantime he quietly prepared to run the pickets, and about 9 o'clock in the evening approached those stationed on the telegraph road leading to Elk Horn Tavern.

"Who comes there?" shouted a voice from the road side.

"Friend with the countersign," was the quick reply.

"Advance, friend, and give it."

Hopkins now rode rapidly forward, answered the demand with the quick discharge of both barrels of a shot gun at the astonished soldiers, and spurring onward through the darkness, was soon out of harm's way. A

month later he participated in the battle on Pea Ridge, and after that engagement, was for some time employed as a general scout for the post at Cassville. Thus engaged when Col. Harrison began recruiting for the First Arkansas Cavalry, he ardently seconded his efforts, and received power to recruit for the proposed regiment.

On the 5th of April, 1862, he left Cassville, and shortly after midnight of the same day arrived at the Widow Christie's, on Pool's Prairie, Newton County, Missouri. Tired, hungry, and drenched with rain, he roused the occupants, and was admitted to the house. His horse, upon the advice of the widow, was secreted in the neighboring bushes, as Livingston's men, notorious bushwhackers, were constantly prowling about the locality. He had scarcely disposed himself by the fire, when the house-dog raised a warning bark, that was answered by the clearly distinguishable clattering of hoofs close to the house. Verily the Philistines were now upon him, though not probably aware of his presence. His feminine friend, alarmed, nevertheless, for his safety, threw up the quilts and mattress of a bed in an adjoining room, and told him to jump underneath them. In he went with boots, spurs, hat, and a fair representation of southwestern mud. The clothes were covered over him, and save a moderate increase of altitude, the bed was in *statu quo*. The approaching party were indeed Livingston's men, and a few minutes later they entered the house. The widow accounted for the light at so unusual an hour by saying that she was unwell, and had risen to prepare a warm cup of tea.

The excuse was satisfactory, and after a brief halt the marauders departed. Hopkins now emerged from his place of concealment, and shortly afterwards was galloping away to the westward. Recruiting as he passed along, he had collected between twenty and thirty men, when his services as a scout were desired by Major Hubbard, of the First Missouri Cavalry, then scouring south-

western Missouri. They were promptly given, and to his intrepid guidance is due much of the praise properly accorded to the Union forces for their operations against Waitie, Coffee, and the rebel Indians, in the spring of 1862.

After the affair at Neosho, Mo., in which Major Hubbard obtained a signal success over the enemy, Hopkins, worn down with incessant riding, left the command, and repaired to a private house for rest. A portion of the 37th Illinois Infantry Volunteers had encamped near by, and it was Hopkins' intention to move on with them in the morning to Cassville. When morning came, however, the troops had departed, and he found himself alone in the enemy's country. Nothing was left, of course, but to follow on, which he did, gayly and unconcernedly—for the rebels had been most thoroughly whipped—when suddenly there sprang from the roadside, as he was passing a secluded spot, half a dozen armed men, who checked him with a well understood "Halt!" There was no alternative, and he surrendered. This occurrence took place on the 27th of April. On the 1st of May he was sent under charges as a spy, by Colonel Waitie, to General Cooper's headquarters, on Buck Creek, in the Choctaw Nation, and from thence to Fort McCullough, where General Pike, as commander of the district of Indian Territory, was then stationed. Here he was detained two weeks, but uniformly treated with great kindness by General Pike. Returned then to Cooper's command he was forwarded from it to Norfolk, on the north fork of the Canadian River, and from thence to Colonel Waitie's camp, then pitched on Cowskin Prairie, in southwestern Missouri.

His trial was now entered upon, but while pending, an adjournment took place, and he was sent to Fort Smith, where the remainder of the evidence against him was to be taken. At that place the trial was concluded, the prisoner convicted and sentenced to be hung, and the

record sent up to General Pike, for the usual supervision of a commanding officer. The result of his reviewing was a reversal of the decision of the court below, on the ground that the offence committed, if committed at all, took place within the territorial limits of the State of Missouri, which, so far as the Government of the Confederate States was concerned, was conquered territory in the possession of the Federal forces; and that therefore Hopkins could not, by the laws of war, be regarded as a spy, but was entitled to the treatment and disposition given to other prisoners of war. He was held, nevertheless, but his confinement was made less rigorous, the freedom of a dungeon being substituted for the close quarters of a ball and chain, with a staple in the floor to give them locality.

About this time Majors Hubbard and Miller made their dashing entrance into Fayetteville, and the report came to Fort Smith that Judge David Walker, a rebel sympathizer, had been killed. The rebels at the fort were quite naturally enraged at such a proceeding, and "blood for blood" was demanded for the supposed outrage. Hopkins was their selection, and his execution was ordered to take place one afternoon at four o'clock. Fortunately, on the morning of the dreaded day, news was received that Judge Walker was still alive and unharmed, and the execution was *indefinitely postponed.* Hopkins now received the treatment to which he was entitled, and on the 2d of August, 1862, left Fort Smith for exchange at Cassville. Reporting to Colonel Harrison at Springfield, he was promoted to the captaincy of a company of the regiment in which he had enlisted some months previously, and since re-entering the service has been constantly on duty, proving himself under all circumstances to be a very bold, daring, and efficient officer.

HOW THE SECESH TOOK CLARK WRIGHT.

Maj. Clark Wright, who has obtained considerable prominence during the present war as a scout and a soldier—having been in command of a squadron of the same character as himself—moved from Ohio to Polk County, Missouri, in 1858, and, buying a large amount of prairie, commenced the business of stock raising. He was just before married to a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and determination, who proved herself eminently fitted for the duties which their new life imposed upon them. He prospered greatly, and in a short time had erected a fine house, furnished in the best style possible, had two young children, an amiable wife, a good home, and was adding rapidly to an originally large fortune.

When the roar of secession came up from South Carolina, he heard it in common with others of his neighbors, but while avowing himself in favor of sustaining the Union, he determined to attend strictly to his own business. He had no hesitation in expressing his sentiments of loyalty to the government, but he did it quietly, and with a view not to give offence. Soon after, at a Baptist meeting near his residence, a few of the brethren, after refreshing their spiritual appetites with the crumbs of the sanctuary, took his case into consideration, and unanimously determined that he should be made to leave the country, and appointing a committee of three to inform him of their decision.

One of the party, although an ardent secessionist, happened to be a personal friend of Wright, and hastening away, informed him of the meeting, and that the committee would wait on him the next day, Monday. Wright thanked his kind friend, and, then like a dutiful husband, laid the case before his wife, and asked her advice. She pondered a few moments, and then asked him if he had

done anything to warrant such a proceeding. Nothing. "Then let us fight!" was the reply; and to fight was the conclusion. Wright was plentifully supplied with revolvers; he took two, and his wife another, loaded them carefully, and waited further developments.

Monday afternoon three men rode up and inquired for Mr. Wright. He walked out, with the butt of a revolver sticking warily from his coat pocket, and inquired their wishes. The revolver seemed to upset their ideas. They answered nothing in particular, and proceeded to converse upon everything in general, but never alluded to their errand. Finally, after a half hour had passed, and the men still talked on without coming to the mission, Wright grew impatient, and asked if they had any special business; if not, he had a pressing engagement, and would like to be excused. Well, they had a little business, said one, with considerable hesitation, as he glanced at the revolver butt.

"Stop," says Wright, "before you tell it, I wish to say a word. I *know* your business, and I just promised my wife, on my honor as a man, that I would blow h—ll out of the man who told me of it, and by the eternal God, I'll do it! Now tell me your errand!" and as he concluded he pulled out his revolver, and cocked it. The fellow glanced a moment at the deadly looking pistol, and took in the stalwart form of Wright, who was glaring at him with murder in his eye, and concluded to postpone the announcement. The three rode away, and reported the reception to their principals.

The next Sunday, after another refreshing season, the brethren again met and took action upon the contumacy of Mr. Wright. The captain of a company of secessionists was present, and, after due deliberation, it was determined that upon the next Thursday he should take his command, proceed to Wright's, and summarily eject him from the sacred soil of Missouri. Wright's friend was again present, and he soon communicated the state of

affairs to Mr. Wright, with a suggestion that it would save trouble and bloodshed if he got away before the day appointed.

Wright lived in a portion of the country remote from the church and the residence of those who were endeavoring to drive him out, and he determined, if possible, to prepare a surprise for the worthy captain and his gallant forces. To this end he bought a barrel of whiskey, another of crackers, a few cheeses, and some other provisions, and then mounting a black boy upon a swift horse, sent him around the country inviting his friends to come and see him and bring their arms. By Wednesday night he had gathered a force of about three hundred men, to whom he communicated the condition of things, and asked their assistance. They promised to back him to the death. The next day they concealed themselves in a cornfield back of the house, and awaited the development of events.

A little after noon the captain and some eighty men rode up to the place and inquired for Mr. Wright. That gentleman immediately made his appearance, when the captain informed him that, being satisfied of his abolitionism, they had come to eject him from the State.

"Won't you give me two days to settle up my affairs?" asked Wright.

"Two days be d—d! I'll give you five minutes to pack up your traps and leave here."

"But I can't get ready in five minutes. I have a fine property here, and a happy home, and if you drive me off you'll make me a beggar. I have done nothing; if I go, my wife and children must starve!"

"To h—ll with your beggars! You must travel!"

"Give me two hours!"

"I'll give you just five minutes, and not a second longer! If you ain't out by that time (here the gallant soldier swore a most fearful oath), I'll blow out your cursed abolition heart!"

"Well, if I must, I must!" and Wright turned toward the house as if in deep despair, gave a preconcerted whistle, and almost instantly after, the concealed forces rushed out, and surrounded the astonished captain and his braves.

"Ah, captain," said Wright, as he turned imploringly toward him, "won't you grant me two days—two hours, at least, my brave friend, only two hours in which to prepare myself and family for beggary and starvation—now do, won't you?"

The captain could give no reply, but sat upon his horse, shaking as if ague-smitten.

"Don't kill me!" he at length found voice to say.

"Kill you! No, you black-livered coward, I won't dirty my hands with any such filthy work. If I kill you, I'll have one of my niggers do it! Get down from that horse!"

The gallant captain obeyed, imploring only for life. The result of the matter was that the whole company dismounted, laid down their arms, and then, as they were filed out, were sworn to preserve their allegiance inviolate to the United States. An hour after, Mr. Wright had organized a force of 240 men for the war, and by acclamation was elected captain. The next Sunday he started with his command to join the National troops under Lyon, stopping long enough on his way to surround the Hard-shell Church, at which had originated all of his miseries. After the service was over, he administered the oath of allegiance to every one present, including the Reverend Pecksniff, who officiated, and then left them to plot treason and worship God in their own peculiarly pious and harmonious manner.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The following narrative is given, as nearly as possible, in the words of the party immediately involved, and is another exemplification of the barbarism of slavery:—

I had been doing a heavy wholesale and retail provision business in the city of Augusta, Georgia, for two years, and was getting along with the inhabitants very smoothly, until a little circumstance transpired in the fall of 1860 which incited the populace against me. I had taken more or less interest in political affairs while I lived there, and, as much from policy as anything else, adopted a conservative view of matters. I was a strong Bell and Everett man, and when the State Convention was in session, I was mentioned as one of the State electors.

As it was known that I came from Iowa, some of my political constituents wrote to the latter city for information as to my antecedents. The letter was addressed to one of the prominent law firms of Dubuque, and for some unaccountable reason answered in such a manner as to direct the deepest indignation of the community where I lived towards me. They were informed that I was a loud-mouthed abolitionist, and had stumped the State of Iowa for Fremont. Within a short time of the receipt of that letter my house was surrounded by an infuriated mob, eager to wreak a blind vengeance on me. I appealed to the mayor, who was a warm personal friend of mine, for protection. He responded by calling out the entire police force to disperse the rabble.

Myself and son-in-law stood all that night at the head of the first flight of stairs, in my house, with fire-arms and axes, resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, should the miscreants break in. My brave wife knew no fear, and would not leave my side, although I entreated her to do so. She seemed nerved to desperation

by our common danger, and ready to face and sacrifice her life, if necessary, in defence of our home.

The people were pacified at last when they found us too resolute to be imposed upon, and after a short time I was allowed to pursue my business as usual. I satisfied them apparently that I did not entertain principles repugnant to their peculiar views, and convinced them that the information they had received was a tissue of falsehoods, yet there ever after lurked among them a suspicion of my loyalty to the South. Thus we lived through the winter, the community daily becoming more excited and bitter against those who did not coincide to the letter with the damnable opinions that then ruled the hour.

In illustration of this I will only cite one instance. A party of merchants were discussing the impending crisis, one afternoon in a store not far from mine, when one of my neighbors made the following remark—"Gentlemen, we must be careful, and not underrate the strength of the enemy." That same night a committee called on him, and asked him if he had made such a remark, when he replied, "Yes. I do not see the harm in it. It is one of the first lessons in military strategy not to underrate the power of the foe." His explanation availed him nothing. He was seized, and one side of his head and face shaved clean of the hair and whiskers. Then the newly shaved portions were daubed with tar and feathers. He then received forty lashes, and was given to understand that he had twelve hours in which to make himself scarce.

This was not an isolated instance. Deeds of violence were of daily occurrence, and many times they resulted in the death of the victim. With such a state of society boiling around me, I naturally felt anxious to remove my family beyond all chance of injury. Finally, when they had for some time been drafting troops from the city for Jeff Davis' army, I foresaw the time when I would be called on, and determined to remove my wife and

children to the North. I started off with them, and sent them forward, while I returned to Augusta to close up my business.

I continued in my trade there for a short time, endeavoring to convert my property into funds that would be current in Iowa. I dared not purchase gold at the bank myself, for fear of attracting the attention of the Vigilance Committee. No one was allowed to leave the country openly. Through the friendship of a young man named Powers, who had been boarding with me, I purchased some current funds, perhaps three or four hundred dollars. He was a book peddler from Ohio, who had been selling a work entitled, "Cotton is King," and it was through his friendship and services mainly that I escaped.

One afternoon, an orderly sergeant came into my counting room and informed me that it would be necessary, in accordance with a recent requisition from Montgomery, for me to enlist. I saw that it would not do to hesitate an instant, and therefore manifested great readiness, and eagerness to join. I was told I could have my choice between infantry and cavalry, and that I must meet my comrades that night at the armory. I chose to join the cavalry, and at the appointed hour was on hand to enroll my name. I was very zealous, apparently, in my wishes to fight the abolitionists, and by skilfully guarding my speech, led my comrades to think I was the best secessionist of them all. The sergeant presented me with a splendid Colt's navy revolver, which had just been stolen from the United States. I requested him to load it for me, as I was not posted in that sort of thing. He did so. Those five charges are still in the barrels, and so help me, they shall never be fired off until they are discharged into the body of the sergeant who loaded it.

I got away from the armory, and hurried home, where I found Powers making preparations to go North by the next train, which left at half past ten that night. I told him I must get away from Augusta that night at any

cost. I asked him to take my carpet-bag on board the train, and if I did not call for it in a certain time, to send it to my family in Dubuque. He said he would do so.

I locked up my store and house, the one completely furnished from top to bottom, and the other containing some nine thousand dollars' worth of goods, which I was obliged to leave behind to fall into the hands of the rebels.

I then repaired to the depot nearly an hour before the time for the departure of the train, and secreted myself under the rear car, on a cross-piece which connected the wheels. Grasping my pistol in my hand, and resolving to shoot the first man who should discover me, I waited for events. Soon after I had gained this position the Vigilance Committee came into the depot. They were a party of men appointed to see that no Northern men went away on the train, and to exercise a general surveillance over all suspicious characters. If they discovered a Northern man, he was taken out, whipped, and otherwise maltreated—usually shot; so I knew what my fate would be, if I was detected. As the hour for starting drew near, my suspense was agonizing in the extreme. Finally a little incident occurred which probably insured my salvation from their clutches. The committee went through the cars after the passengers were seated, and closely questioning and scrutinizing every individual. In one car they found an old man who answered to the description of a man who had been tarred and feathered at Savannah and shipped off. Appending to the dispatch describing him, was the Christian injunction, "If you catch him, give him hell."

One of the ruffians lifted his gray locks and saw the tar still adhering to his brow, where he had been unable to remove it. He fairly yelled with delight "Here's the old devil. We've got him!" etc. etc. They howled and then dragged him from the car to the platform outside, although they did not know of a thing he had done amiss.

"Gentlemen," said the aged man respectfully, "I am an

old man, and do not know that I ever did any man wrong. All I ask is for the privilege of getting home to my family. I beg you will release me."

They laughed his entreaties to scorn, and bore him away in the dark, screeching and yelling like demons, doubtless to torture him with scourges, and perhaps to murder him as they have so many before him. During all this time I lay within a dozen feet of some of the party, expecting every moment I would be discovered by some unlucky friend. It is well for him and me he did not, for that moment would have been the signal for his death. I would have shot as many as I could, and died dearly.

At last the train moved out of the depot slowly around a curve, and when it was out of the range of the depot lamps I dropped from my perch and clambered upon the rear car. Going into the car, I sat down in the darkest corner, and drew my hat over my face in order to escape recognition. By feigning sleep I escaped the attention and remarks of my townsmen, many of whom were on board of the train, until morning, when we reached Atlanta, some two hundred miles from Augusta. If I could get beyond there I knew I was comparatively safe, as there was no telegraph between that place and Chattanooga, though there was one from Augusta to Atlanta.

It was daylight when we left Atlanta, so that further concealment was impossible. My fellow passengers expressed considerable surprise at seeing me, and were anxious to know where I was going. I informed them that I was going to Chattanooga, as usual, to purchase a large quantity of bacon, in which I was dealing extensively. Men of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be in the same business, were also going after bacon, beef, pork, flour, and grain, and such other provisions as we were forced to purchase in the more northern States

We all talked secession loudly; and wore cockades, and invoked destruction upon the Federal government;

and none were more violent in the discussion than I. It was my only alternative. I was fleeing for life, and the merest hair might turn the race against me. When we arrived at Chattanooga, we found the markets almost as high as at Augusta, so we concluded to go on as far as Nashville. On our arrival there we found that the Commissary of the Confederate army had fairly skinned the town of everything worth having in the way of provisions, so there was nothing left for us but to go on as far as Louisville, where we could obtain an unlimited supply at reasonable rates.

There were five cars of us all going for provisions. At last we landed in Louisville, and found to our disappointment (?) the inducements were so small for buying there, the only alternative left was to go to the great fountain head at Cincinnati, and buy what we wanted. We all went across the river into Indiana, and every soul of us got aboard of the cars for Cincinnati.

Just before the train was about to start, an old man arose and made this remark: "Gentlemen, I don't know how you all feel, but I thank God I am on free soil once more." Oh! you should have heard the shout that went up. *Every man of us had been fleeing from Southern traitors*, and dare not avow it to each other. We all got out of the cars again upon the platform, and there refreshed our throats for once with three loud cheers for FREEDOM.

PLUCK ON THE FRONTIER.

Before the secession of Arkansas, one Thomas Wilhite attached himself to a company of minute men, who were to be ready at a moment's warning to respond to the call of public danger. The most of the company were at heart Union men, and they secretly resolved to make their organization subservient to their own wishes. While matters were in this situation, one James M. Scott

raised a secession flag in Cove Creek Township, and called on the minute men to rally beneath it. The *minutes* just then became hours, and Wilhite and his companions made haste to rally *very slowly*. In fact, they flatly refused to do so, and Mr. Scott's banner hung lazily from the staff, looking for all the world as though it had been brought out to droop and die. Wilhite had now thoroughly committed himself to the Union cause, and it behooved him to look well to his personal safety. The rebel element predominated in his neighborhood, and the "strikers" and "tools" of the secession leaders were implacable in their resentments. Not considering, however, that his immediate personal peril was so great as to warrant an abrupt departure from the State, and yet feeling that he must never go about unarmed, Wilhite remained at home, and prepared to "make a crop." When following the plow, a trusty rifle was invariably slung from his back, and a brace of revolvers were belted about him. At night the rifle stood at the head of the bed, and he often slept with his revolvers on. Several times, when in the field, he descried men coming to take him prisoner. He would then leave the plow in the furrow, slip into the woods, and remain there until his enemies went away. There was no danger of their interfering with the horses or the plow. They knew too well the deadliness of his aim, and the disagreeable doubt as to who would be his victim, kept them all away from the peril.

One day in June, six rebels, knowing that he was at home, rode hastily up to take him, but he was too quick for them, and, dodging around a corner of the house, with his rifle and revolvers, held his advantage while a parley took place. *They* informed *him* that they had come to arrest him because he was a Union man. *He* informed *them* that they would have to reinforce and come again, that six men were not enough for the business, and that if any of them "dropped a gun," one man would fall *sure*, and they would not know beforehand who it was to

be. Like their predecessors, who scouted the corn-field, they returned as wise as they came, even requesting that they might ride away unharmed.

Not long afterwards, another squad rode up to the house for a similar purpose. Fortunately Wilhite was absent, but his mother was *considerately* shown the rope with which they intended to hang him. Going during the same summer to Kidd's mill, near Cane Hill, for flour for the family, a knot of men gathered around and "allowed" to take him prisoner. On the other hand, he "allowed" that if they made any such attempt, he should defend himself to the last; that he had thirteen shots, and should try his best to make some of them "tell," and that they could not take him alive. His determination subdued the crowd somewhat, and a merchant of the place, interceding in his behalf, on the ground that he might yet make a *good southern soldier*, he was permitted to transact his business at the mill and return home.

There was living at this time not far away from Wilhite, a Baptist minister, known by many as "Old Tommy Dodson, the preacher," otherwise rejoicing in the christened name of Thomas. He was a violent secessionist, and preached whenever audiences could be assembled, whether on the Sabbath or during the week; nor did he confine himself to Biblical teaching. The sword of the spirit was not, in his judgment, the only weapon to be wielded for the Confederacy. His tirades were frequent and unsparing against Union men and Black Republicans, who, if they did not recant, were to be driven off or shot. On one occasion, when Wilhite attended his services, the congregation was quite large for the locality, and in it were several soldiers belonging to the regular rebel army. The preacher's harangue savored, as usual, of public affairs. The secession of the State was justified; the public functionaries at Richmond lauded; a highly-wrought prophecy of the grandeur of the new Republic was pronounced, and then fell the ministerial

denunciation on all those who still clung to the old government. Warming with his subject, and evidently growing indignant, he exclaimed—

"If there is a Union man within the sound of my voice, I want him to leave the house, and leave it now—a."

Thinking it about time to depart, and having no reluctance to define his position, Wilhite started for the door.

"Then, go—a," resumed the excited and now somewhat exhausted preacher, moving towards the retreating Federal, "and darken not again the house of God. And do you, my brave boys," pointing to the rebel soldiers, "fight on for the glo-o-o-rious Southern Confederacy. The Lord is on our side. The Lord will help us to gain the independence of the South." By this time Wilhite was in the yard, and the Rev. Thomas Dodson began slowly to return to his normal condition. Eighteen months later, the same clerical gentleman was an inmate of the guard-house at Fayetteville, under charges for trial before a military commission, to sit at Springfield, and Wilhite was officer of the guard.

Alas! the mutations of sublunary affairs.

The summer and autumn passed without any special peril to Wilhite, other than that referred to, except that the necessity for vigilance was greater, so much, in fact, that in November he was compelled to "lay out." Anticipating a winter of trouble, unless he were to take unusual precautions against it, he had, by night, hauled one hundred bushels of corn and some other forage to a secluded spot on the Boston Mountains, intending to pass the winter in a cave and subsist a few horses. In this manner he lived, clandestinely, until the month of May, with William Zinnamon, who, for a time, had been his companion in the cave.

Colonel M. La Rue Harrison was then organizing the Arkansian refugees into what subsequently became the First Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers, and

Wilhite at once identified himself with the project. Being empowered not long afterwards as a recruiting officer for the regiment, he left Springfield on the 5th of July, with Dr. Wm. Hunter, of Washington County, and Thomas J. Gilstrap, of Crawford County, afterwards respectively assistant surgeon and a lieutenant in the same regiment. Falling in with the expedition commanded by Major Miller, they proceeded with it to Fayetteville, whence they moved on to the head of White River.

Recruiting in Arkansas for the Union Army was at that time a perilous undertaking. Loyal men avowed their principles at the hazard of life, and the greatest difficulty to be overcome was in getting recruits to the rendezvous of the regiment for which enlistments were being made. The Provost Marshal's department of Arkansas, as organized by Major General Hindman, then commanding the trans-Mississippi district, was in active operation. Numerous companies of provost guards had been formed, and, under color of orders, were robbing Union men and committing all manner of outrages. They were especially zealous in their efforts to check the growing tendency to enlist in the "Abolition Army," as they termed it, and hunted with the eagerness of a bloodhound those Union men who, first cautious, and then expeditious, abandoned their homes for the woods, and the woods for the Federal pickets. The general order gave license to rapine, and stimulated the blind zeal of a prejudiced people.

By arrangement, Wilhite and Gilstrap, having for recruiting purposes gone into different neighborhoods, were to meet at a house on Fall Creek, in Washington County, and there concert measures for the removal, or getting northward rather, of their recruits. For some reason or other, Gilstrap had departed on Wilhite's arrival, and the latter having with him twenty-eight men, determined to retire into the White River Hills and the Boston Mountains, and collecting from the adjoining

settlements still other men who were anxious to get away, bide his time for departure. At first he went to Winn's Creek, at the head of the west fork of White River. His re-appearance in a country where he was so well known, and his object thoroughly understood, caused great watchfulness on the part of the secession element. One, Doctor H. Spencer in particular, afterwards a citizen prisoner, at Springfield, Missouri, under the general charge of robbing Union men, was very active in his endeavors to find out how many recruits Wilhite had. An old, vindictive man, with a countenance that would have betrayed him in a church, we well remember his appearance when brought before us for examination. He had hunted Wilhite and others as the woodman seeks his game, and we made short work of preliminaries. Spencer, a home guard himself, and co-operating with the bands now organized and organizing under the general order before mentioned, placed every impediment possible in the way of the daring recruiting officer.

There were now in Crawford and Washington Counties, carrying out the spirit, if not the letter of the order, no less than six companies led by notorious marauders, all of whom were on the track of Wilhite. He still, however, succeeded in avoiding capture. His rendezvous was the wilds of the Boston Mountains; his subsistence the irregular hospitality of secret Union men, and his comrades, now together and now apart, increased their numbers and their resolution alike by daring and danger. His camp of instruction was a thicket or a hill, and his times for drill the opportune moments when provost guards came within range, and his trusty weapons made targets of traitors.

Lying in the woods one day in August, with six men, a bloodhound was heard baying in the distance, and apparently on his track. Like a general in the field, Wilhite immediately made "his dispositions," each man taking a tree, and re-examining his weapons. Their horses were tied in a

thicket a short distance off, and they now awaited the approach. Presently a number of men were observed advancing; the hound had been called in, and they moved very cautiously, dismounting when they observed Wilhite, and creeping warily toward him. Discovering three men evidently endeavoring to get a safe shot at him, he anticipated their design by commencing hostilities with both barrels of his shot-gun. Wounding two, the third placed a tree between himself and danger, and afterwards still further increased his chances for life by slipping away entirely.

This attack, more sudden and effective than they had anticipated, cooled the ardor of the home guards, and though a number of guns were fired, which but for the friendly protection of the forest would have been deadly in their effect, they fell back, remounted their horses, and rode off. Wilhite now assumed the offensive, and approaching the highway by a devious but rapid and effective movement, came suddenly upon his foes of the hour before Singling out the leader of the party as the object of his personal aim, he missed the man, but killed his horse. Several others, however, were wounded, but succeeded in escaping. This little affair roused the leaders again, and vigilance was redoubled. Rallying under the provost marshal of Crawford County, two hundred camped one evening at the three forks of Lee's Creek, in the county last mentioned. From a high bluff adjacent to, and overlooking their camp, Wilhite had watched them for several hours, and when night set in, knowing that he could not attack, for he had but two men, he nevertheless determined to acquaint them with his proximity. Hallooing with all his might, he informed whom it might concern, that if they wanted him they must catch him, as it would be unpleasant just then to surrender.

How or why, we are unable to say, but early on the following morning the guards decamped. Possibly they feared an attack; and then, again, should they assume the

offensive, the disagreeable uncertainty of the bushes was too fresh in memory to be rashly courted. Wilhite lingered long enough to see his enemies disappear, when he dashed again into the woods. A short time after this occurrence, his father was arrested while moving along the highway near the west fork of the White River. There was with him a small boy, who, not being interfered with, hastened as expeditiously as he dared to the hiding place, not far away, of two of Wilhite's men. They were there, fortunately, and knowing where Wilhite then was, lost no time in acquainting him with his father's arrest. Hurriedly collecting four of his men, he started down the Van Buren Road, and after a sharp run of nine miles, overtook his father, then guarded by seven men. Four of the guards "broke" for the woods, and the remaining three were taken, dismounted, relieved of their arms, and then set at liberty.

About this time a warrant for the arrest and execution of Wilhite was procured from the rebel military authorities. It proving somewhat difficult to proceed under this warrant, according to its exigency, General Hindman offered a reward of seven thousand dollars, and three honorable discharges from the Confederate service to any man who would bring in Wilhite, living or dead. Notices to this effect were numerously posted along Cove, Fall, and Lee's Creeks, and the west fork of White River. Scouting about one day in September, with a number of his men, and having occasion to cross Lee's Creek near the base of the southern slope of the Boston Mountains, Wilhite discovered one of these notices tacked to a tree. Claiming the right to "cross notice," he appropriated the margin to his own use by inscribing thereon, a notification to this effect: That his men and himself claimed forty square miles of the Boston Mountains, and that if Hindman and his provost guards trespassed upon their dominions, they would seek to drive them into the valley below, and there assume the offensive. He now takes

from his pocket the Jack of diamonds, nails it to the tree, writing above the head of this well-known gentleman the significant word "Union," informed "Squire" Hindman, that if he wants him he must first catch him, and to be careful at the same time that he does not "catch a Tartar." The party now rode off.

A few days later, when Wilhite was lying in the woods near the summit of the Boston Mountains, word came to him that General Hindman himself had just eaten dinner at a house not far distant, and that he was then on the road to Fayetteville, moving in a carriage with a body guard of but six men. Hastily gathering a few of his companions, Wilhite took up the pursuit. Bearing still further from the highway than he then was, he thought to strike it again in advance of the General, but in this he failed. In the distance, however, he descried the coveted carriage, and hastened forward with all speed. The pursued now took alarm and hurried away northward. The chase was becoming exciting, but unfortunately for the pursuers they were nearing the rebel pickets at Hog Eye, twelve miles south of Fayetteville. Conscious that they had no time to lose, Wilhite and two of his men took as steady aim as circumstances would admit, and away whizzed a ball after the carriage, a second, and then a third. But General Hindman was still safe, though the pursuit did not cease until the pickets, his body guard and the carriage went pell-mell into the poetically named village so conveniently at hand. The pursuers now wheeled about and hied away to their fastnesses.

Leading thus a life of wild adventure, Wilhite passed his time on, and in the vicinity of the Boston Mountains, until the advance into Arkansas of the Army of the Frontier in October, 1862. His escapes from peril were manifold. His superior knowledge, however, of the woods, and his consciousness of the fact that nature would permit only a few men to operate against him at a time, gave him confidence and strength, and though there were

hundreds of rebels on all sides of him, to the Boston Mountains he did not bid adieu, until of his own volition he reported with a small squad of men to General Herron, at Cross Hollows, twenty-eight miles south of the Missouri line. As early as August it had been found impracticable to take a number of recruits northward in a body, and Wilhite had accordingly determined to remain in the mountains, annoying the enemy and taking vengeance upon those who had so cruelly robbed and maltreated Union men, until his passage could be safely and easily made.

From Cross Hollows, Wilhite proceeded to Elkhorn Tavern, where he rejoined his company, and was at once appointed its first lieutenant, a position that had been left vacant for months in the hope that he would yet arrive to fill it. From that time onward Wilhite was constantly engaged in active service, always entering with zest upon the adventures for which there is so much incentive on the border. On one occasion, while scouting below Fayetteville, and not far from his haunts of the summer previous, he drove in Marmaduke's pickets, and then suddenly wheeling was off again to the northward. He participated in a nocturnal skirmish, and while out made a descent into a cave, under circumstances worthy perhaps of a relation.

The cave in question was located about six miles southeast of Black's Mills, in Benton County, and was one in which men were known to occasionally secrete themselves. To it, on the afternoon preceding the skirmish, the detachment was conducted. Arriving at its mouth, and observing traces of the recent entrance of some one, the men were disposed semi-circularly around it, and the unknown individual told to come out. No response. The order was repeated. Still no answer. Wilhite now volunteered to crawl in. Buckling a brace of revolvers firmly about him, and grasping a third in his right hand, he commenced operations. Advancing upon all fours, and

moving about seventy-five yards into the cave, situated on a hill side, he discovered a man crouching in apparently great fear. Breaking the silence by ordering him out, the figure began to move and he to follow. As the unknown individual approached the light, the men brought their pieces to the shoulder and awaited his appearance. Presently emerged a head, then shoulders, arms and hands. At sight of the men and their weapons, the unknown stopped while yet midway between the upper and nether earth, rested himself firmly on his hands, and looking queerly up and around him, exclaimed, "Well! this beats me!" He was beaten surely enough, but found his captors inclined to treat him kindly. Taken to Elkhorn he was afterwards released, but cautioned to refrain in the future from running when he saw Federals. Thus far the advice has been heeded.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE POTOMAC.

I was invited by a soldier of the regiment of the "Fire Zouaves" to accompany him in one of those private adventures which were so popular among the men in his corps, while upon the banks of the Potomac.

This kind of expedition always carries with it a charm which inflames the imagination of the volunteer to a degree unknown in the more precise movements of a regular force. The individual courage of the man seems lost in comparison among a concentrated mass which depends for its success not so much upon personal prowess as upon a mechanical exactitude in its evolutions.

Men of the description of my adventurous friend are generally despisers of stiff-collared coats and close drill, and especial admirers of a loose jacket and a "free fight." With them a martinet, unless he prove a fighter, is simply an abomination.

In a few words, accompanied by some mysterious ges-

tures; my friend H—— informed me that, through the disclosures of a deserter who had just arrived from the rebel lines, he had learned that a quantity of ammunition, consisting of several thousand ball cartridges for musket use, had been concealed in an upper room of a house belonging to a noted secessionist and suspected spy This house was distant about three miles from our encampment, and the cartridges which were concealed therein had been packed in small canvas bags; these bags the daring fellow proposed, with the assistance of myself, to capture or destroy. His plan was thus: We were to obtain, by some means, a horse and wagon, to be ready at a certain point, a short distance from the camp, at sunset, and each proceed thither by different routes, in order the better to avoid observation, and as soon as darkness fell upon the scene, drive cautiously to within a few hundred yards of the dwelling containing the contemplated plunder. Then, hiding the wagon in a neighboring clump of trees, some distance from the road, we were to proceed in such a manner as circumstances would permit. In answer to my inquiries as to the feasibility of procuring the wagon, and the possibility of our ever being able to load it even if we succeeded in coming in contact with the coveted ammunition bags, I was greeted by a significant wink and two or three slow successive nods of the head, which, if not productive of much intelligence, were quite indicative of the Zouave's determination to carry out his design.

The sun was declining when I started on my journey, taking a somewhat circuitous path to the place of rendezvous, and walking in an irregular strolling manner, the better to escape the observation of the comrades of my friend, who were always on the alert for any adventure. Behind a rising and well-wooded piece of ground, I soon discovered my friend H——, coolly seated in a one-horse wagon, smoking a short pipe, and at intervals, philosophically lecturing a ragged son of Africa upon the pro-

priety of his meeting us at this same spot on the following night, in order to receive his horse and vehicle, and the desired remuneration for the use of them. After many doubtful scratches of his woolly head, and singular expressions of dissatisfaction—all of which were met by great disgust and heavy threats on the part of the Zouave of a marvellous punishment to be dealt out to the mutinous "darky" if he presumed to dog our path—he permitted us to depart, and we left him, evidently in a thick fog as to the fate of the property so inconsiderately intrusted to the safe keeping of a stranger.

After a short drive, during which but few words were spoken, we arrived at the spot where we had agreed to conceal the horse and wagon. This operation effected, we next proceeded to calculate chances. After a few parting puffs, H—— shook the ashes from his pipe, thrust it into the pocket of his jacket, and drawing forth from the wagon a coil of fine rope, which he hung round his neck, gave the word to advance. It was now pitch dark; the distance from the place of our destination two hundred yards, according to my comrade's estimate. A solitary light, gleaming red amid the darkness ahead of us, betrayed the spot where stood the building which contained the object of our expedition. With this light for our guide, we cautiously advanced in silence, unbroken save by the occasional snapping of some dried twigs beneath our feet, and the muttered malediction bestowed upon it by my companion.

At length, we came into close proximity to the house. Everything seemed to be buried in a deep stillness. Not a sound could we hear. Not the warning growl of a dog gave notice of our approach. No light was visible, but the one which had hitherto been our guide, and this still shone from the half-closed casement of an apartment on the ground-floor. The window-sill was about as high from the ground as the ordinary height of a man, and under this we crept and crouched to listen for any sounds

that might escape from the interior. Directly over this room, H—— told me, our intended prize was concealed. He was thoroughly informed as to the relative positions of the different passages necessary to pass through in order to gain the desired treasure. The darkness of the night was so dense that it was with difficulty we could discern the presence of each other, as we lay and listened.

Suddenly there was bustle within and the sound of several voices. The warning produced by the low, hissing "hush" of my comrade prevented a half-uttered exclamation of surprise from fully escaping my lips. This noise of men and voices was evidently caused by a large party now collected in the room in which the light was burning. They must have entered the house from the other side, and the clang of arms, as we distinctly heard the men carelessly lay aside their weapons, assured us they were no neutrals in the struggle going on between our divided countrymen.

From fatigue, arising from the constrained posture in which I lay, I made a sudden movement, which caused me to fall against my companion, at the same time making the gravel beneath my feet send forth the grating sound peculiar to it when suddenly and violently disturbed. In an instant the sounds within ceased (silenced by the suspicions caused by my most unfortunate stumbling), the casement was dashed open, and half a dozen heads were thrust out into the gloom. A movement now, if no louder than that the lizard makes among the grass, or a single sigh forced from our beating hearts and compressed breath, would have been the forerunner of certain death. Nothing could have saved us from the fate of the spy. For several minutes we remained motionless, and heard various conjectures among the men as to the cause of their sudden alarm. Little did they imagine that at that moment, within a few feet of their knives, which more than one grasped in his hand unsheathed, lay, concealed by the

darkness, two of the hated invaders. But we would have been found no easy sacrifice. Each of us covered with the muzzle of his revolver the breast of a foe, and the first intimation given of our discovery would have cost them at least two lives that night.

At length they withdrew their heads into the apartment, half closed the casement as before, and we were again alone. Whether they retired perfectly satisfied as to the result of their blind inspection or not, we could not tell. It was at this moment that H——, grasping me by the arm, whispered me to follow him closely In crouching attitudes we crept round the building; each step taken with peculiar care, lest any unlucky sound on our part should again arouse suspicion, which, in all probability, was still unallayed.

After many cautious pauses and anxious straining of eye and ear, we reached the other side of the house, where, after proceeding a few steps, my leader halted and began exploring with his hand, until it lighted upon the latch of a door in the wall. Placing his mouth close to my ear, he again whispered me that it was of vital importance we should cast off our shoes and carry them in our hands, as by leaving them behind they might be found by the enemy, and thus become the means of betraying us. Accordingly, in a few seconds, we stood in our stockings, ready to pursue to the last limit the windings of the adventure. Noiselessly lifting the door-latch, H—— led the way into a passage, if possible darker than the outside gloom from which we entered.

Groping our way we carefully advanced, and reached the foot of a flight of stairs, which, at a sign from my companion, we ascended as swiftly as the imperative necessity for a perfect silence permitted. We reached the landing, whose extent was hidden in the same impenetrable darkness, traversed it for the distance of several feet, and at length arrived at a door, which H—— attempted to open, but found locked. This he assured me

was the room which contained the cartridge-bags, and not to gain entrance into it would render all the risk we had hitherto run useless, as all further attempts we might make would prove unavailing.

At this crisis of our proceedings we discovered, within a few feet of us, a small window, which, on gently opening, we found led out upon the roof of the piazza that ran along all sides of the house. To step out upon this roof, closing the window after us as gently as we had opened it, was the work of a few seconds. Here we lay down, at full length, for several minutes to listen; but no sound reached us, excepting an indistinct clamor proceeding from the room beneath, in which was assembled the party of rebels. Relinquishing our recumbent postures, we crept on our hands and knees until we reached the next window, which belonged to the room we were so anxious to explore. To our great satisfaction, we found it not only unfastened, but opened wide, and, one after the other, we passed through into the interior. Again we paused in motionless silence, and again we listened intently, but nothing beyond the sounds already mentioned met our ears, and we proceeded to search in darkness for the bags of ammunition. We came upon them simultaneously in one corner of the room, piled into a heap. We commenced our work at once by passing them out two at a time, through the window upon the piazza roof. Silently and swiftly was the task accomplished, until not a bag remained. We searched every foot of the floor, traversing its length and breadth until we were thoroughly convinced ourselves were the sole objects, animate or inanimate, it contained.

Passing out, our next movement was to carry round the bags to the extreme end of the piazza. This involved the necessity of traversing the full length of one side of the building. With much labor and anxiety, as we had to proceed more warily than ever, at each step, we at last accomplished it. And now we held a consultation, whether it

were better to risk the attempt of carrying off our prize by degrees to the spot where we had concealed the wagon, or destroy it at once by lowering bag after bag into a deep well, H—— informed me was directly beneath us, as we leaned over the balcony of the piazza. We concluded the latter plan was the best, and accordingly, my companion uncoiling the rope he still carried around his neck and fastening one end of it to the balcony, rapidly descended, after telling me to haul up the other end again, attach to it the bags (three or four at a time), and lower them to him, when he would drop them singly into the well.

We had nearly finished this part of our task, when, rendered reckless by the apparent security with which it was continued—the splashing of each bag into the well exciting no suspicion on the part of our dangerous neighbors at the other extremity of the dwelling—H—— flung down into its depths the last nine, three at once, instead of dropping them singly, as he had hitherto done. At this moment, the close proximity of approaching footsteps along the roof made me turn in the direction whence the sound they caused proceeded, and instantly I was engaged in a deadly struggle with an antagonist.

The scene now became one of the wildest confusion. The rush of hostile feet along the roof bespoke the rapid advance of foes, whose numbers it would be madness to contend with. Beneath, a desperate encounter was going on between my comrade and one or more of the rebels, as many a fierce oath testified. My left hand was firmly fastened on the throat of the man with whom I was contending, yet he clung to me with maddening tenacity. Reflection, and action were the twinborn of an urgent second. With my right hand I had managed to draw and cock my revolver. My life and liberty were in the hands of a grasping foe. There was no compromise here; my life or his! Pressing the muzzle of my pistol to his head, I fired, and he fell with scattered brains at my feet. The next instant I dropped from the balcony

to the ground where H—— was battling in close quarters. Here I stumbled over a fallen man. In the act of regaining my feet, my hand came in contact with his breast or side, and was instantly bathed in a warm gush of streaming blood.

"Where are you, H——?" I shouted.

"Here."

The response came from within a yard or two of the spot where I stood. I found my companion struggling on the ground, in savage fury, with a fellow evidently of much superior muscular power to himself. Quick as thought my strength was united to his, and with one concentrated, determined, and desperate effort we flung our herculean foe headlong down the well.

Without waiting to draw breath, we started and fled for life, baffling a host of enemies by the suddenness of our plunge amidst the thick surrounding darkness.

"This way," cried H——, and keeping close together we quickly reached our concealed wagon. To spring inside was the work of a second, and away we went for the camp. The Zouave drove, and his driving was like the driving of Jehu!

"I guess it would have been all up with me," he said at length, "if you hadn't come in as you did. There were two of them on me before I knew where I was, when I found I'd lost my Colt; so I gave one a dig with the full length of my bowie, and then went in for a good wrestle with the fellow we treated to a drink."

We reached camp unpursued. The wagon was returned punctually next night, as promised, to the astonished and grateful darkey, but whether or not he received any further remuneration for the loan of his property than the safe return of it I am unable to state.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as Old Bradley." One night, towards the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated—

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming—

"We've treed him at last! There he is! Seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized his sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed—

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North," he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath!" he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed—

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once."

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said—

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him, and in a sympathizing tone continued, "Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone said—

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted

several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes, and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said—

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop, and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment, when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her, until she reached the road, a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised on reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized

and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good-evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued, "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed—

"*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed—

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this, the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leave you, but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay! fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed, I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down, and swear before the everliving God, that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "An' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire and water, and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued: "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee. The committee met in a long room on the ground-floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eying his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act, you know, is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him with being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts."

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the lights and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which their patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his

furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object, if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

A CONFLICT WITH DESPERADOES.

The latent loyalty of Northwestern Arkansas having begun to manifest itself in the latter part of January, 1863,

but still requiring the support of the military arm, Captain Galloway, with a sufficient force, was present at Huntsville on the 31st, for which day a public meeting had been called. He left Fayetteville also for another purpose. It had been ascertained where the notorious Peter Mankins, with a band of desperadoes, were secreting themselves in the Southeastern corner of Crawford County, and it was determined upon, "to break up the nest." This was a part of Captain Galloway's duty, in the discharge of which he was to receive co-operation from Captain Robert E. Travis, of the same regiment, who had magnanimously offered to go as a spy into the dangerous cane.

Born in or near Indianapolis, Ind., and passing his entire life in the West, Captain Travis, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was a dealer in stock in Northern Missouri. For a time, employed as a spy for the original army of the Southwest, he afterwards enlisted as a private in a company of the first Arkansas cavalry. Subsequently receiving authority to raise a company, he did so, and at the time of which we speak was commanding a squadron. We well remember the appearance of the captain in our office the afternoon of his departure. Dropping in but for a moment, he pleasantly drew our attention to his habit, now completely that of a backwoodsman. Every garment of the army blue had disappeared, and we could not help thinking of Joseph's coat of many colors. No spy was ever more appropriately clothed. Suggesting that he be very cautious, for he was about to deal with the most desperate men on the border, and wishing him a successful enterprise and a safe return, he left the room.

We now quote from the report of Captain Galloway to Colonel Harrison, commanding the post at Fayetteville.

"The first night after leaving I encamped on the Huntsville road, about two miles from that place. The next day I reached Huntsville at 11 o'clock A. M. There

being no rebels in force in the vicinity of the town, I remained there until the morning of the 1st inst., at which time, in obedience to your order, received at Huntsville, I started for Williams' farm. A little while after dark, of the same day, I reached Allison Hill's farm, about eighteen miles distant from Ozark, and twenty-five miles from Williams' farm, to which I intended to go. There it was rumored that there were one hundred rebels in Ozark, and three steamers above the place. I proceeded at once to Ozark, arriving just at break of day. I there found a rebel captain, whom, with a lieutenant I had captured the day before, I paroled. I also paroled four rebel privates. I remained at Ozark until 1 o'clock P. M., waiting for the steamers, but they did not come down, and I started for Williams' farm. When I had proceeded seven miles, my advance drove three rebel pickets, whom I supposed to be patrols. The advance soon came in contact with the main force of the enemy, who charged, and it fell back to the main column of my forces, now forming in an advantageous position. The enemy came up to within one hundred and fifty yards of my line and opened, when the contest fairly commenced. After thirty minutes' severe fighting I repulsed him with loss. At this time I would have charged had I not feared an ambuscade. The enemy retreated with great precipitancy, breaking into small squads as they retreated, which scattered to the right and left of the road. From the most reliable information, I found that the rebels numbered one hundred and eighty men, and were commanded by Colonel Dorsey. I could not accurately ascertain their losses, as they carried off their dead and wounded. Ours was one slightly wounded.

"The rebels were informed of our presence, in the vicinity, and of our advance, and had been waiting for us one or two hours. From here I started to Williams' farm, reaching it about dusk. At eight o'clock a spy, who had been co-operating with Captain Travis, came into camp, and at

nine the captain himself arrived. They had learned that Mankins' band, numbering thirty men, was immediately beyond the Arkansas River, and his (Captian Travis') plan was to proceed at once to the river with his whole force, leaving one-half on this side to guard the horses, and sending the other half over the river to capture the guerrillas. This plan I considered defective, since I supposed that the rebels with whom we had the fight would probably return reinforced to their encampment, two miles from us, and not more than two from the ferry where we would have to cross the river. Moreover, my men were very tired, as also the horses, having had no rest since we had left Huntsville. My design was to attack the rebel camp in the morning, if they were not too strongly posted, but finding by one o'clock at night that the rebels had not returned to their encampment, and still considering it imprudent to move part of my forces across the river, I determined to start for Fayetteville in the morning.

"Captain Travis insisted on taking the men into the cane-brake for the purpose of capturing five or six of the enemy, who, he said, were to meet there to organize a band. He wanted no more than ten. I considered his proposed expedition nothing more than a small scout, and believing that there was no rebel force in the vicinity, granted his request. He was to rejoin me five or six miles from Williams' farm, and about the same distance from where he was going. He insisted, on starting out, that if he did not meet me there, I should go on, and he would overtake me. A little before daybreak I started for Fayetteville, and having marched about twenty miles, halted and fed. Some of the party now came up and gave information that Captain Travis and four of his men were killed or mortally wounded.

"The facts, as I gathered them from the men who escaped, were these: Captain Travis leaving us in camp, proceeded at once to the cane-brake, two and a half miles

distant. Finding some indications of an enemy in the vicinity, he marched until break of day, when he dismounted his men, hitched his horses, and began to search for them. He came to their camp, which was about one hundred rods from where he alighted, and found thirty horses tied to the bushes. Leaving one man to guard them, he proceeded with seven others to attack the rebels in their fortifications, whom he knew, from their horses, to number about thirty. When a hundred yards from the fort, a sentinel descried them, and gave the alarm. The rebels sprang to their rifles, and commenced firing on our men, who, opening fire in return, continued to advance until within thirty yards of the fort. At this time, when three or four of our men had fallen, the captain ordered a retreat, and while himself in the act of turning, received a mortal wound. His remaining men moved him about one hundred rods distant, where, after staying with him ten or fifteen minutes, they left him apparently dying. They overtook me at noon the next day. When informed of this disaster, I would have returned at once, and recovered the wounded if still living, and interred the dead, but owing to the fatigued state of my men and horses, I deemed it best to move on to Fayetteville. Intrusting the disposal of the dead and wounded to a citizen, and pledging him to attend to them, I moved on."

Poor Travis! he fell a victim to his own rash bravery, yet all honor to the man who could divest himself of his command, and so cheerfully volunteer to ferret out and rid that section of country of its most dangerous enemies. If he could not succeed, he could fight, and he paid the penalty of his daring with his life. A few days later, an avenging expedition softened the remembrance of this disaster, by converting the block-house in the canebreak into a mass of ruins, and driving its hated defenders ignominiously across the Arkansas River.

STEALING A MARCH.

Stretched at full length before the most magnificent of all the fires, with a pleasant sense of warmth diffusing itself from the soles of the feet along the whole person, a party of us lay with a lazy enjoyment of the heat, and a feeling of satisfaction with our supper. Each was drawing upon his pipe, and exhaling a cloud of fragrant smoke, except the chief proprietor of the establishment, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. I do not think that there can be found a pleasanter fellow for a companion during the long evening lounge around a camp-fire than B——. Though never out of the United States, he has been, Hibernianly speaking, a great deal in them, and has anecdotes associated with almost every place which becomes prominent in connection with the present war. But what I enjoy the most is to set him talking about some of his adventures since he has been with us, and extract all those details which are not obtainable in a second-hand report. As he seems to enjoy the revival in his memory of these former scenes as much as we do, to whom they are fresh, it is no difficult task to start him on a narration.

The talk began by some remark upon the character of the country around us, which our regiment had scouted in the spring preceding. There was a little difference of opinion about the bend in the river, and whether our picket line there might not be improved. Captain G—— thought that it might, and appealed to the colonel. "I think not," was the reply. "I had to study the shore there pretty closely last spring to find a place where I could cross, and the pickets now cover, as far as possible, every practicable ferry. Unless we had more men, I could not suggest any improvement."

"Why," said L——, "what were you looking for a crossing here for? W—— never meant to take Rich-

mond on his own hook, just as he went at Jackson's army afterward at Harrisonburg, did he?"

"No; this was a little affair of my own, when we bagged a party of rebel couriers and brought in some horses—among others that nice pair of Bailey Peyton mares that I had last summer."

"I remember hearing something about that when I rejoined near Seddon's; but we were all off on detached service just then, and I never heard the particulars of the affair, nor knew where it took place. How did you manage to get to them without their taking wing?"

"It is rather a long story for a man to tell about himself," responded B——.

"No matter," I put in; "we are all smokers, and will be very grateful if you will take our share of the talk out of our mouths. So begin at the beginning, and we will take the story, as an artist might now take you, at full length."

The colonel stretched himself into a comfortable position and began:—

"You all know how the contrabands began to flock in to us as soon as we came down from Falmouth to Port Conway. It was a sort of second Exodus, slightly differing from the first, especially as to color and smell. They managed to get to us, not only from down the neck, but also from across the river—one party bringing in valuable horses, and the others tolerably good information. So we welcomed them all, and sent them on toward the North Pole rejoicing. One of the fellows from the other side, Humphrey, who was with Colonel W—— for some time afterward, seemed to have come off rather against his will. I got into a talk with him, and found out that his master lived about ten or twelve miles back from the river. He might have been staying there to this time, perhaps, if the neighbors had not taken the alarm at losing so many of their servants. They had ar-

ranged with the rebel general, therefore, to assemble themselves and bring all their slaves to a certain place, where a small cavalry post had been established. The general was to send a force to guard them until they got within his lines, when they were to be taken to work on the Richmond fortifications, or else sold South. This kind of plan always gets wind in some way, and many of the negroes took the alarm. Among others, Humphrey very sensibly concluded that, if he had to leave home, he would prefer himself to decide the direction of his journey; and he consequently stole off by night, escaping across the river to us. Now his casual allusion to this post stuck fast in my mind, and I managed to make him describe it to me. From what he said I judged that it did not connect with any others in the neighborhood, but was there merely for purposes of observation. So it was just possible that I might steal upon them, catch most of them, and be back before there could be time for a force to come down upon us in turn.

"I began to hunger after the capture, and asked Humphrey whether he could guide a party through the country at night to the house where they stayed. The darkey's face lit up with unexpected intelligence and animation at the question; and when he declared not only his ability but his willingness to do so, I felt that I could rely on him. I went straight up to the house and spoke to the colonel. It was when head-quarters were at Powhatan Hill. I believe that W—— was sorry that he was not a captain instead of regimental commander. If he had been he would certainly have tried to take the affair out of my hands. As it was, he gave me plenty of counsel and warning, but consented to my taking a party of volunteers and crossing the river that night. It rained hard enough at nightfall to quell the courage of a good many of those who were willing enough in the afternoon; and I thought it darker than it had ever seemed before as our little party stole quietly out of camp before *tattoo*,

and felt our way down to the river. In a leaky boat, two at a time, we managed to cross, the noise of the skiff in the water sounding to our ears all the time as if it must be audible at least five miles; and just as *taps* blew, dismissing the rest of the regiment to bed, we started to leave it, perhaps forever. We had, of course, left spurs and sabres behind on such an expedition; but all of my men had their revolvers and carbines.

"We were seventeen whites, and had three negroes as guides. Humphrey led the advance, I following immediately, and only keeping him in sight from his wearing a light-colored linsey coat. How it happened that some of the men did not get lost in the darkness I cannot understand; for I did not hear a whisper sometimes for miles together, and only rarely the splash of a foot-fall in a puddle, indicating that the boys were keeping closely in my rear. I believe that, with their present recklessness, some of them would have straggled; but danger was then new to them, and they were nervously alive to every risk. As we were plodding along through heavy fields, over plantation-roads, and across by-paths, feeling very anxiously and to a slight degree scared—at least I did—the party whom we were going to surprise was much more agreeably occupied. They were all young men of the neighborhood, who had gone in a body from a local cavalry company into the Confederate service. So they were rather petted and made much of by the families around, especially by the young ladies.

"The sergeant had been particularly attracted by a daughter of Dr. Golding, the gentleman at whose place the party was posted; but whether that was the cause or the effect of his selecting that locality I am unable to tell. The afternoon of our march he had told the young lady that he was going to ride down and take a look at the Yankees, laughingly making her commandant of the post during his absence. She assumed *at least all* the authority appropriate to the dignity, commanding him to report

at a certain hour, or suffer the pain and penalties due to disobedience. The delinquent sergeant was half an hour behind his time. After enduring a severe reprimand he was placed in arrest and close confinement within the parlor, and sentenced to suffer whist, singing, and supper until the proper authority should permit his release. His imprisonment was lightened, however, by the society of the lady herself, her friends, and a select detail from his squad.

"In spite of the storm without, all was bright and gay within; and a good many small jokes were made about the Yankees, ten miles off across the river. At last, as the hands of the clock drew round toward twelve, the merry party broke up, the last words of Miss Golding being a jocular warning to take care or the Yankees would catch them. It was answered by a defiant laugh, and the sergeant retired with his men to their quarters in an adjoining office. There was a formal watch kept; but, at such a distance from the enemy, the young men had grown very careless. A man was placed on a hill a little distance off, another outside the house itself, and their horses were picketed somewhere within their reach. On this occasion the pleasure of the evening probably made the reliefs oblivious of their duty, and that at the very critical moment. Certain it is that the guard outside the door came in and lay down without any one taking his place, and the outpost, after staying beyond his hour, came in to see why he was not relieved.

"Now, having described the situation of the enemy, I shall go back to the history of my own party. We had left camp at about eight o'clock, and hour after hour marched slowly on under the guidance of the negroes, unable of ourselves to tell the direction in which we were travelling. We became more and more cautious and watchful as we advanced, though we had not heard a sound of life around us. Suddenly the guide stopped, taking a crouching attitude. We all found ourselves in-

voluntarily doing the same, though I suppose each was half unconscious that his neighbor was doing so. Presently I could hear footsteps advancing along the path. As we did not wish to meet any one, we of course stole aside as noiselessly as possible, and yielded the right of way.

"There were about half a dozen persons in the party, but I could not tell whether they were negroes or a patrol. Whoever they were we escaped their notice, and at once resumed our course. At last we emerged from a wooded hollow, and saw the vague outline of a building in a little denser black than the sky behind it.

"'All in dar,' whispered Humphrey, pointing to a particular part of the house.

"'Is there any fence or hedge between here and there?' I inquired, 'or is the track clear?'

"'Right up dar, straight up, massa,' he responded, so excited that I believe he did not comprehend the question.

"'Does the door open into a room or into a passage?' was my next question.

"'Right in dar, massa; you jump right on 'em,' was his answer, and he kept still pointing to the place.

"So I posted my men, and then my orderly and I headed two parties in a rush for the opposite sides of the building. Just as I got to the top of my speed I felt a violent blow upon my chest which almost staggered me. I put out my hand and touched a picket fence. With one leap I was over it, and at the door. My men were delayed by trying to climb the fence slowly. Just as I touched the door it was opened from within, and I came face to face with a gray back. Before I could even say *Surrender!* he had sprung back, run along the passage and dashed through a side door. For a moment I was bewildered by finding the passage where I expected the room, but recovering myself I followed in time to see him making for a pile of arms.

"'Surrender!' shouted I; and, without my really mean-

ing it, my pistol went off. He spun round, saying, 'You have shot me, sir;' but I did not have time to attend to him, for all around the room were his comrades lying down. I sprang at the nearest, had my knee on him, my breast on another, and my pistol at the head of a third at the same instant. Just then my men got round to the window, and seeing me apparently struggling with numbers, let fly a couple of shots. Unfortunately both were fatal, one man being killed, and another mortally wounded. My man only had a bullet through his arm.

"Of course the rebels immediately surrendered, and we found that the party consisted of seven. The wounded man was a nephew of Dr. Golding, and had been one of the party in the parlor. I immediately sent a message to Dr. Golding requesting him to come and attend upon his wounded nephew. At the same moment a series of most piercing shrieks rang out from the main building, each woman doing screaming enough for six. I sent a second envoy to the Doctor, informing him that if he did not come at once I should have to bring him, together with a polite request for the cessation of that very loud and disagreeable noise.

"Both messages were effectual. We had the arm of the slightly wounded prisoner dressed at once; and while some of my men found and saddled the horses of the party, the rest of us assisted in ministering to young Broadus, who, as a short inspection proved, was dying. It was the first time that we had looked upon the results of our work, and it made us look very melancholy to contemplate the agony of that fine young fellow. Some of my men almost cried. But we did not have time to yield to any sentiments of pity or sorrow. We were ten miles from the river, with an active enemy not so very far off. So, guarding our five prisoners, and bringing off their five horses, we started on our return along the self-same road. We moved, though, much faster on the way back, the cause of which you may perhaps com-

prehend; and as we mounted the hill commanding the river, we heard the cheerful notes of our bugles sounding out reveille. There in the clear dawn we could catch sight of some of our men waiting anxiously by the boat. It soon came across to us, and, swimming the horses, we made our way into camp, feeling very proud of our expedition and its fruits."

A DARKEY IN THE AIR.

Abraham, a full-blooded negro, and the only person who escaped with his life at the time the mine under Fort Hill at Vicksburg exploded, was at work with a number of the rebel soldiery "sinking a shaft" for the purpose of discovering any gallery that might have been "run by our miners" beneath their works.

The negro was blown a distance of nearly three hundred yards, and was, when picked up, in a most disturbed state of mind.

"De Lord, massa"—quoth he—"tink neber should light—yah, yah! Went up 'bout free mile. Ax a white man when I start whar *wese* going, and de next I know'd he was just nowhere but all over."

An artist present took a sketch of Abraham while the officers gathered around, and the numerous queries put to him were rather wittily responded to.

Finishing the sketch, the contraband scrutinized it for a moment, then broke into a "Yah, yah! de Lord, dis chile shore—Massa, give me a quarter?"

One of General M'Pherson's staff, Colonel Coolbaugh, bestowed a silver half upon the delighted African, who made tracks for the negro quarters near in a style showing that he was but little the worse for his aerial voyage.

THE FOURTEENTH AT GETTYSBURG.

"Come, Fred, tell me all about that glorious fight which, you know, it was just my ill-luck to miss. If it had been such another whipping as we had at Fredericksburg, the Fates would probably have let me be there. I have heard several accounts, and know the regiment did nobly; but the boys all get so excited telling about it that I have not yet a clear idea of the fight."

"Here goes, then," said the adjutant, lighting a fresh cigar. "It will serve to pass away time, which hangs so heavy on our hands in this dreary hospital."

"We were not engaged on the first day of the fight, July 1, 1863, but were on the march for Gettysburg that day. All the afternoon we heard the cannonading growing more and more distinct as we approached the town, and as we came on the field at night learned that the First and Eleventh corps had fought hard, suffered much, and been driven back outside the town with the loss of Major-General Reynolds, who, it was generally said, brought on an engagement too hastily with Lee's whole army. We bivouacked on the field that night.

"About nine o'clock the next morning we moved up to the front, and by ten o'clock the enemy's shells were falling around us. Captain Coit had a narrow escape here. We had just stacked arms and were resting, when a runaway horse, frightened by the shelling, came full tilt at him; 'twas 'heavy cavalry' against 'light infantry;' but Coit had presence of mind enough to draw his sword, and bringing it to a point it entered the animal's belly. The shock knocked Coit over, and he was picked up senseless, with a terribly battered face, and carried to the rear."

"By the way, Fred, is it not singular that he should have recovered so quickly and completely from such a severe blow?"

"Indeed it is. He is as handsome as ever; but to go on. At four o'clock in the afternoon we moved up to support a battery, and here we lay all night. About dark Captain Broatch went out with the pickets. Though under artillery fire all day, we were not really engaged, as we did not fire a gun. Some of our pickets, unfortunately going too far to the front, were taken prisoners during the night.

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the 3d, Captain Townsend went out with Companies B and D and relieved Broatch. As soon as he got out, Townsend advanced his men as skirmishers some three hundred yards beyond the regiment, which moved up to the impromptu rifle-pits, which were formed partially by a stone wall and partially by a rail fence. Just as soon as our skirmishers were posted they began firing at the rebel skirmishers, and kept it up all day, until the grand attack in the afternoon. Before they had been out twenty minutes, Corporal Huxham, of Company B, was instantly killed by a rebel bullet. It was not discovered until another of our skirmishers, getting out of ammunition, went up to him, saying, 'Sam, let me have some cartridges.' Receiving no answer, he stooped down and discovered that a bullet had entered the poor fellow's mouth and gone out at the back of his head, killing the brave, Chancellorsville-scarred corporal so quickly that he never knew what hurt him.

"Presently Captain Moore was ordered down with four companies into a lot near by, to drive the rebel sharpshooters out of a house and barn from whence they were constantly picking off our men. Moore went down on a double-quick, and, as usual, ahead of his men; he was first man in the barn, and as he entered the Butternuts were already jumping out. Moore and his men soon cleared the barn, and then started for the house. Here that big sergeant in Company J (Norton) sprang in at the front door just in time to catch a bullet in his thigh,

from a reb watching at the back; but that reb did not live long to brag of it, one of our boys taking him 'on the wing.' Moore soon cleared the house out and went back with his men. Later in the day the rebels again occupied the house, and Major Ellis took the regiment and drove them out, burning the house, so as not to be bothered by any more concealed sharpshooters in it."

"Yes, I know the major don't like to do a thing but once, so he always does it thoroughly the first time."

"It was in these charges for the possession of that house we lost more officers and men than in all the rest of the fight.

"About one o'clock in the afternoon the enemy, who had been silent so long that the boys were cooking coffee, smoking, sleeping, etc., suddenly opened all their batteries of reserve artillery upon the position held by our corps (the Second). First one great gun spoke; then, as if it had been the signal for the commencement of an artillery conversation, the whole hundred and twenty or more opened their mouths at once and poured out their thunder. A perfect storm of shot and shell rained around and among us. The boys quickly jumped to their rifles, and lay down behind the wall and rail barricade. For two hours this storm of shot and shell continued, and seemed to increase in fury. Good God! I never heard anything like it, and our regiment has been under fire 'somewhat,' as you know. The ground trembled like an aspen leaf; the air was full of small fragments of lead and iron from the shells. Then the sounds—there was the peculiar '*whoo?* — *whoo?* — *whoo-oo?*' of the round-shot; the '*which-one?* — *which-one?*' of that fiendish Whitworth projectile, and the demoniac shriek of shells. It seemed as if all the devils in hell were holding high carnival. But, strange as it may seem, it was like many other 'sensation doings,' 'great cry and little wool,' as our regiment, and, in fact, the whole corps, lost very few men by it, the missiles passing over beyond our position,

save the Whitworth projectiles, which did not quite reach us, as their single gun of that description was two miles off. Had the enemy had better artillerists at their guns, or a better view of our position, I cannot say what would have been the final result; but certain it is, nothing mortal could have stood that fire long, had it been better directed, and if our corps had broken that day, Gettysburg would have been a lost battle, and General Lee, instead of Heintzelman, the commanding officer in this District of Columbia to-day.

"About three P. M. the enemy's fire slackened, died away, and the smoke lifted to disclose a corps of the rebel 'Grand Army of Northern Virginia,' advancing across the long level plain in our front, in three magnificent lines of battle, with the troops massed in close column by division on both flanks. How splendidly they looked! Our skirmishers, who had stayed at their posts through all, gave them volley after volley as they came on, until Captain Townsend was ordered to bring his men in, which he did in admirable order; his men, loading and firing all the way, came in steadily and coolly—all that were left of them, for a good half of them were killed or wounded before they reached the regiment.

"On, on came the rebels, with colors flying and bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, keeping their lines as straight as if on parade; over fences and ditches they come, but still their lines never break, and still they come. For a moment all is hush along our lines, as we gaze in silent admiration at these brave rebs; then our division commander, 'Aleck Hayes,' rides up, and, pointing to the last fence the enemy must cross before reaching us, says, 'Don't fire till they get to that fence; then let 'em have.'

"On, on, come the rebs, till we can see the whites of their eyes, and hear their officers command, 'Steady, boys, steady!' They reach the fence, some hundred yards in front of us, when suddenly the command 'Fire!' rings down our line; and, rising as one man, the rifles of the old

Second Army Corps ring a death-knell for many a brave heart, in butternut dress, worthy of a better cause—a knell that will ring in the hearts of many mothers, sisters, and wives, on many a plantation in the once fair and sunny South, where there will be weeping and wailing for the soldier who never returns, who sleeps at Gettysburg!

"'Load and fire at will!'

"Oh, heavens! how we poured our fire into them then—a merciless hail of lead! Their first line wavers, breaks, and runs; some of their color sergeants halt and plant their standards firmly in the ground—they are too well disciplined to leave their colors yet. But they stop only for a moment; then fall back, colors and all. They fall back, but rally, and dress on the other lines, under a tremendous fire from our advancing rifles; rally, and come on again to meet their death. Line after line of rebels come up, deliver their fire, one volley, and they are mown down like the grass of the field. They fall back, form, and come up again, with their battle-flags still waving; but again they are driven back.

"On our right is a break in the line, where a battery has been in position, but, falling short of ammunition, and unable to move it off under such a heavy fire, the gunners have abandoned it to its fate. Some of the rebels gain a footing here. One daring fellow leaps upon the gun, and waves his rebel flag. In an instant a right oblique fire from 'ours,' and a left oblique from the regiment on the left of the position, rolls the ragged rebel and rebel rag in the dust—rolls the determined force back from the gun, and it is ours.

"By-and-by the enemy's lines come up smaller and thinner, break quicker, and are longer in forming. Our boys are wild with excitement, and grow reckless. Lieutenant John Tibbetts stands up yelling like mad, 'Give it to 'em! give it to 'em! A bullet enters his arm—that same arm in which he caught two bullets at Antietam;

Johnny's game arm drops by his side; he turns quickly to his first lieutenant, saying, 'I have got another bullet in the same old arm, but I don't care a d—n!'

"Heaven forgive Johnny! rebel lead will sometimes bring rebel words with it. All of 'OURS' are carried away with excitement; the sergeant-major leaps a wall, dashes down among the rebs, and brings back a battle-flag; others follow our sergeant-major; and before the enemy's repulse becomes a rout, we of the Fourteenth have six of their battle-flags.

"Prisoners are brought in by hundreds, officers and men. We pay no attention to them, being too busy sending our leaden messengers after the now flying hosts. One of our prisoners, a rebel officer, turns to me, saying—

"'Where are the men we've been fighting?'

"'Here,' I answer, pointing down our short, thin line.

"'Good God!' says he, 'is that all? I wish I could get back.'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "Townsend told me that when he fell back with his skirmishers and saw the whole length of our one small, thin little line pitted against those then full lines of the rebels, his heart almost sank within him; but Meade had planned that battle well, and every one of our soldiers told."

"Yes," said Fred, "Meade planned the fight well, and Hancock, Hayes, and, in fact, all of them fought it well. All through the fight General Hancock might be seen galloping up and down the lines of our bully corps, regardless of the leaden hail all about him; and when finally severely wounded in the hip, he was carried a little to the rear, where he lay on his stretcher, and still gave his orders.

"The fight was now about over; there was only an occasional shot exchanged between the retreating rebel sharpshooters and our own men, and I looked about me, and took an account of stock. We had lost about seventy

killed and wounded and taken prisoners, leaving only a hundred men fit for duty. We had killed trèble that number, and taken nearly a brigade of prisoners; six stands of colors, and guns, swords, and pistols without number. For the first time we had been through an action without having an officer killed or fatally wounded, though Tibbetts, Seymour, Stoughton, Snagg, Seward, and Dudley were more or less seriously wounded, and Coit disabled.

"Hardly a man in the regiment had over two or three cartridges left. Dead and wounded rebels were piled up in heaps in front of us, especially in front of Companies A and B, where Sharpe's rifles had done effective work.

"It was a great victory. 'Fredericksburg on the other leg,' as the boys said. The rebel prisoners told us their leaders assured them that they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia; but when they saw that d—d ace of clubs (the trefoil badge of the Second Corps) a cry went through their lines—

"'The Army of the Potomac, by Heaven!'

"So ended the battle of Gettysburg, and the sun sank to rest that night on a battle-field that had proved that the Army of the Potomac could and would save the people of the North from invasion whenever and wherever they may be assailed.

"'Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old.'"

"Pshaw, Fred! you are getting sentimental. Let's go out in the air and have another cigar."

THE WAY JOE ALLEN BURIED VANDEGRIFT.

"I promised to tell you something about Aldie and Upperville," said the adjutant; "we did not go into the fight ourselves, being for the first time kept in reserve;

but after we had finished driving the enemy, and began to move back to the army, our brigade had the honor of covering the rear, when we had some tolerably sharp work.

"You were with us last year when we had that set-to with Stuart, at Aldie, and remember the position pretty well. The rebels came up the Snickersville Road in just the same way they attacked last December; but Kilpatrick met them differently. He swept round outside of the town, and charged into the road by the first wood. The Tenth New York went first, and drove them to that dip of the road where it bends in both directions. Here they were met and forced back. Kilpatrick sent in the Second New York as support.

"Their major, instead of leading, gave his orders from the rear, which produced some confusion, and consequently the rebels were getting the better of our men. They say that Kilpatrick was half mad. He had brought on the fight, and now if his men failed him he was lost. Just then Colonel Doughty with his First Maine came up in perfect order. Kilpatrick rode up to them, and they dashed forward with a vigor that was irresistible. Right before them they swept the rebels, past the woods and the hollow, and up to the last hill, where there were some old haystacks grouped together. Some of the rebels were protecting themselves under their cover, and opened a heavy fire; but it was no use. Eleven horses went down right around the stacks; but even that did not check the Maine fellows. Closing in, they drove the enemy away, and, fighting hand to hand, forced them down the steep into the hollow beyond.

"It was terribly close work; Kilpatrick himself was, they say, once surrounded and a prisoner, but he was cut out before he could be fairly taken. That fine old soldier, Colonel Doughty, got in too deep. The rebels ordered him to yield, but he refused. If he had had his own horse, which was so perfectly trained that he could do

anything, the old man would have succeeded in keeping a clear place around him, and would have cut his way through; but the animal on which he was mounted was inferior in strength and activity to the emergency. The rebels pressed in upon him, and the brave old man, fighting to the last, went down. There was no holding the Maine boys after that. The rebels were driven well down the hill, our artillery got into position and raked them fearfully, and for a mile or two it was a perfect rout.

"The rebels cut across the Middlebury Road, which, through Duffie's misfortune that morning, was free. Reinforcements coming up enabled them to get into order again, and hold us for a while. Once again there was severe fighting, and again they had to fall back, though this time in a little better order. Still, each attack shook them more and more. At last they began retreating rapidly, leaving us a gun.

"After two days' fighting, all in our favor, they were forced to make a stand at Upperville, in order to secure their line of retreat through Ashby's Gap. All along the stone-walls by the roadside, they dismounted sharpshooters, and wherever they deployed, they protected themselves by similar breastworks. Kilpatrick took the same precaution on the road, and it saved him from some trouble. His column charging past the sharpshooters, caught such a heavy fire that it had to fall back, and Stuart's men charged in their turn. Then our carbineers let them have it with terrible effect, weeding out their squadrons effectually. Over the stone-walls, and through the inclosures our men went at them, sometimes throwing down the fences, at others going over them. The fighting was something like Brandy Station, though we had more decidedly the advantage. The rebels lost very severely. They never succeeded in fairly meeting a charge. From hill to hill they went, leaving another piece in our hands, and at last were driven pell-mell into the Gap. It was not until they reached the other side, and were co-

vered by their infantry and artillery, that they were able to make a stand.

"Kilpatrick's brigade had the work that day all to itself; and they did it so thoroughly that we in the reserve had nothing to do but to follow up. The next morning, Pleasanton having found out all he wanted to know, and done what he wanted, gave orders to fall back to our position, covering the march of the army.

"Our brigade now took the rear of the column; the First Pennsylvania and First New Jersey, with some of the Third Pennsylvania, being deployed as skirmishers. As soon as the rebels discovered that we were actually retiring, they came swarming out of the Gap. They had received such a lesson, however, that it was not until after we had passed through Upperville that they attempted to close. Here they came out suddenly, wheeling from behind a hill, and charged. It was a very distinguished failure. They rode in toward our skirmishers as if fully determined to break through; but Lucas opened such a scathing fire upon them that they reeled back in dismay.

"Among our skirmishers that day, Private Vandegrift, of Company D, particularly distinguished himself. All our men were cool and daring, keeping their positions steadily, but he fought with marked judgment, never throwing away his fire, and always the nearest man to the enemy. Close to his side fought Joseph Allen, of Company F, a reckless, warm-hearted, light-headed boy. I do not know that they fought really better than others, but they happened to catch my eye, and subsequent events impressed their names on my memory. Curiously enough, the storm of bullets fired by the rebels did not injure a man of our line. Their skirmishers were nervous and fired wild, while the aim of our men was unusually fatal.

"At last the rebels brought up some artillery, and began firing shells at our skirmishers, while their men kept carefully out of range. One shell burst under the horse

of Captain Englebert, of the Third Pennsylvania, curiously enough without harming horse or rider. Another struck Vandegrift in the side, tearing through him without exploding. As he fell, Allen sprang to the ground, seized him, and placed his body carefully by the fence. At this moment the rebels made another abortive charge, and Allen had to remount. This was near the Dover Mills, on the Middleburg Road, and terminated their attempt at pursuit. Leaving this body behind seemed to weigh upon Joe's mind. He kept as far in the rear as he could through the whole after-movement.

"When the regiment halted, he came up to Captain Lucas and begged permission to bring it in. The Captain gave leave, if the body did not lie inside the rebel lines, and if he could find any men to accompany him. Craven, of Company A, immediately volunteered. A Pennsylvania man also pressed forward, as did two other Jersey men. These five mounted and quietly advanced toward the rebel forces. Managing to avoid an outlying picket, they stole through the woods until they were close upon the spot where lay Vandegrift's body, partially hidden by the fence. There, within one hundred yards, stretched the enemy's skirmish line, with no obstruction intervening between them and the body.

"'No matter,' said our men to each other, 'it lies without the lines, and we can get it without disobeying orders.'

"So suddenly they rode out of the woods and spread themselves before the body. As they did so, Craven dismounted and lifted the body on his horse. The movement so paralyzed the rebels that they were unable to fire until after he had done this. Then, as he remounted, they delivered a hasty and ineffectual fire. Without returning it our men wheeled and dashed back into cover with the burden for which they had risked so much. Half sadly, half triumphantly, they bore it back to camp; and as they laid it in a decent grave felt a soldier's satisfaction

that their comrade obtained a proper resting-place from their hands, instead of being tumbled into a ditch by the enemy, or left unburied, a prey to unclean beasts and the foul birds of prey."

BRAGG AND HIS HIGH PRIVATE.

While Bragg's troops were on their retreat from Murfreesborough, Tenn., ragged, hungry, and weary, they straggled along the road for miles, with an eye to their own comfort, but a most unmilitary neglect of rules and regulations. Presently one of them espied, in the woods near by, a miserable broken-down mule, which he at once seized and proceeded to put to his use, by improvising, from stray pieces of rope, a halter and stirrups. This done, he mounted with grim satisfaction, and pursued his way. He was a wild Texas tatterdemalion, bareheaded, barefooted, and wore in lieu of a coat a rusty-looking hunting-shirt. With hair unkempt, beard unshorn, and face unwashed, his appearance was grotesque enough; but, to add to it, he drew from some receptacle his corn-cob pipe, and made perfect his happiness by indulging in a comfortable smoke.

While thus sauntering along, a company of bestarred and bespangled horsemen—General Bragg and staff—rode up, and were about to pass on, when the rather unusual appearance of the man attracted their notice. The object of their attention, however, apparently neither knew nor cared to know them, but looked and smoked ahead with careless indifference.

"Who are you?" asked the Major-general.

"Nobody," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?"

"Don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?"

"Bragg's army! Bragg's army!" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army! One half he shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death at Murfreesborough."

Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

For some time the Army of the Cumberland knew a jovial, smiling, wide-awake personage (a native of the "Green Isle," but who is remarkably well cut-and-dried and seasoned, nevertheless) by the name of M. E. Joyce. He corresponded for different Northern papers, visited around among the camps, was always in with his laugh and his story, and as fond of accompanying an expedition, sharing danger, and having a rough time, as "any other man."

Who of our army officers does not remember little Joyce—or "Jice," as we termed him? That he was useful as well as ornamental, and that his brains were put in pretty nearly the right place, let the following facts be ample proof.

In November, '63, while plodding in the vicinity of Nashville, crossing over from one camp to another, our hero was picked up, or, rather, pulled down, from his horse by some rebel guerrillas or patrols. He was rather taken aback; but for an instant only. He was soon entirely "aisy" with them—telling them all sorts of a story, and, as he states it, "letting on secesh like the d——l," as a butternut citizen. Satisfied that he was "a good enough Morgan" for them, he was not retained long;

and he hastily scrambled back to the city highly elated with his adventure.

"Hark'ee, now, Joyce; you are just my man," said Colonel Truesdail. "You can go to Murfreesborough without any trouble—can get me the information we desire. I will get you a good horse and outfit, and pay you three hundred dollars for the trip, if you are quick and smart."

The newspaper-man's chuckle rounded into an attentive period, as he pondered over the idea, and heard all about the "how to do it" from the Chief of Police. He was to ride boldly up to the rebel lines and claim to be the regular correspondent of the Cincinnati "Enquirer"—a man of conservative sentiments, who was friendly to the South, was opposed to the war, was in the Union army as regular correspondent, had written something to offend General Rosecrans, and the latter had imprisoned and abused him; and he was now determined to injure Rosecrans and his crowd all he could. Joyce liked the idea. It was novel and feasible—would take him into tall company, and would pay well. Joyce, therefore, prepared; and about the 25th he sallied forth as boldly as would the knight of La Mancha, and as happy as Sancho, his squire, when at his best estate as "governor of an island."

The joke and Joyce succeeded admirably. He was taken to Murfreesborough, and into the august presence of Bragg. He told his tale with an air of injured innocence, and swore great oaths of vengeance against the "stupid Dutchman," the leader of the Yankee fanatics and cowards at Nashville, &c. His assertions were partially borne out by one of General Bragg's principal officers, who stated that he had recently seen an account in a Nashville or Louisville paper of a difficulty with some writer of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," whom the Union commander had imprisoned and then banished from his army lines.

Bragg was not a little pleased at the incident. A tyrant in his own "bailiwick," he was gratified to hear of the malignant fanaticism and injustice of the opposing commander.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said, addressing the humble representative of Cincinnati, "for I respect your occupation and admire the men who employ you. The Cincinnati 'Enquirer' is the only paper in the West that does the cause of the South even common justice. I will protect you within my lines, and render your stay as comfortable as possible."

Mr. Joyce was thankful and at ease; he always is. He was again slightly severe on the "Dutchman" in command at Nashville, and on the "abolition fanatics" of the North, and, now that he was in the proper position, it should not be his fault if he did not write home to the Cincinnati "Enquirer" some homely truths, *pro bono publico*. His only fear was that he would not be able to send his productions to the "Enquirer."

"Never fear about that," replied General Bragg, "I will see to that. My man John Morgan is superintendent of the railroad-system in the Southwest, and will get your letters through by the first trains."

Pleased with the conceit, Bragg and Joyce both smiled over a nip of quite new and sharp Robertson County whiskey. Supper being announced, Joyce was invited to the table, and, with the usual modesty and timidity of his ancestry in the ascendant, he sat down to his rations of beans, coffee, and corn bread. Bragg and his staff were there assembled, and the tale of Joyce was again unfolded to admiring auditors. After supper Joyce retired to a vacant corner, and with pen and paper he toiled for an hour, writing up one of the most scathing and glowing diatribes upon low-lived "Dutchmen" and high-toned gentlemen, the horrors of war, the blessings of peace, and the ignorance and folly of Northern abolitionists and fanatics. The epistle was properly enveloped,

addressed in style (for Joyce is an elegant and rapid penman) to the editor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," and handed to an aid of General Bragg's to be forwarded by the Morgan line; and thus ended the task of our quondam correspondent. He strolled over the town in company with an under-officer or two, and a fair cigar. To his companions he expatiated largely upon Nashville army affairs and Northern sentiments and sympathies; and it need not be specially set down, for aught we know, that he told any more of "whoppers" than the time and occasion would warrant.

Next day the man of the "Enquirer," after breakfasting with some officers at Bragg's head-quarters, set out to view the town, as per assurance of the officers that he was quite at liberty to do. The railroad-depot, the storehouses, the outer works, &c., were visited, in the most indifferent and unconcerned manner. Ere long, however, some military officer, dressed up in a little "brief authority," accosted our explorer after items and demanded that he give an account of himself.

"To the divil with ye! An' is it the likes of you that is afther stoppin' me and axin' me name an' business? Go to Major-General Bragg, an' he'll tell ye who I am!"

The officer was not to be thus put aside; he collared Joyce forthwith, and led him to the provost-marshal's office, near by, supposing him to be a shirking soldier or skulking conscript. The provost-marshal was of the same opinion.

"I'll send you to your regiment. What is it?" asked the marshal.

"You'll not do the likes at all, now," said Joyce, "for I don't belong to any."

"Oh, ho! you don't? Then you're just the man I want; for I know of a regiment that has just room for you," replied the marshal.

Matters began to look serious for Joyce. The town was all astir, for this was but a few days before the battle

of Stone River. He told his story to the marshal, and it was agreed that if he should go back at once to Bragg's head-quarters and get a pass, or indorsement, it would be all right. Joyce did so; and an actual pass was granted to him, over Bragg's sign manual, giving him the run of the town—which pass Joyce showed to the marshal with considerable glee and, withal, a slight taste of impudent defiance.

After looking about the town, our correspondent took the cars for a trip down towards Bridgeport—was away two or three days, going as far as Atlanta, Ga., ascertained the general condition of the rebel rear, and returned to Murfreesborough. Again he basked at times in the presence of General Bragg and his officials, and wrote lively and caustic philippics for the able "Enquirer," and sat at Bragg's table and discussed the war and his muttons. And, to cap the very climax of absurdity and impudence, our man mounted his "Rosinante"—the horse he sallied forth with from the police stable at Nashville—and rode out to one or more of the grand division reviews with President Jefferson Davis, Bragg, and his escort—Davis being then on his Southern tour.

It was now time for Joyce to be off, while his budget was full of news and the signs were favorable. Some officers invited him on the night of the review to go out with them to see some fair maids and have a good time. The girls were at an out-of-the-way place; and the less said about their chastity the better—so reports Joyce. Arrived there, the party dismount, hitch their horses, and make themselves agreeable within-doors. Joyce watches his opportunity, slips out for a moment, unties the horses and turns them loose in the darkness to prevent possible pursuit, stealthily mounts his own horse—or, more probably, the best one of the lot—and makes off for very dear life. He was fortunate enough to elude the pickets, the night being very dark; and ere morning

he made his way across to the Cumberland River, and thence to the Federal lines.

His information was received with the liveliest satisfaction, and the joke thus perpetrated upon both Bragg and the Cincinnati "Enquirer" was the talk of the day. Its importance can be estimated when we state that the Union army advanced towards Murfreesborough a short time after his return. His statements were corroborated by two other spies just in from Murfreesborough, and two days after his return, there came into our lines a most respectable citizen, previously and now a merchant of Murfreesborough, who also confirmed Joyce's story, not only as to his army information, but as to the *rôle* he had played, and the manner in which it was done.

THE FIGHT AT BRANDY.

"It was the prettiest cavalry fight that you ever saw," said the adjutant, stretching his legs, and lighting a fresh cigar.

"It was just my luck to lose it," I answered. "Here have I been lying, growling, and grumbling, while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken sick just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a *newspaper* regiment, so that I could learn something about our share in that day's work. Be a good fellow, and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen hawse, as the nautical novelists say, and begin."

"Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close to Kelly's Ford, in column

of battalions, the men holding their horses as they slept, and no fires being lighted.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th, we were again in motion, and got across the ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the third squadron, was in advance, and as we moved, he managed so well that he bagged every picket on the road. Thus we had got almost upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones' Brigade, the First Jersey and First Pennsylvania charging together; and before they had recovered from the alarm we had a hundred and fifty prisoners. The rebels were then forming thick upon the hill-side by the station, and they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York Battery on our side galloped into position, and began to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for a charge, except a squadron of the First Maryland, left to support the battery. Our boys went in splendidly, keeping well together, and making straight for the rebel battery on the hill behind the station. Wyndham himself rode on the right, and Broderick charged more toward the left, and with a yell we were on them. We were only two hundred and eighty strong, and in front of us was White's Battalion of five hundred. No matter for that. Wyndham and Broderick were leading, and they were not accustomed to count odds.

"As we dashed fiercely into them, sabre in hand, they broke like a wave on the bows of a ship, and over and through them we rode, sabring as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us was the Twelfth Virginia, six hundred men, riding down to support White. By Jove, sir, that was a charge! They came up splendidly, looking steadier than we did ourselves after the shock of the first charge. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or if he had gone to another regiment; but there was Broderick looking full of fight, his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre

clenched, riding well in front. At them we went again, and some of them this time met us fairly. I saw Broderick's sabre go through a man, and the rebel gave a convulsive leap out of his saddle, falling senseless to the ground. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach.

"Now, there were the guns plain before us, the drivers yelling at their horses, and trying to limber up. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after the others, when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. I tell you, it was a startling sight. The fragments of White's Battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field, and were charging in our rear. The First Maryland was there, and Broderick was shouting at them in what their colonel considered a 'very ungentlemanly manner,' to move forward to the charge. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia, and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of dashing at White's men, the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then we were charged at the same time in front and rear. We had to let the guns go, and gather together as well as possible to cut ourselves out. Gallantly our fellows met the attack. We were broken, of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force, but, breaking them up too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer, and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melee; but little Wood, the bugler of Company G, sprang down, and gave him his animal, setting off himself to catch another. A rebel rode at the bugler, and succeeded in getting away his arms before help came. As Wood still went after a horse, another fellow rode at him.

"The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed it at the horseman, made him

dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Then he went in again. Lucas, Hobensack, Brooks, and Beekman, charged with twelve men into White's Battalion. Fighting hand to hand they cut their way through, but left nine of the men on the ground behind them. Hughes was left almost alone in a crowd, but brought himself and the men with him safe through. Major Shelmire was seen last lying across the dead body of a rebel cavalryman. None of us thought anything of two to one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to fight hand to hand that their numbers told heavily. It was in such a place that I lost sight of Broderick. The troop horse that he was riding was not strong enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he had to fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was still in the way; swerving to one side, he escaped a blow from another, and, warding off the thrust of a third, managed to take him with his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebel's, was jerked from his hand.

"He always carried a pistol in his boot. Pulling that out, he fired into the crowd, and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him, which fell. His own charger rose at it, but stumbled, and as it did Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within arms' length of him and a sabre stroke upon his side.

"I saw all this as a man sees things at such times, and am not positive even that it all occurred as I thought I saw it; for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see I was myself having as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride up to his help when two fellows put at me. The first one fired at me and missed. Before he could again cock his revolver I succeeded in closing with him. My sabre took him just

in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood gushed out in a black-looking stream; he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of his horse, which galloped away. Then I gathered up my reins, spurred my horse, and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sergeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a leap high in the air. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse's brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a terrible convulsive contraction of all his muscles the black turned over in the air, and fell on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself far into my side; my sabre sprung out of my hand, and I lay, with arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. Everybody had something else to do than to attend to me, and there I lay where I had fallen.

"It seemed to me to have been an age before I began painfully to come to myself; but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was a terrible pain in my head, and a numbness through my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get hold of my sword. I crawled to it and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment; for a rebel soldier seeing me move, rode at me. The presence of danger roused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank, resting my pistol on the saddle and so contriving to get an aim. As soon as the man saw that, he turned off without attacking me. I was now able to stand and walk; so, holding my pistol in one hand and my sabre in the other, I made my way across the fields to where our battery was posted, scaring some with my pistol and shooting others. Nobody managed to hit me through the whole fight. When I got up to the battery I found Wood there. He sang out

to me to wait and he would get me a horse. One of the men, who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and got it for me.

"Just at that moment White's Battalion and some other troops came charging at the battery. The squadron of the First Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well as far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides by the heavy odds. All of our men who were free came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while their comrades at the same piece were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look up or around, but kept up their fire with unwavering steadiness. There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in and out, would dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We at last succeeded in driving him away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch.

"In the meantime the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick's Brigade charged on our right. The Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done since, and the loss of it weakened us a great deal. The Tenth New York, though, went in well, and the First Maine did splendidly, as it always does. In spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpepper, according to the accounts of rebel officers), we beat them heavily, and would have routed them completely if Duffie's Brigade had come up. He, however, was engaged with two or three hundred men on the left; the aide-de-camp sent to him with orders was wounded and taken prisoner, and he is not the sort of man to find out the critical point in a fight of his own accord.

"So now, they bringing up still more reserves, and a

whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not press us very close, except in the neighborhood of where the Second New York charged. There some of our men had as much as they could do to get out, and the battery had to leave three of its guns. We formed in the woods between a quarter and half a mile of the field, another moved back to cover the left of Buford, who was in retreat toward Beverly Ford. Hart and Wynkoop tried hard to cover the guns that were lost, but they had too few men, and so had to leave them. The rebels were terribly punished. By their own confession they lost three times as many as we did. In our regiment almost every soldier must have settled his man. Sergeant Craig, of Company K, I believe, killed three. Slate, of the same company, also went above the average. But we lost terribly. Sixty enlisted men of the First Jersey were killed, wounded, or missing. Colonel Wyndham was wounded, but kept his saddle; Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmire were killed; Lieutenant Brooks was wounded; Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Crocker were taken prisoners; and I, as you see, have had to come in at last and refit.

"I have spun you a pretty long yarn, and you must feel pretty tired; but when the memory of the fight comes over me I get almost as enthusiastic and excited as when it was going on. I am so proud of the regiment, officers, and men, that I am almost sorry for the promotion that takes me out of it. Of course, I have had to be egotistical, and tell you what occurred to myself, as that was to me the most intensely interesting; but I do not want you to fancy that I think I did any better, or fought any harder than the others. In fact, I know that most of the others did a good deal more than I did; but not having seen it, of course I could not describe their share of the fight quite so well as that which occurred in my own neighborhood and to my own person."

NOT THE RIGHT "SANDERS."

Prominent among those thronging the head-quarters of Brigadier-General Boyle, in the city of Louisville, one morning in November, 1862, might have been noticed a bright, handsome woman, who seemed exceedingly anxious for the success of some suit in which she was engaged. Her dress and manner indicated that she belonged to the higher walks of life, but otherwise there was nothing in her conduct or appearance by which a careless observer would distinguish her from the hundreds of others who daily gather at the office of the commanding General, seeking favors as numerous and diverse as the applicants themselves. The practised eye, however, could easily discern certain suspicious circumstances attaching to her, and suggestive of the idea that beneath all this pleasant exterior there might be an undercurrent of deceit and treachery. But her story was plausible, her manners winning, her conversation sprightly and interesting. The impression made by her upon all with whom she came in contact was in the highest degree favorable, and it seemed both ungallant and unjust to harbor the shadow of a suspicion that she was otherwise than a high-minded, honorable woman, who would scorn any of the petty meannesses of such frequent occurrence within our lines.

It subsequently transpired that her name was Ford, that her husband was a Baptist clergyman—a man of ability and reputation, formerly editor of a religious paper in that city, and now representative in the Confederate Congress from that district of Kentucky. She herself belonged to one of the first families of the city, and moved in the highest circles of an aristocratic society. To a naturally brilliant mind, strengthened and polished by a thorough education, were added the ease and grace of an accomplished Southern woman. In the palmy days

of peace she had been the centre of a bright galaxy of wit and beauty, dispensing to her admirers a bounteous hospitality, as genial as it was welcome. Now all was changed. These social gatherings had long been discontinued, the family circle was broken and scattered, her husband was a fugitive from his home, and she was seeking from the Federal authorities permission to pass southward beyond their lines and join him in his exile.

Lounging about the same head-quarters, on the same morning, with seemingly no particular business or present occupation save to watch the movements of others, was a quiet-looking man, who now and then cast sharp, quick, and stealthy glances at this Mrs. Ford, apparently regarding her with much interest. Presently, seeing her somewhat apart from the crowd, he approached, and, in a respectful, diffident manner, engaged her in conversation, which continued for some time, and, from the animated character it gradually assumed, was evidently upon some subject in which both parties were deeply interested. That it was of a confidential and private nature was easily inferred from the caution maintained during its continuance. It seems that, after some commonplace talk, the stranger informed her that he was not what he then seemed, but in reality Captain Denver, of the Confederate army, visiting Louisville as a spy upon the movements of the Federal army in that portion of Kentucky. Highly gratified at this intelligence, the lady became very friendly, and at once invited the captain to visit her house. The invitation so warmly given could not be declined without apparent rudeness, and so was accepted, but with, as the lady thought, a rather unnecessary and suspicious hesitation.

Whatever unwillingness the captain may have outwardly exhibited in accepting the proffered invitation, he was not slow in availing himself of its present privileges and prospective pleasures. Calling soon afterwards at the residence indicated, he was cordially received by

the family, whom he found strong in their sympathy with the South. Conversation naturally turned upon the war, and by a warm espousal of the Confederate cause he soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into their confidence, and, by way of showing *his* confidence in them, revealed his intention of presently escaping through the Federal lines to the nearest Confederate command, taking with him as large an amount of quinine, morphine, and other medicines as he could safely carry. Confidence thus implicitly reposed in the acquaintance of but a few hours could not be otherwise than pleasing to the fair hostess; and surely a reciprocal confidence would be little enough expression of gratitude in return. It was not safe; it was not wise; but "there can be no harm in trusting so true and firm a Southerner as Captain Denver," thought Mrs. Ford.

It was her purpose, too, she said, to smuggle through the lines large quantities of medicine, and at the same time carry to the Confederate authorities valuable information of Federal movements and plans. Her husband was in the South, and she apprehended no difficulty in procuring a pass allowing her to go to him, so soon as the circumstances of her case could be brought to the personal notice of General Boyle. The enterprise in which both were about to engage now became the exclusive topic of a lengthy conversation, in the course of which the captain remarked that he had not sufficient money to make as extensive purchases as he wished, and was desirous of assistance from the friends of the cause in Louisville. Mrs. Ford thought this need not trouble him. She could arrange it to his satisfaction, and appointed an interview for the next morning, at which she hoped to report the complete success of her efforts. The evening passed rapidly, and the captain took his departure, leaving his entertainers highly pleased with him as a valuable acquaintance and colaborer in the cause of the South.

The same evening the captain chanced to meet in the office of the Galt House an old friend, Dr. Rogers, surgeon on the staff of General Sterling Price, a paroled prisoner, and then, by order of General Rosecrans, on his way to Cairo to report to General Tuttle for transportation by the first boat to Vicksburg. According to the terms of the cartel agreed upon by the Federal and Confederate authorities, surgeons were held as non-combatants and not subject to exchange; but the doctors, with others, found in the hospital at Iuka, had been detained by General Rosecrans, in retaliation for the arrest and imprisonment by General Price of certain Union soldiers in Mississippi, and as hostages for their return.

Their release had been followed by his; and he was now, as stated, *en route* for Cairo.

At their meeting the next morning, Captain Denver mentioned the doctor to Mrs. Ford as his friend, and an intelligent and accomplished gentleman, with whom she would no doubt be highly pleased, at the same time remarking that he was on his way south, and it would be greatly to their advantage to go thither under his protection. To this she readily assented, and desired the captain to procure her an interview with the doctor. This not very difficult task was speedily accomplished, and the doctor called upon her that evening. Some time having passed in conversational pleasantry, the doctor adverted to the carrying of contraband goods, and spoke discouragingly of its policy, saying that anything of the kind would be a violation of his parole, and might lead to his arrest and imprisonment. With apparent sincerity, Mrs. Ford promptly replied that though an enemy of the Federal government, she was an honorable enemy, and would engage in no enterprise to which the military authorities would refuse their sanction.

The doctor seemed satisfied, and did not revert to the subject, but, instead, imparted to her, in strict confidence, a secret of the utmost importance. It will be remem-

bered that some months previous to this, George N. Sanders had successfully escaped from the rebel States, and made his way to England for the purpose of negotiating a Confederate loan. High hopes of success, on his part, were entertained, and his return was anxiously looked for by the rebels. Mrs. Ford, with her whole heart and soul in the cause, was more sanguine even than her most sanguine friends; and imagination can scarcely conceive the bright colors with which she painted the future of the embryo Confederacy. Who, then, shall describe her surprise and joy when told by the doctor that their friend, Captain Denver, was no other than this same George N. Sanders, who had eluded the guard at the Suspension Bridge, and was now on his return to the Confederate capital? She was also informed that his mission had been completely successful, that the loan had been taken by the Rothschilds, and that Sanders had in possession the evidence and documents connected therewith, all written in cipher. She was cautioned against hinting a word of it to anybody, or even intimating to Sanders that she knew him in any other character than as Captain Denver. He would accompany them to Vicksburg in his present disguise, and, until that point was reached, safety required that it should be penetrated by no one, however friendly to the South. The interests at stake were too vast to be hazarded by exposure to a mischance, which a single careless word might bring upon them. In case, however, he should be suspected, it would be their business to assist him in the secretion of his papers.

The arrangements for the journey were discussed, and the suggestion of the doctor warmly espoused by Mrs. Ford. Her eyes sparkled with delight as she asked a thousand questions about Sanders; how he had managed to escape the vigilance of the Federals; by what means he had accomplished his mission; what was the state of feeling in Europe, the prospects of recognition, and so

on. The doctor answered as best he could, and at length took his leave to make final preparations to start the next evening. Passes were obtained, tickets bought, trunks checked, berths secured in the sleeping-car. Everything bade fair for the successful termination of the enterprise. The night was passed comfortably in sleep, from which they were wakened, on arriving at Cairo, to find themselves under arrest. Denver and Rogers were indignant, but Mrs. Ford trembled like an aspen-leaf, and had the earth opened under her feet, revealing a bottomless chasm in which she must inevitably be buried alive, she could not have been more astonished and horrified. She could find neither tongue nor heart to utter a word in defence, and was led away in silence. A personal examination brought to light a number of letters and a large quantity of quinine concealed about her clothes. The trunks were found to contain similar contraband goods, and much information of value to the rebels. Grieving will not restore lost opportunities, nor bring to the surface sunken treasures; else had not the hopes of Mrs. Ford been thus ruthlessly dashed to the ground, her letters and goods fallen into the hands of her enemies, and the riches of the Confederate loan taken to themselves wings and flown away.

After a protracted investigation Mrs. Ford was sent South—since which time she has engaged in the business of publishing a book giving an account of her experience and treatment under Federal rule. Captain Denver, *alias* George N. Sanders, *alias* Conklin, it is needless to say, was simply a member of the detective police of the Army of the Cumberland, and Dr. Rogers, of Price's staff, also a member of the same corps.

THE SHARPSHOOTER'S STORY.

He was a Berdan marksman. There was nothing extraordinary about him, except his eye.

Not over thirty, but bronzed and hardened by years of "lumbering," the furrows of his face seemed to partake of the rigidity of the muscles that swelled over his tall, gaunt form, as if carved out of red sandstone. Not large, and never wide open, it appeared to be ever concentrating its focus for a "bead" over his unerring rifle. Light gray, with small dark spots around the iris, it resembled nothing that I can think of in the eye line as much as that of a tiger-striped cat I used to have, only that the white was nearly white. You perceive that I speak of his eye in the singular. He had but one—and that was his left. Yet he shot from the right shoulder, and never missed.

He had a very curious way of screwing his head around over the barrel of his piece, so as to bring his sole eye in the proper line of sight, and this peculiarity had long obtained him a nickname among his comrades, which, however, for fear of offending his sense of modesty, I decline to mention. So I shall call him Salem.

A rebel rifle ball had wounded him in the shoulder, and it was in the hospital that he told me the following simple but characteristic story.

As most stories transcribed, or supposed to be transcribed, from the lips of backwoodsmen and other persons using a peculiar dialect, are written with an effort to give that dialect, I shall, if only for novelty's sake, give Salem's story, to some extent, in ordinary colloquial English.

"How did you lose your eye?" I asked him, one morning. It was the third day after his admittance, and his wound was doing very well.

"Well, sir," said he, "there's a story to that; but the

ways of Providence are mighty strange, and I guess I'm even on that eye, if not on other things."

"If there's a story, Salem, let's have it by all means; I've nearly an hour to spare. So, unless you'd rather not tell it, out with it at once."

"Oh, I've no objection, doctor," replied Salem. But he hesitated some time, nevertheless, before he began, as follows:—

"There was a girl up to Maine that I used to hanker after wonderful, five years ago. I don't know but I do yet, for that matter," added he, in an undertone. "Whenever I could get down to the village I was yanking round Marm Glegg's—that was Kitty Glegg's mother, and Kitty was the girl I took to, doctor.

"And Kitty warn't unkind to me, neither; 't least until Piney George come among us. We called him Piney, because he came from Georgia, where he'd been lumbering in the pines.

"George was a handsome chap, and his tongue was double greased. I'll say that for him. And so, to cut it short, he fell in love with Kitty, and 'cut me out,' and I fit him, and licked him like almighty gosh, too. But it was all in a fair, square, stand-up fight, and no gouging, sticking, biting, or other foul scrimmaging.

"Well, doctor, the fellow bore malice, as all them wildcat Southerners do, and kept sneaking round watching me whenever I went down to the village (which warn't but half a day's march from the timber), for I still went to see Kitty, and she still seemed glad to see me. But the chief reason I went was, because I misdoubted, from something George said to one of the fellows, that he didn't mean all fair by Kitty no more than he did by me.

"Hows'ever, he didn't make any motion towards playing any tricks, and so, after I'd warned Kitty, and she'd got mad, I stopped going down.

"And soon after, I was taken down sick, and when I got up again I was as weak as a cat.

"The third day after I was up, I thought I'd go down to the village just to see what was going on, you know, for I felt wonderful down in spirits somehow. Well, I went down, and when I got there, I couldn't help going by Marm Glegg's, and there sat Kitty in the window, crying as if her heart would break. But as soon as she saw me, she jumped up and 'shot.' Well, doctor, I felt as if something was wrong, and as if I ought to go in and try to find out and set it right.

"But when I went in, Marm Glegg said that Kitty wouldn't see me, and wanted me to go away. So I went, but I was awfully riled, and I walked back toward camp a gritting my teeth, when, as luck would have it, in a clearin', about five miles from camp, who should overtake me but Piney George.

"'Hold on, Salem,' says he, 'I've got a word to say to you.'

"'Say it, then,' says I, shortly, for I felt weak and tired, and wanted to get on.

"'I'ts just this,' says he: 'You've been up to Marm Glegg's again spying on Kitty and me, and making her hide from you, and I'm going to take that and what's past out of your hide right on the spot.'

"Says I, 'George, you know what you say's a lie; you know I'm no spy; you know I loved Kitty before you did; and if I went up there to-day 'twas because I felt low-spirited and couldn't help it. But I know what you want: you want to fight me, now I am sick, and weak, and alone out here, where the fellows can't interfere. But I won't fight, that's flat.'

"'You won't, you coward!' says he. 'No, you won't now, when I've a chance to win; but you were all fight when I was new here and didn't know your run, and all the camp against me.'

"'That's another lie, George,' says I. 'But what's the use of talk; you can't rile me, and I won't fight.'

"And I turned and walked on. But doctor—would

you believe it?—the shirking skunk come behind me and struck me a foul blow that almost knocked me down, and that was too much, and I clinched him. But I was weak and dizzy, and he had me foul, and, doctor, he gouged out my right eye, and thought he'd done for 'em both, and he bit off my little finger, and, finally, he left me for dead, and cut.

"I warn't dead, however; and after lying faint awhile, I managed to crawl along to the edge of the timber, where I lay down under a tree, and fell dead asleep, or into a sort of torpor, as you call it, from loss of blood and tire."

Salem had got on so slowly that, at this point of his story, I was obliged to leave him to visit another ward, but a rest did him no harm, and when I came back in a couple of hours, he started afresh without coaxing.

"Doctor," said he, looking keenly into my face with his single eye, "doctor, human nature is mighty contrary, and as to Providence, there's no understanding its ways at all."

"That is quite a philosophical remark, Salem," said I, gravely, though with a smile spreading inwardly to the verge of laughter; "in what connection did you make it?"

"In connection with what I did when I got well, and what Providence has done since, doctor. Now, see here. When I woke or come to, after lying down under that tree, I warn't there at all, but snug in my hut at camp.

"And when I asked how I got there, the boys said two of 'em found me clean gone on the edge of the timber, four days back, and carried me to camp, and that I had been raving wild, and talked all sorts of stuff until the day before, when I fell asleep, and had only just woke up.

"I tried to get up then, but soon as I set up my head swam round, and I had to fall back. I was as limber as a wet rag.

"'Where's Piney?' says I, recollecting all of a sudden.

"'We hain't seen him this week,' says they.

"Then I told 'em how 'twas he gouged me, and all about it, and two of 'em started for the village right off. But next day they came back. George had left there three days before, and Kitty Glegg had gone with him, and poor old Marm Glegg was at the point of death.

"Now, doctor, what would you have done if you'd have been me?" asked Salem, interrupting his tale, and again fixing his eye on mine.

"Well, Salem," said I, rather puzzled, "I—I should have taken legal measures to punish the scoundrel George, and I would have assisted Mrs. Glegg, if it had been in my power, both to recover her health and her daughter."

"Well, now," responded the sharpshooter, "didn't I say human nature was contrary? That's what you'd have done, and what most folks perhaps would. But I didn't do anything of the sort, you see, doctor. I'll tell you what I did.

"Just as soon as I got well enough, I shouldered my traps and went up to the Aroostook, and spent two years learning to draw a bead with my left eye, lumbering all the while. Then I came down to the old place. Marm Glegg was dead, and nobody had heard anything of Kitty or Piney George.

"Then I worked my way down to York (New York), where the boss that owned the tract I'd been working on lived. He'd been up there that season and I knew him, for I was a foreman that year. Well, he was very kind to me, and through him I got down to Georgia, and spent a year hunting after Piney George and Kitty all through the timber workings, and pretty much all over the State—for I had somehow got it fixed in my head that Piney had 'skedaddled'—that's the rebels' new word for cut and run, doctor"—parenthesized Salem, with a twinkle in the eye—"down to his native pines.

"But when I'd prospected a whole year after him without finding a hair of the critter, or hearing anything of his ever coming back, I thought Providence was against

the search. And as things began to look a little riley down South about that time, I gave it up in despair, and came home to York, where the boss gave me a place in his lumber-yard.

"But when the darned rebels broke from Uncle Sam, I listed, and was off with the three months fellows. However, I can't say that I liked the musket drill much, and so I was kind of glad when the time was up. But when Colonel Berdan came out with his call for sharpshooters, I was on hand, doctor, at the first trial, and I guess I astonished some of 'em with my screw bead."

Here Salem stopped to indulge in a quiet chuckle. Having concluded this, he went on.

"Well, doctor, I said the ways of Providence were past seeing through, didn't I? And the rest of my story proves it.

"In the course of time we did a small sprinkling of sharpshooting as you know, till we came to Yorktown. Well, there we had rather a tough time keeping the rebel guns from being over-crowded, and I guess they warn't cracked by too much use! I dug myself a snug little shooting hole just alongside of a scrubby bush, and for a day and a night I had a good many of the skedaddlers drop to my account, without my being the least disturbed. But the second morning, just after daybreak, I saw they were going to make another effort to load the gun I'd been 'tending to. Presently a slim fellow sneaks out along the gun, and I gets up a little to draw a fair bead on him, when just as I had him between the shoulders—crack goes a rifle nearly in front of me, and a Minie ball—I knew it by its song—left its compliments in the bush about three inches from my right ear. I dropt the slim chap, however, and took a quick look as I dropt myself, by which I saw a third spirt of smoke just leaving a small clump about three hundred yards to the left front of my stand. Ho! thinks I, there's a skedaddle rifle

posted himself there last night; I'll attend to you, my son, by-and-by."

My time was now growing very short, and Salem must have remarked a slight symptom of impatience which I could not avoid showing, because I was quite interested in his tale, and feared I would have to go, leaving it unfinished till next morning, for he halted a moment and then said—

"Well, doctor, there's no use of my telling you all the dodges that skedaddle and I tried on each other all day. I had hard work, for I had to mind him and the gun too. However, I got along pretty comfortable, and had five mean shots at him, but only touched him once—and didn't know it at the time—he was so precious careful.

"He fired away at me, though, about every twenty minutes, lead or no lead, as I guessed, until nigh on to evening. Just before sundown—or rather just after the sun had set, but when there was still a good light—I got so eternal cramped that I was bound to stretch a little. And as the rebel just then showed his muzzle alongside of his confounded gun, I rose a little higher than usual to get a clear sight—got it, and would have pulled trigger in another shake, when crack! went skedaddle's rifle again, and crick! went his d—d ball into my shoulder.

"It hurt so, doctor, that I couldn't help giving a kind of screech, and at the same moment, quick as lightning, an idea came across me, and I sort of leaped up and fell back into my pit.

"But, bad as I was, I immediately crawled up again, and just peeked over. Sure enough, the fellow had bit, and was sneaking out of his hole, to come the Indian over me, and my plunder. I tell you, doctor, it hurt me awful to get my rifle up, and to fix myself for a last shot; but I did it, and did it in a shake of time, too, so that the fellow hadn't fairly started to snake over to me before I had him.

"It was my crack this time, and when I looked over

again, the skedaddler was as flat as a leaf, just on the edge of his hole. It didn't all take two minutes, doctor, I swear!

"But I cavorted myself right afterward, and lay for an hour or more like a log before I came too.

"When I did, I took a heavy swig of my canteen, and felt so much stronger that I resolved to crawl over and have a look at the skedaddler. It was full night now, but not very dark. Dark enough, however, to make my going over of small risk.

"So I took another swig, and started on my hands and knees.

"Twice I had to stop and lie flat for a few minutes, but—doctor, you'll hardly believe it—but I felt kind of forced, as it were, to go and look at the fellow, and as if something was to come of my looking at him."

"A presentiment, perhaps, Salem," said I, half in jest.

"Maybe," answered Salem, as if he did not exactly know what a presentiment might be. "But, any how, doctor, I felt as if I must go, and I went, and I looked at him, and he was stark dead; and, doctor," added Salem, with a strange glitter in his one eye—"doctor, as sure as you live, the fellow was Piney George!"

Here I was obliged to leave Salem, for the night, though he said he had something more to tell me, which, I surmised, must be about Kitty Glegg. However, I should see him, and did see him in the morning.

When I came to him, a young female nurse was dressing his wound. I waited till she had finished, and then, bidding her to leave us, sat down to hear the sequel of the sharpshooter's story.

"Doctor," began Salem, "you remember what I said about Providence and human nature, don't you?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, after I'd looked at George for a minute or two, all my hate went off, somehow, and I'd have given—I don't know what, to have had him alive again. But of a

sudden I thought of Kitty, and I thought he might have something about him that would tell me of her. So, as I lay by his side, I felt in his pockets, and, sure enough, I found a letter. I couldn't read it then, of course; but next morning, when I was carried to the hospital, I read it, and it was from Kitty, and she was on her way to Yorktown, when it was written, which was some days before, so that she was probably there then. She had offered herself as a nurse to tend the wounded rebels, and had been accepted—but, from some words in the letter, I judged her heart was with the right cause.

"Well, doctor, isn't this mighty strange? And the strangest thing I haven't told you yet, perhaps.

"When the rebels evacuated Yorktown, they left a few of their wounded at a small house about half a mile beyond, off the road, and a nurse insisted on staying with them—and that nurse, doctor, was Kitty!

"And, doctor," continued Salem, quite excitedly, "that nurse volunteered to enter our hospital in the same blessed work, and she did so, and fifteen minutes ago, doctor, she was dressing this very shoulder!"

"What!" exclaimed I, fairly taken aback by this climax, "was that Kitty Glegg? and do you still love her, Salem?"

The gleam died out of Salem's eye, and he shook his head mournfully, as he replied—

"I don't know exactly how I do feel about it, doctor. If she was Kitty Glegg now, I'd marry her in spite of thunder, if she'd have me; but I said human nature was contrary, and—and she ain't Kitty Glegg, you see!"

"What do you mean?" said I, quite mystified; "Kitty Glegg, and not Kitty Glegg! Who in the name of witchcraft is the young woman, then?"

"The young woman is Kitty Schriver, the widow of George Schriver, or Piney George!" answered poor Salem, very slowly and sadly.

Then, after a moment's silence, looking up again, he said—

"Well, doctor, was I not right about Providence and human nature?"

THE PROSE OF BATTLES.

"I would like to see a battle," said a student to me the other day, "for through the whole literature of war I look in vain for a minute description of any action."

We may trace this deficiency to the disparity between the writers and the readers of war literature. Those who witness and record are military men, either by profession or education; their accounts lack circumstantiality, and often simplicity. They assume that the reader has certain elementary knowledge of terms and movements, and their narratives seem, therefore, vague, general, and unsatisfactory. It will not avail to tell Mr. Coke, of Northumberland, that the "fourth division outflanked the enemy," for Mr. Coke, having passed the most of his life underground, never beheld even a militia training. A division, to his mind, may include twenty men or twenty thousand men, and to outflank may intimate to ambush or to run away.

Mr. Phlog, the schoolmaster, reads in the newspapers that a certain regiment marched up in double-quick, or threw itself into a hollow square, or formed a pyramid to repulse cavalry, or rallied by fours, or deployed as skirmishers, or charged bayonets. But Mr. Phlog, though an intelligent person, would like to be told in detail how the regiment deployed, and how the pyramid appeared. He has been to but one funeral in the course of his life, and never saw a murder or a hanging. He wishes, in common with the urchins whom he birches, to know more of the real and the horrible—how a man falls out of the ranks, what hues harden into his dead face, how

he lies among the tangled wretches on the battle-field, how and by whom he is buried. In fact, he wishes daguerreotypes of war. When the powder has flashed out of the sky, and the tableaux have fallen away, tell him how the strewn plains would have looked to him had he been there—give him, in a word, the "prose of battles."

The writer has followed some of the bloodiest campaigns of the American civil war in a civil capacity; he has witnessed the incidents of charge, retreat, captivity, and massacre through the eyes of a novice, and some of his reminiscences may not be uninteresting to the less experienced.

The "first death" which I recall among my most vivid remembrances happened on the Chickahominy River, during McClellan's famous peninsular campaign. The Federal army lay along the high hills on the north side of the stream, and the Confederates upon the hills of the other side. The pickets of the latter reached almost to the brink, and the Federals were busily engaged in erecting bridges at various points. I was standing at New Bridge one day, watching the operations of the soldiery, when General Z. rode down through the meadow to examine the work. A guard held the Richmond bank of the creek, access being obtained to them by a series of rafts or buoys; but the guard could go only a little way from the margin, for some sharpshooters lay behind a knoll, and had, up to this time, mortally wounded every adventurer. The general reined his horse on the safe side of the river, and called briefly "Major!"

A young flaxen-haired, florid man, with a gold leaf in his shoulder-bar, stepped out, saluted, and paid respectful attention.

"General?"

"Is that your picket?" pointing to the group on the opposite bank.

"Yes, general."

"No more men beyond the knoll and bush?"

"No, general; it is dangerous. The enemy is there in force."

"Do you know their force?"

"No, general."

"Call one of your men."

"Parks!"

A little bullet-headed fellow, whose legs were muddy to the thighs, and who was driving a round log to its place in the roadway, dropped his mallet at once; swung smartly round, as on a pivot, and saluted.

"Go cautiously up the bank," said the general, "you see it there; draw fire if you can; but if there be no response, you will shout to provoke it."

I saw the knot in the soldier's throat rise slowly, as if propelled by his heart; a little quiver came to his lips, and he looked half inquiringly to his major. In a moment he recovered, tapped his cap lightly, and leaping from buoy to buoy, reached the guard-post, ran up the hill, passed the knoll, and stood with his head and shoulders in full view, but his extremities and trunk behind the ridge. We all watched solicitously and in dead silence.

"Shout! my man," cried the general—"shout! shout!"

The hands of the soldier went up; he swung his cap, and called shrilly: "Hurrah for General McClellan and the U'——

A volley of musketry blazed from the timber beyond, and the man flung up his arms and disappeared. With a yell of revenge, the guard broke from the margin, discharged their muskets into the ambuscade, and directly returned, bearing the little fellow with the bullet-head; but the mud on his trousers was turning red, and blood dripped in a rill from his mouth and chin. The young major's florid face grew pale, he shut his lips tightly; and the soldiers, a little apart, swore through their teeth.

"I am sorry he got his billet," said the general; "but he died fulfilling orders, and he was a brave man."

I wondered as he rode away, attended by his dashing staff, if any more such brave men had died, or were to die, fulfilling such orders.

A dreadful opportunity occurred, after the battle of Hanover Court House, to look upon wholesale massacre. The wounded of both sides had been hauled from the distant field to the encampments of the army, and were quartered in and around some old Virginian dwellings. All the cow-houses, wagon-sheds, hay-barracks, hen-coops, negro cabins, and barns had been turned into hospitals. The floors were littered with corn-shucks and fodder, and the maimed, gashed, and dying lay confusedly together. A few, slightly wounded, related incidents of the battle through the windows; but sentries stood at the doors with crossed muskets, to keep out idlers and gossips. The mention of my vocation was an *open sesame*, and I went unrestrained into all the larger hospitals. In the first of these, an amputation was being performed, and at the door lay a little heap of human limbs. I shall not soon forget the bare-armed surgeons, with bloody instruments, who leaned over the rigid and insensible figure, while the comrades of the subject looked on horror-struck at the scene. The grating of the murderous saw drove me into the open air, but in the second hospital which I visited, a wounded man had just expired, and I encountered his body at the threshold. The lanterns hanging around the room within streamed fitfully upon the red eyes and half-naked figures. All were looking up, and saying in a pleading monotone: "Is that you, doctor?" Men, with their arms in slings, went restlessly up and down, smarting with fever. Those who were wounded in the lower extremities, body, or head, lay upon their backs, tossing even in sleep. They listened peevishly to the wind whistling through the chinks of the barn; they followed one with their rolling eyes; they turned away from the lantern glare, which seemed to sear them.

Soldiers sat by the severely wounded, laving their sores

with water. In many wounds the balls still remained, and the flesh was swollen and discolored. There were some who had been shot in the bowels, and now and then these poor fellows were frightfully convulsed, breaking into shrieks and shouts, some of them iterated a single word, as "Doctor!" or "Help!" or "God!" or "Oh!" commencing with a loud, spasmodic cry, and continuing the same word till it died away in sighs. The act of calling seemed to lull the pain. Many were unconscious or lethargic, moving their fingers and lips mechanically, but never more to open their eyes upon the light—they were already going through the valley of the shadow. I think still, with a shudder, of the faces of those who were told mercifully that they could not live—the unutterable agony; the plea for somebody on whom to call; the longing eyes that poured out prayers; the looking on mortal as if its resources were infinite; the fearful looking to the immortal, as if it were so far off, so implacable, that the dying appeal would be in vain; the open lips through which one could almost look at the quaking heart below; the ghastliness of brow, and tangled hair; the closing pangs—the awful rest at last! I thought of Parrhasius in the poem, as I looked at these things:—

> "Gods!
> Could I but paint a dying groan!"

And how the keen eye of West would have turned from the reeking cockpit of the *Victory*, or the tomb of the dead man restored, to this old barn peopled with horrors. I rambled in and out, learning to look at death, studying the manifestations of pain, quivering and sickening at times, but plying my vocation, and jotting names for my column of mortalities.

At eleven o'clock there was music along the highroad, and a general rushing out of camp ensued. The victorious regiments were returning from Hanover, under escort, and all the bands were pealing national airs. As

they turned down the fields toward their old encampments, several brigades stood under arms to welcome them, and the cheers were many and vigorous. But the solemn ambulances still followed after, and the red flag of the hospitals flaunted bloodily in the blue midnight.

Between midnight and morning the wounded were removed to White House, on the River Pamunkey, where they were forwarded by steamers to northern cities. I rode down with my dispatches in an ambulance that contained six wounded men besides. Ambulances, it may be said incidentally, are either two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Two-wheeled ambulances are commonly called "hop, step, and jumps." They are so constructed that the forepart lies either very high or very low, and may be both at intervals. The wounded occupants may thus be compelled to ride for hours with their heels elevated above their heads, and may finally be shaken out, or have their bones broken by the terrible jolting. The four-wheeled ambulances are built in shelves or compartments, but the wounded are in danger of suffocation in them.

It was in one of the latter that I rode, sitting with the driver. We had four horses, but were thrice "swamped" on the road, and had once to take out the wounded men till we could start the wheels. Two of these were wounded in the face, one of them having an ear severed, and the other having a fragment of his jaw knocked out. A third had received a ball among the thews and muscles behind his knee, and his whole body seemed to be paralyzed. Two were wounded in the shoulders, and a sixth was shot in the breast. The last was believed to be injured internally, as he spat blood, and suffered almost the pangs of death. The ride with these men, over twenty miles of hilly, woody country, was like Dante's excursion into the Shades. In the awful stillness of the dark pines, their screams frightened the hooting owls, and put to silence the whirring insects in the leaves and tree-tops. They

heard the gurgle of the rills, and called aloud for water to quench their insatiate thirst. One of them sang a shrill fiendish ballad, in an interval of relief, but plunged on a sudden relapse into prayers and curses. We heard them groaning to themselves as we sat in front, and one man, it seemed, was quite out of his mind. These were the outward manifestations; but what cords trembled and smarted within, what regrets for good resolves unfulfilled, and remorses for years misspent, made hideous those sore and panting hearts? The moonlight pierced through the thick foliage of the wood, and streamed into our faces, like invitations to a better life. But the crippled and bleeding could not see or feel it, buried in the shelves of the ambulance.

During the heat of action at Gaines' Mill I crossed Grape Vine Bridge, and remarked incidents scarcely less terrible. At every step of my progress I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me, leaning over the pommel of his saddle, with blood streaming from his mouth, and hanging in gouts from his saturated beard. The day had been intensely hot, and black boys were besetting the wounded with buckets of cool lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the couples that carried the wounded in "stretchers" to stop on the way, purchase a glass of the beverage, and drink it with gory hands. Sometimes the blankets on the stretchers were closely folded, and then I knew that the man was dead. A little fellow who used his sword for a cane stopped me on the road and said: "See yer! This is the ball that just fell out o' my leg."

He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a rent in his pantaloons, whence the drops rolled down his boots.

"I wouldn't part with that for suthin' handsome," he said: "it will be nice to hev to hum."

As I cantered away he shouted after me: "Be sure

you spell my name right! It's Smith with an *e*—S-m-i-t-h-e."

In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant. This man had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak, the blood choked his gesticulation.

"You le' go, pardner!" said one of the staggering brutes—"he's not your sergeant. Go 'way."

"Now, sergeant!" said the other idiotically; "I'll see you all right, sergeant! Come, Bill! fetch him over to the corn-crib, and we'll give him a drink."

Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant in wrath knocked them both down. At this time the enemy's cannon were booming close at hand.

I came to an officer of rank, whose shoulder emblem I could not distinguish, riding upon a limping field-horse. Four men held him to his seat, and a fifth led the animal. The officer was evidently wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon his blanched, stiffening face like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair—for he was bareheaded—shook across his eyeballs. He reminded me of the famous Cid, whose body was sent forth to scare the Saracens. A mile or more from Grape Vine Bridge, on a hill top, lay a frame farm-house, with cherry-trees encircling it, and along the declivity were some cabins and corn-bins. The house was now a surgeon's head-quarters, and the wounded lay in the yard and lane, under the shade, waiting their turns to be hacked and maimed. Some curious people were peeping through the windows at the operations. As processions of freshly wounded went by, the poor fellows, lying on their backs, looked mutely at me, and their great eyes smote my heart.

After the carnage of Fair Oaks, I visited the field, and by the courtesy of the Irish American, General Meagher, was shown the relics of the battle. This engagement, it

will be remembered, occurred in what is called the Chickahominy Swamp, and it was fought, mainly, in some thickets and fields, along the York River Railroad. I visited first a cottage and some barns beside the track. The house was occupied by some thirty wounded Federals; they lay in their blankets upon the floors—pale, helpless, hollow-eyed—making low moans at every breath. Two or three were feverishly sleeping, and as the flies revelled upon their gashes, they stirred uneasily, and moved their hands to and fro. By the flatness of the covering over the extremities, I could see that several had only stumps of legs. They had lost the sweet enjoyment of walking afield, and were but fragments of men, to limp forever through a painful life. Such wrecks of power I never beheld. Broad, brawny, buoyant, a few hours ago, the nervous shock and the loss of blood attendant upon amputation had well nigh drained them to the last drop. Their faces were as white as the tidy ceiling; they were whining like babes; and only their rolling eyes distinguished them from mutilated corpses.

Some seemed quite broken in spirit; and one who would speak, observing my pitiful glances towards his severed thigh, drew up his mouth and chin, and wept, as if, with the loss of comeliness, all his ambitions were frustrated. A few attendants were brushing off the insects with boughs of cedar, laving the sores, or administering cooling draughts. The second story of the dwelling was likewise occupied by the wounded; but in a corner clustered the terrified farmer and his family, vainly attempting to turn their eyes from the horrible spectacle. The farmer's wife had a baby at her breast, and its little blue eyes were straying over the room, half wonderingly, half delightedly. I thought with a shudder of babyhood thus surrounded, and how, in the long future, its first recollections of existence should be of booming guns and dying soldiers.

The cow-shed contained seven corpses, scarcely yet

cold, lying upon their backs in a row, and fast losing all resemblance to man. The furthest removed seemed to be a diminutive boy; and I thought, if he had a mother, that she might some time like to speak with me. Beyond my record of the names of these, falsely spelled, perhaps, they would have no history. And people call such deaths glorious! Upon a pile of lumber and some heaps of fence rails close by, sat some dozens of wounded men, mainly Federals, with bandaged arms and faces, and torn clothing. There was one, shot in the foot, who howled at every effort to remove his boot; the blood leaked from a rent in the side, and at last the leather was cut piecemeal from the flesh. They ate voraciously, though in pain and fear, for a little soup and meat were being doled out to them.

The most touching of all these scenes was presented in the stable or barn on the premises, where a bare, dingy floor—the planks of which tilted and shook as one made his way over them—was strewn with suffering people. Just at the entrance sat a boy, totally blind, both eyes having been torn out by a Minie ball. He crouched against the gable in darkness and agony, tremulously fingering his knees. Near at hand sat another, who had been shot through the middle of the forehead, but, singular to relate, he still lived, though lunatic, and evidently beyond hope. Death had drawn blue and yellow circles beneath his eyes, and he incomprehensibly wagged his head. Two men, perfectly naked, lay in the middle of the place, wounded in bowels and loins; and at a niche in the weather-boarding, where some pale light peeped in, four mutilated wretches were gaming with cards.

I was now led a little way down the railway to see the Confederates. The rain began to fall at this time, and the poor fellows shut their eyes to avoid the pelting of the drops. There was no shelter for them within a mile, and the mud absolutely reached half-way up their bodies. Nearly one-third had suffered amputation above the knee.

There were about thirty at this spot; but owing to the destruction of the Chickahominy bridges, by reason of a freshet, they could not at present be removed to White House. Some of them were fine, athletic, vigorous fellows, and attention was called to one who had been married only three days before.

"Doctor," said one feebly, "I feel very cold. Do you think that this is death? It seems to be creeping to my heart. I have no feeling in my feet, and my thighs are benumbed."

A Federal soldier came along with a bucket of soup, and proceeded to fill the canteens and plates. He appeared to be a relative of Mark Tapley, and possessed much of that estimable person's jollity.

"Come, pardner," he said, "drink up yer soup. Now, old boy, this 'll warm ye; sock it down, and ye'll soon see yer sweetheart. You dead, Allybamy? Go way, now! You'll live a hundred years—you will, that's what yer 'll do. Won't he, lad? What! Not any? Get out! You'll be slap on yer legs next week, and hev another shot at me the week ar'ter that. You with the butternut trousers! Sa-ay! Wake up, and take some o' this. Hillo, lad! pardner, wake up!"

He stirred him gently with his foot; he bent down to touch his face—a grimness came over his merriment; the man was stiff and dumb.

Colonel Baker, of the 88th New York, a tall, martial Irishman, took me into the woods where some of the slain still remained. We had proceeded but a very little way, when we came up to a trodden place beneath the pines, where a scalp lay in the leaves, and the imprint of a body was plainly visible. The bayonet scabbard lay on one side, the canteen at the other. We saw no corpses, however, as fatigue-parties had been interring the slain, and the woods were dotted with heaps of clay, where the dead slept below in the oozy trenches. Quantities of cartridges were scattered here and there, dropped by the

retreating Confederates. Some of the cartridge-pouches that I examined were completely filled, showing that the possessors had not fired a single round; others had but one cartridge missing. There were fragments of clothing hair, blankets, murderous bowie and dirk knives, spurs, flasks, caps, and plumes, dropped all the way through the thicket, and the trees on every side were riddled with balls.

I came upon a squirrel, unwittingly shot during the fight; not only those who make the war must feel the war! At one of the mounds the burying party had just completed their work, and the men were throwing the last clods upon the remains. They had dug pits of not more than two feet in depth, and dragged the bodies heedlessly to the edges, whence they were toppled down, and scantily covered with earth. Much of the interring had been done by night, and the flare of lanterns upon the discolored faces and dead eyes must have been hideously effective. The grave-diggers, however, were practical personages, and had probably little care for dramatic effects. They leaned upon their spades when the rites were finished, and a large, repulsive looking person, who appeared to be privileged on all occasions, said, grinningly: "Colonel, your honor, them boys 'll never stand forninst the Irish brigade again. If they'd ha' known it was us, sir, begorra! they'd ha' brought coffins wid 'em."

"No, nivir! They got their ticket for soup! We kivered thim, fait, will inough!" shouted the other grave-diggers.

"Do ye belave, colonel," said the first speaker again, "that thim ribals 'll lave us a chance to catch them? Be me sowl! I'm jist wishing to war-rum me hands wid rifle-practice."

The memorable retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, whereby McClellan saved the relic of his distressed and beaten army, was a series of horrors, which the limits of this article will not allow me to recapitulate. A sketch

of the opening of the battle of White Oak will answer for the present. On the night of the 29th of June, 1862, I went to sleep on the brow of one of the hills forming the south bank of White Oak Creek. The Federal army had crossed over during the night, and the bridge and causeway through the swamp had been destroyed behind them. A crash and a stunning shock, as of a falling sphere, aroused me at nine o'clock—a shell had burst in front of my tent, and the Confederate artillery was thundering from Casey's old hill beyond the swamp. As I hastily drew on my boots, for I had not otherwise undressed, I had opportunity to remark one of those unaccountable panics which develop among civilian soldiers.

The camps were plunged into disorder. As the shells dropped here and there among the tents and teams, the wildest and most fearful deeds were enacted. Here, a caisson blew up, tearing the horses to pieces, and whirling a cannonier among the clouds; there an ammunition wagon exploded, and the air seemed to be full of fragments of wood, iron, and flesh. A boy stood at one of the fires combing out his matted hair; suddenly, his head flew off, spattering the brains; and the shell, which I could not see, exploded in a piece of wood, mutilating the trees. The effect upon the people around me was instantaneous and appalling. Some that were partially dressed took to their heels, hugging a medley of clothing. The teamsters climbed into the saddles, and shouted to their nags, whipping them the while. If the heavy wheels hesitated to revolve, they left vehicles and horses to their fates, cut traces and harness, galloping away like madmen. In a twinkling, our camps were alive with fugitives, pushing, swearing, falling and tumbling, while the fierce bolts fell monotonously among them, making havoc at every rod.

To join this flying, dying mass, was my first impulse; but after thought reminded me that it would be better to remain. I must not leave my horse, for I could not

walk the whole long way to the James, and the swamp fever had so reduced me, that I hardly cared to keep the little life remaining. I almost marvelled at my coolness, since, in the fulness of strength and health, I might have been the first of the fugitives; whereas, I now looked interestingly upon the exciting spectacle, and wished that it could be daguerreotyped. Before our artillery could be brought to play, the enemy, emboldened by success, pushed a column of infantry down the hill, to cross the creek, and engage us on our camping ground. For a time, I believed that he would be successful; and in that event, confusion and ruin would have overtaken the Unionists. The gray and butternut lines appeared over the brow of the hill; wound at double quick through the narrow defile; they poured a volley into our camps when half-way down, and under cover of the smoke, they dashed forward impetuously with a loud huzza. The artillery beyond them kept up a steady fire, raining shell, grape and canister over their heads, and ploughing the ground on our side into zigzag furrows, rending the trees, shattering the ambulances, tearing the tents to tatters, slaying the horses, butchering the men. Directly, a captain named Mott brought his battery to bear, but before he could open fire, a solid shot struck one of his twelve-pounders, breaking the trunnions and splintering the wheels. In like manner one of his caissons blew up, and I do not think that he was able to make any practice whatever. A division of infantry was now marched forward to engage the Confederates at the creek-side, but two of the regiments turned bodily and could not be rallied.

The moment was full of significance, and I beheld these failures with breathless suspense. In five minutes the pursuers would gain the creek, and in ten drive our dismayed battalions like chaff before the wind.

I hurried to my horse, that I might be ready to escape; the shell and ball still made music around me. I buckled

up my saddle with tremulous fingers, and put my foot upon the stirrup. But a cheer recalled me, and a great clapping of hands, as at some clever performance at the amphitheatre. I looked again. A battery had opened from our position across the road upon the Confederate infantry, as they reached the very brink of the swamp. For a moment, the bayonets tossed wildly, the immense column staggered like a drunken man, the flags rose and fell, and then the line moved back disorderly; the pass had been defended.

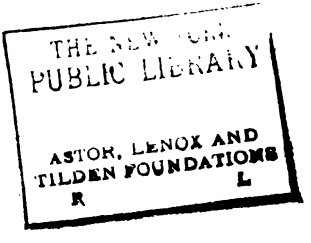
A THRILLING SCENE IN TENNESSEE.

The following account of an uprising of Union men in East Tennessee is taken from a rebel source, and will be read with thrilling interest.

The facts connected with the burning of the Lick Creek Bridge, says the Knoxville (rebel) Register of February 8, 1862, as they appeared in the testimony elicited by the Court-martial, have come into our possession from an authentic source, and are as follows:—

A man by the name of David Fry, in connection with William B. Carter, both citizens of East Tennessee, but who had lately deserted the land of their birth, fled to Kentucky, and connected themselves with the enemies of their country, returned to East Tennessee after the repulse of General Zollicoffer's command at Rockcastle Hill, for the purpose of inciting a conspiracy with the traitors on this side, which would result in the entire destruction of the railroad facilities here, and then break up and entirely cut off communication between Virginia and the remaining States of the Confederacy, prevent the transportation of troops, provisions, and munitions of war, and thus open the way for the successful invasion of our State. These two men, as is supposed, came first into the county of Anderson, and then, concealed at the house of a Union

A THRILLING SCENE IN EAST TENNESSEE
COLONEL FRY AND THE UNION MEN SWEARING BY THE FLAG.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man, sent, as one of the witnesses heard, for William Pickens, of Sevier, who made the attempt upon Strawberry Plains Bridge, but who, with his gang of fifteen men, was repulsed by Keelan single-handed and alone, Pickens himself falling seriously wounded.

It is known that Fry and Carter passed on into Roane County, and parted at Kingston. At this point we lose sight of Carter, as no evidence has yet appeared of his whereabouts after that time. Fry, however, proceeded on his journey up the country, passing through Loudon (no doubt making every arrangement for the destruction of that bridge), then passing through Blount County, and finally reaching Greene County two days before the burning of Lick Creek Bridge.

Travelling, as he did, at nights, and lying by in daylight, stealthily and treacherously creeping from one traitor's house to another, his movements could not be traced until he arrived, on the night of Wednesday, the 6th of November, at the house of Anderson Walker, in Greene County. Here he remained until the night of Thursday, the 7th, when he proceeded to Martin Walker's, arriving about eight o'clock at night. At Martin Walker's he met his wife, and remained until two o'clock in the morning of the 8th, stating to Walker that he was on his way to Kentucky, but wanted to see a friend near Midway (Lick Creek Bridge), and asking if Jacob Harmon was as good a Union man as ever. As appeared from the testimony, Fry made no revelations to Walker of his plans; but starting, as he did, at two o'clock, and not being familiar with the roads, Walker piloted him about three miles in the direction of Midway.

After leaving Walker, Fry stopped at the house of Daniel Smith, a noted Union man, living five or six miles from the bridge, arriving there about one hour before daylight. Immediately Fry laid his plans before Smith, who agreed to act as a messenger from Fry to Jacob Harmon to communicate to Harmon that he (Fry) was at

Smith's house; that he had come to destroy the railroad, and that he wanted to see Harmon at Smith's house that morning. This message was communicated by Smith to Jacob Harmon about eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th of November; and accordingly Harmon, who was a leading Union spirit in the neighborhood, repaired to Smith's house, where the plans were unfolded, and the plot and programme agreed upon. Harmon was to go home, circulate the fact throughout the neighborhood, and gather the Unionists, assembling them at his house on that night, while Fry would remain at Smith's until nightfall, and then repair to Harmon's house to consummate the conspiracy.

Harmon did his share of the work well, for as early as nine o'clock at night between thirty and forty conspirators had met at his house, ready to be led by their chief on his arrival, and eager for the destruction of the property. At that hour Fry alighted from his horse and bounded into the yard, exclaiming: "Friends, I am Colonel Fry, and am come to share with you." The party immediately assembled in the house, when Fry commenced haranguing the crowd by revealing his plans, and urging them on to deeds of violence, until the crowd were almost unanimous in their expressions of approbation, and with one accord determined that the bridge should be destroyed—that Fry should be their leader, and that they would follow him, if necessary to death.

Fry drew forth a United States flag, and spreading it upon a table in the centre of the room, called upon his followers to surround that emblem of the Union, and take with him the oath of allegiance. This was late in the night; and after the whole plot had been fully understood, the conspirators surrounded the table in groups, and, by direction of the leader, placed their left hands upon the folds of the flag, raising aloft their right hands, and swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, to sustain the flag there spread before them, and

to do that night whatever may be impressed upon them by their chief. This oath was taken by all, except two or three, in solemn earnest, and in silence; the darkness relieved alone by the dim and flickering light of a solitary candle. The scene was impressive—the occasion was full of moment—the hour was fit, and everything conspired to fill the hearts of the traitors with a fixed determination.

Aroused thus to the highest pitch of malice and revenge, the chief of the conspirators immediately led the way to the bridge, and was followed in eager haste by the willing crowd. The Confederate guard, consisting of five soldiers, watching the bridge, were immediately surrounded by the infuriated mob, and were held in close confinement, while Fry, still leading the way and still followed by the boldest of his clan, hastened to the wooden structure, applied the torch, and the whole was consumed and burned to the ground in an hour.

THE BOGUS KENTUCKY UNIONIST.

The arrest of the parties mentioned in the sketch headed "Not the right Sanders," which will be found on preceding pages, was for a time the town talk. Gossips discussed it in every conceivable aspect, and Rumor found employment for her hundred tongues. The hotels, the steamers, the railways, the bar-rooms, and even the streets of Cairo, Illinois, were full of it. It penetrated the sanctity of private residences, and sat down with their inmates around the family hearth. The doctor and captain were soon recognized, pointed out, and everywhere made the cynosure of wondering eyes. Speculation was busy with their probable fate, and expressions of sympathy or scowling looks of contemptuous indifference greeted them, according to the character and feelings of those whom they saw and met. Mrs. Ford, too, was not forgotten in all this. Pitied and despised in turn, she was thought

and spoken of by many; but, not being visible to the rabble, she was hardly the object of so much interest as her two companions.

On the evening following the arrest, while the doctor was comfortably ensconced within an arm-chair in the sitting-room of the St. Charles, he was accosted by a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Phillips, of Louisville, Kentucky. For the liberty thus taken he apologized by saying that he had heard him spoken of as a Confederate surgeon under arrest and in trouble, and that if he could be of any assistance to him he would most cheerfully render it. He lived, he said, three miles from Louisville, just outside of the Federal lines, and was there known as a Union man of the straitest sect—so much so that General Boyle had given him a pass to come into the city and go out at will. He had taken oaths of allegiance—bitter and detestable as they were—out of policy, and for appearance's sake. His heart, however, was with the South, in whose service part of his family now were. His son-in-law, Dr. Keller, was chief surgeon on Hindman's staff, and his own son held a position in the rebel army. He owned a plantation in Mississippi, which had formerly been well stocked with negroes. He had heard, however, while at home, that the Yankees had overrun the plantation and run off the negroes, and that most of them had been brought up the river to Cairo. He had at once procured from General Boyle a pass to Cairo and a letter of introduction to General Tuttle, in which he was indorsed as a sound, thorough-going Union man, in whom all confidence could be placed, and stating also that he was now in search of certain negroes supposed to be in Cairo, and that any assistance rendered him in their recovery would be considered a particular favor by the writer, who regarded it as no more than an act of justice to a loyal man. On the strength of these representations he had recovered the negroes, and was now only waiting for a

boat to take them home with him. In the meanwhile, if he could be of any service, he had only to mention it. He had some money left, and if it was money the doctor wanted, it was at his command. If there was not enough of it, he would procure more for him. He would sign a bond, would indorse any statement, would make any sort of representations to General Tuttle in his behalf, and, with the character given him by his letters of recommendation, he thought he could arrange the matter with the general and procure his release.

The doctor thanked him warmly, but said that it would be of no use, as it was beyond the power of General Tuttle to do anything in the premises. He had been implicated in smuggling contraband goods through the lines, and had been ordered to be sent back to General Rosecrans, to be dealt with for the violation of his parole. His own case was bad enough, to be sure; but it was not for himself he cared. His life was worth nothing, and he would die any time to serve the Confederacy: it did not matter whether he ever returned to the land of his love. It was not for his own sake he wished it, but to relieve the sufferings and save the lives of his companions-in-arms. There was a great scarcity of all kinds of medicines in the South, and hundreds were dying for the want of them. He had hoped, in his poor way, to do something for them, but he had been betrayed by a pretended friend. But even this failure, involving the consequences it did, was a small matter compared with the detention of his fellow-traveller. That was a public calamity, which it was of the utmost importance to remedy at once; for, to speak confidentially, Captain Denver was not Captain Denver at all, but George N. Sanders, just returning from England with the acceptance of the Confederate loan, by the Rothschilds, in his pocket. This he had managed to save from the general confiscation; and if any way could now be devised to get him away and through the lines immediately, all would yet be well,

and the Confederacy financially be recognized as an independent nation. As for himself, he had no particular desire to go again to Nashville if it could be avoided, but Sanders must be helped through at all hazards, without reference to himself or any body else. Some time previously, it will be remembered, the noted George N. Sanders escaped to England through Canada; and this tale was concocted to correspond with that event and seem plausible.

During this narration Phillips was deeply interested, and at its close so much excited that he could hardly speak. After gazing abstractedly for a few moments, he invited the doctor to his room, where they could talk more privately and with less danger. There he repeated that, though professedly Union, he was heart and hand with the South, and always had been. He had aided it at every opportunity—had smuggled through clothing, medicines, arms, and ammunition, had acted as a spy, and when Bragg was threatening Louisville had sent his negroes to him, time and again, with valuable information, and on one very important occasion had gone himself. His earnest professions of loyalty had completely deceived the Federal authorities, and he was trusted by General Boyle as a friend, and the standing thus acquired had made him of considerable service to his Southern friends, and he had expected to continue in his assumed character somewhile longer; but now he thought he could do more good by throwing off the mask.

"Come straight back to Louisville with me," he said. "I will put you and Sanders both through, and go myself in the bargain. I am tired of Yankee rule; don't care a —— for them, and ask no odds. I've got money enough, everything I want, and can get along without them. It will be easy enough to get away. Nobody will suspect me, and I can get a pass from Boyle to go anywhere. I've got some of the best horses in the country—can't be beat for speed and bottom; and we

will fix up a light wagon, fill it with medicines most needed, and be away beyond reach before anybody'll think of such a thing as pursuit."

The doctor assenting, an immediate return to Louisville was agreed upon, where the three were to meet again and make all necessary arrangements for the trip. On reaching that city, the doctor went at once to see General Boyle, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"General, do you know a man by the name of Phillips, living some three miles out of town?"

"Oh, yes, very well. He's a particular friend of mine."

"Do you know his wife and his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Keller?"

"Yes—know the whole family."

"What is their position, general, on the war question?"

"Oh, they are loyal. He's one of the very best Union men we have in Kentucky."

"Ah? But, general, what would you think if I should say I had made an arrangement with him to poison you?"

"That you were as mad as a March hare."

"Well, I don't mean to say that I have exactly anything of that kind against him, but I do say that he is not a Union man at all, but, on the contrary, a rebel and a spy."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, simply enough. He told me so himself; that's all. I met him in Cairo a day or two since, and we had a long talk." (Here the doctor narrated the circumstances, and gave the conversation as it occurred.) "I'll fix it upon him in any way you wish. He shall give money to anybody you name, to buy contraband goods and medicines with. He shall leave his house on any night you say in any kind of wagon you say. You shall examine that wagon, and in it you shall find contraband

goods. You shall arrest him at any point you please, and you will find our man Conklin [Denver] in the wagon, blacked and disguised as a negro. You shall find upon him letters to Southern rebels; or you may secrete yourself behind a screen, and hear him tell his own story, how he has deceived you, how he smuggled goods through to the rebels times without number, how he kept Bragg informed of what was going on last summer, and how he is now preparing to go south with an amount of medicines, important dispatches, etc."

"Good God! Is it possible that he is such a man? I would have staked my life on his loyalty and good faith. But can't you stay and work the case up for me?"

"I will stay to-morrow and do what I can; but the next day I must be in Nashville. I will arrange matters so that your own men can fix the whole thing upon him, but I am expected back day after to-morrow, and dare not stay longer."

"I don't like to trust them; it's too important a case. I'll telegraph to the Chief of Police, and, if your business isn't a matter of too much importance, get permission for you to stay a few days. How will that do?"

"Very well."

The doctor then took his leave, and the next morning was shown a dispatch authorizing him to remain in Louisville so long as General Boyle should require his assistance.

That day Phillips came to see the doctor at the Galt House. The project was discussed more at length, and a plan of operations partially agreed upon. At length Phillips said to the doctor—

"Do you know my son-in-law, Dr. Keller?"

"Very well; have seen him a hundred times."

"Do you know his wife?"

"Yes: I met her frequently in Memphis. She was connected with some aid society there, and I saw her often about the hospitals."

"Did you? She's at my house now, and will be crazy to see you."

The doctor saw that he was getting himself into a scrape. Known to Mrs. Keller by another name and in another character, how should he meet her now, in new garb and guise, without revealing the deception and frightening away his game. The only escape from the dilemma was to put a bold face on the matter, and by sheer audacity overcome any difficulties or obstacles that might be thrown in his way by reason of old acquaintance. He would be very happy to meet the lady, he said, but could not call on her. He did not think it was wise to leave the hotel, and especially to go beyond the lines. It was only a matter of courtesy that he was allowed the liberty he enjoyed. Charged with breaking his parole, strict military usage would demand close confinement under guard, and he was anxious to do nothing to which the least exception could now be taken. Any further mishap to him would endanger the success of their new enterprise, and it was vitally important that Sanders should get through this time without fail. If his daughter could be induced to call upon him at the Galt House, it would confer a personal favor upon him, and would relieve him from the necessity or temptation of doing anything incompatible with the terms of his parole with the strictest sense of honor. Phillips acknowledged the justness of this view of the case, and promised that Mrs. Keller should visit him the next day.

Sure enough, the next morning in came Mrs. Keller. Hardly had she alighted from her carriage when the doctor welcomed her in his most graceful manner.

"How do you do, Mrs. Keller? I am delighted to see you. How well you are looking! How are the children? When did you leave Memphis? How long have you been in Louisville? When did you hear from Dr. Keller? How did you leave all the friends in Memphis?"

And so for full five minutes the doctor launched at her question after question, with the utmost rapidity of his rapid utterance, scarcely giving her time to hear, much less answer the first, before her attention was called to a second, a third, and so on, until she was so hopelessly confused and perplexed that she could say just nothing at all. By the time she had recovered, the doctor, with diplomatic skill, had diverted the conversation into new channels, still giving her no time to advert to their acquaintance in Memphis and the spirit of change which had since come over him. At length, by shrewd management, she edged in this simple question—

"When did you see Dr. Keller last?"

The road now being clear, the doctor answered more at leisure, but not less elaborately—

"It has been a good while—some five or six months. I have been a prisoner three months or more, and General Hindman had gone to Arkansas some time before I was captured, and I have not seen the doctor since he left with the general."

"I had no idea you had been so long a prisoner. How did you happen to be taken, and how did you escape?"

"We were taken in the Confederate hospital at Iuka. Ordinarily, surgeons are not treated as prisoners, but are considered non-combatants. We, however, were retained as hostages for the return of certain Federals imprisoned by General Price in violation, as the Yankee commander alleged, of the rules of war and the cartel agreed upon by the contending parties. A very intimate friend of mine, Dr. Scott, also of the Confederate army, and captured with me, married a cousin of the Federal General Stanley; and through the influence which this relationship gave him we were released on parole, the remainder being still in captivity."

The doctor then proceeded with a relation of the occurrences of the past two or three days, dwelling particularly upon the unfortunate detention of Sanders. Mrs. Kel-

ler's sympathy was at once excited. She entered warmly into their plans and purposes, and freely offered every assistance that it was in her power to render. She would go herself, but circumstances over which she had no control would not permit it. She had a younger, unmarried sister, however, who was very anxious to accompany them, and she would dress her in boy's clothes to avoid suspicion and trouble.

Just then Phillips himself came in, flushed with excitement, and eager to be off at once. His whole mind was bent on the enterprise, and he could not be easy until they were fairly started. His arrangements were all perfected, and he knew just where he could buy everything he wanted; he would take the articles out to his house a few at a time, and nobody would imagine anything out of the way. He could easily make two trips a day; and it wouldn't take long at that rate to load the wagon. He wanted everything ready, so that they could be off at a moment's notice.

"Certainly," said the doctor, thoughtfully, "it will be well to have everything ready. But since I saw you last I've been thinking about this thing of carrying contraband goods with us, and I've about concluded it won't do. It is true that the medicines would do an immense amount of good—possibly save many lives; but there's Denver; he must be got through, anyhow. It won't do to risk anything. We must have a sure thing of it this time. Then, again, I don't want to act in bad faith by violating my parole. Our people want such things badly enough, but they must get them in some other way. It will be glory enough for us to get Denver through; 'twill be better than winning a battle; whole generations will rise up and call us blessed. Don't let us attempt too much and spoil it all. Better avoid all needless risk, and stick to one thing. We are made men if we succeed in that."

But Phillips was not convinced. He didn't believe there was any risk at all, and wasn't going with an empty

wagon—not he. It should be packed as full as it could hold with drugs and other needed goods. He had money, and was going to use it; and if he, the doctor, was afraid to go with him, he might find some other means of getting there.

To this, the doctor only replied that he still thought it unwise, but he was not the man to back out of any enterprise. Still, he would not violate his parole—would not knowingly engage in any contraband trade. But Denver was under no such restraint, and, said the doctor—

"You had better talk with him. He knows just what is wanted. He's a mild, quiet fellow, however, and never intrudes himself upon anybody's notice. He wouldn't think of suggesting such a thing; but if you furnish him money he'll buy just what can be used to the best advantage. He can buy and you can load the goods; but I don't want to know anything about them. You can be ready to start on such a day, and I will meet you at some station on the railroad and take passage with you there."

Phillips was satisfied with this, and at once sought out Denver and gave him one hundred and fifty-five dollars—all the money he had with him—directed him to a particular store where he could get all the quinine, &c. that he wanted, told him to buy as much as he thought best, and pay this money down as an earnest of good faith in making the purchase. In the meanwhile he would draw from the bank as much more as would be needed, and with it he could settle the bill the next day. Denver went as directed, but found that the merchant would sell him nothing without a special permit from General Boyle. This was reported to the doctor, who promised to have that obstacle removed without delay.

While Phillips and Denver are arranging other matters, the doctor goes to General Boyle, reports progress, and asks him to issue a permit for the sale of the quinine. The general hesitates, doesn't exactly like to do it, and

finally asks if they can't mark some boxes "quinine." nail them up, load them into his wagon, and have them found there when arrested. "But no," he continues, "that won't do at all. He'd beat us in that game. We couldn't show that he had anything contraband in his wagon. Of course he'd deny it, and it would be necessary for us to prove it. Can't we borrow enough to answer our purposes?"

"Possibly; but it would be better for the Government to buy it, if you won't let him do it. It would be worth more than five or six hundred dollars to get rid of such an arrant old traitor and spy."

"I guess we can get along by borrowing."

The borrowing project very nearly defeated the whole matter, by the delay incurred; but the quinine was finally obtained, given to Denver, and safely packed in Phillips' wagon. Everything was now ready for a start. The doctor took the cars for the place of meeting, and Phillips set out in his wagon, Denver, disguised as a negro, driving. The doctor arrived safely at the appointed rendezvous; but not so Phillips. He was scarcely well started when he was arrested and brought back to Louisville. Too proud and haughty to betray the least emotion, there was no "scene" at any time during his arrest or examination, and he vouchsafed not a word in his own behalf. Defence there could be none. His guilt was too patent for doubt. Conviction followed as a matter of course; and instead of finding a home on his Mississippi plantation, he became an involuntary recipient of the widely-dispensed hospitalities of Camp Chase.

A CONTRABAND'S IDEA OF WAR.

A correspondent writing from Burnside's Division at Newbern, N. C., gives the following amusing account of the ideas which the negroes there have of the war.

We were passing along the wharves, a few days ago, wondering at the amount of business that was there transacted. While standing observing a cargo of horses being transferred from a vessel to the shore, an "old contraband" appeared at our elbow, touching his old fur hat, and scraping an enormous foot. He opened his battery upon us with the following—

"Well, boss, how is yer?"

"Pretty well, daddy; how are you?"

"I'se fuss rate, I is. B'long to old Burnemside's boys, does yer?"

"Yes, I belong to that party. Great boys, ain't they?"

"Well, I thought yer b'long to dat party. Great man, he is, dat's sartin. Yes sir."

"We waited and waited; we heard yer was comin', but we mos guv yer up. 'Deed we jess did; but one morning we heard the big guns, way down ribber, go bang, bang, bang, and de folks round yer began to cut dar sticks mitey short, and trabbel up de rail-track. Den bress de good Lord, we knowed yer was comin', but we held our jaw. Byme-by de sogers begun to cut dar stick, too, and dey did trabble! Goramity, 'pears dey made de dirt fly! Yah, ha!"

"Why, were they scared so bad?"

"De sogers didn't skeer um so much as dem black boats. 'Kase, yer see, de sogers shot solid balls, and dey not mind dem so much; but when dem boats say bo-o-m, dey knowed de *rotten balls* was comin', and dey skeeted, quickern a streak o' litenin."

"What rotten balls did the boats throw at them?"

"Don't yer know? Why, dem balls dat are bad, dar rotten; fly all to bits—'deed does dey—play de very debbil wid yer. No dodgin' dem ere balls; 'kase yer dunno whar dey fly to—strike yah and fly yandah; dat's what skeered 'em so bad!"

"Well, what are you going to do when the war's over? Going along?"

"Dunno, 'praps I goes Norf, wid dis crowd. Pretty much so, I guess. 'Peers ter me dis chile had better be movin'."

THE TRAITOR WAGON-MASTER.

In the early part of February, 1863, there was boarding at the City Hotel, in Nashville, a lady of ordinary appearance and apparently about forty-five years of age. Her husband and three sons were in the rebel Morgan's command, and she was known by the proprietors of the house and by Mrs. Winburn—the wife of one of them—as entertaining strong sympathy for the Confederate cause. In reality, however, she was a Union woman, and in the employ of Colonel Truesdail, Chief of the Army Police. From the position of her relatives, and her former place of residence, aided by her expression of Southern sentiments, she was considered a genuine secessionist, and had completely won the favor of Mrs. Winburn, by whom she was made a friend and confidante. Mrs. W. told her on several occasions how much aid she and others of her lady friends had rendered to the Confederates, and how much more they intended to do for them. When visitors arrived at the City Hotel and made known their Southern sympathies, she was introduced to them as entertaining the same sentiments, and at once admitted to their confidence and councils. In this way she learned the existence there of a club, or rather association of persons, of rebel tendencies, the members of which made use of a certain password, without which none could gain admittance to their meetings, and this password was "Truth and Fidelity."

About the middle of February there arrived at the hotel from Louisville a certain Mrs. Trainor, who was there joined by her husband, John Trainor—the latter understood to have formerly been master of transporta-

tion in the Ordnance Department of Major-General Buell's army. Mrs. Trainor was introduced by Mrs. Winburn to her confidential friend our detective as one who had at heart the welfare of the Southern Confederacy, and Mrs. Trainor presented her to Trainor, her husband, saying that he too was a friend of the South, and ardently desired its success in the struggle for independence. This interview proved the precursor of many others, in which Trainor and his wife made many interesting statements concerning themselves and the assistance which they had rendered to the rebel army.

From Trainor she thus gained the following remarkable information. In the fall of 1861, he had run the Federal blockade and brought from Louisville to Nashville, for the use of the Confederate army, several wagon-loads of arms, ammunition, drugs, and medicines. These he had purchased in Louisville—the arms and ammunition from a Mr. Bull, and the drugs and medicines from Dr. Pile. While in Nashville on this business, he made the acquaintance of General Zollicoffer, who advised him to abandon the neutral position he then occupied in regard to the war and engage in the service of the Confederates. This he agreed to do; and, the better to accomplish his ends, he was to obtain the position of Master of Transportation in the Ordnance Department of the Federal army. On his return to Louisville he had applied for the situation, which was given him. Since then he had improved the advantages it offered, by following the Federal army down into Alabama with wagon-loads of contraband goods, which, according to previous arrangement, he disposed of at different places. During the whole Buell campaign the rebels knew, at all times, the strength of the escort which accompanied him, and if they did not capture his train it was not his fault. In the different skirmishes between the two armies he so managed that his train was never in its right place, and frequently the rebels would capture a portion of it, but

would not take him prisoner, as it would be against their own interests to do so.

He regretted very much that the Confederates had not captured a train of one hundred and sixteen wagons, once under his charge, while General Buell was on his march to Kentucky in September last. He had requested Mrs. Winburn to inform Generals Morgan and Forrest where they could find the train, and how many men the escort numbered. This she did; and he was so sure they would capture the train that he took Mrs. Winburn and his wife along for some distance from Nashville to see the fun of the capture. He had with him a young man—formerly in the Confederate army, but at that time in his employ—who was so disappointed because the train was not captured that he blew up and destroyed twenty-five of the wagons as they were passing over a certain bridge, and this, he said, was done with his own knowledge and consent, and partially at his suggestion.

After General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, Trainor said he began to purchase from the Federal officers and soldiers, and from others who would sell them, pistols for General Wheeler, Dick McCann, and the guerrilla bands in the country. Some of them he carried to the rebels himself, and the balance he sent by a man named Nevins, who lived in Kentucky and had a contract to furnish cattle to the Federal army. This Nevins usually had with him some of Morgan's men, through whom he kept the Confederates continually informed of the number and movements of Federal troops along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and he had acted as a guide for Kirby Smith when the latter invaded Kentucky last fall. Trainor further said that he (Trainor) now had charge of the army transportation at Nashville, and that about the time of the battles at Stone River he was in the rebel camp and gave information. At this the lady remarked—

"That accounts for the success of the Confederates in capturing so many of the Federal wagons."

"You may come to what conclusions on that subject you please," answered Trainor.

The young man, he continued, who was with him at the time of Buell's retreat, and blew up the twenty-five wagons, was still in his employ; and one night, not long since, by his management, five hundred mules belonging to the United States had stampeded and mysteriously disappeared from their corral. Many other interesting things which the young man had done for the benefit of the Confederate Government Trainor related with relish, and seemed desirous to impress upon the mind of his hearer that he himself was at all times anxious to serve the rebels and injure the Federal Government in every possible way. Seeing this disposition on his part, she suggested that he could now do more good by purchasing arms, quinine, and other medicines for the use of the Confederate army than in any other way, and adding that she had a friend in Louisville who was a secret agent for that very purpose, and who would assist him in getting them South.

Trainor replied that he had then on hand one and a half pounds of quinine and two or three splendid pistols, which he would like to send South, and that he could procure any quantity of pistols if the money was furnished to purchase them.

The lady then proposed to buy his pistols and quinine, if he would deliver them to her friend in Louisville, who would send them through the lines.

Trainor assented, and sold her the quinine and four pistols, for which he received from her two hundred dollars. He also proposed to, and did, write to Mr. Bull and Dr. Pile, of Louisville, requesting them to furnish the secret agent above mentioned such quantity of quinine, pistols, and knives as he might wish for the Confederate service. He further said that he had a friend

by the name of Kellogg, in whom he had confidence, and for whom he had obtained a pass and transportation to Louisville, and that he would send the quinine and pistols by him, instead of by his wife, as had been previously arranged. Implicit faith could be reposed in Kellogg, as he had recently engaged in running horses to the Confederacy, and was now trying to assist a rebel prisoner to escape from the penitentiary. His friend Mr. Bull, continued Trainor, had a brother who was chief clerk in the Quartermaster's Department of the Union army, and as good a secessionist as his brother, and who had a much better chance to serve the South than he had. He thought the Federals would have a good time whipping the Confederates, when many of the important offices of the different army departments were filled by friends of the latter.

The reason assigned for sending the quinine and pistols to the South by the way of Louisville was that it afforded less chance of detection than to send directly from Nashville, as the Federal army had a vigilant police, and it was almost impossible to get them through the lines in that direction. Accordingly, as agreed, Trainor, about the middle of March, did send to Louisville, by his friend Kellogg, the quinine and pistols that had been purchased of him, and which, on their arrival, were delivered to the supposed secret agent of the Confederacy, as will hereafter be related.

About the same time there arrived at the City Hotel a gentleman representing himself as Dr. Dubois, an agent of the Confederate States Army, and just from Bragg's command. As he had with him a genuine pass, signed by General Bragg and countersigned by General Breckinridge, his statement was readily accepted as true by the proprietors of the hotel and its *habitués*. For nearly a week after his arrival he was confined to his room, by a severe sickness, during which he was carefully nursed by Mrs. Winburn. As soon as recovered, he was introduced

by Mrs. W. to Trainor, as a friend of hers who had just come to Nashville from Bragg's army to purchase medicines and goods to be sent South through the Federal lines. Dubois at once expressed his desire of purchasing pistols and medicines, and requested Trainor to assist him.

Trainor eagerly assented, and said, "I will furnish you nine."

"But I want and must have more."

"Well, I will get them for you, and will leave them at Mrs. Davidson's, six miles out on the Charlotte pike. Some of my army-wagons are going out that way after wood, and I can easily carry them with me."

Mrs. Winburn had previously sold Dubois three pistols, for which she had been promised twenty-five dollars each, two of which Trainor took with him to his camp to add to those he had there, and to take them all out together as soon as possible. Dubois said that he would conceal in the muzzle of the third pistol important information, written in cipher, and a letter to General Cheatham, telling him that a lot of pistols had been procured through the influence of Captain Trainor, and were now on their way South, to which was added a request that he would set Trainor right with the Confederates when they got possession of Nashville. This pistol Trainor called for and carried away the next evening, but on the day following returned and said that he was totally unable to carry them out to Mrs. Davidson's, as he had expected to. Dubois then told him he had a friend who would take them out, and he might bring them back to the hotel—which he agreed to do the next evening.

He came as he had promised, bringing with him eight revolvers on his person, some of them in his waist-belt and some in his boot-legs. As he handed them over, and while Dubois was putting them under the blanket on the bed, he remarked that he had on several occasions taken

out on his person as many pistols as he had just brought in. Mrs. Winburn, who was present, boasted that she had taken out four blankets on her person, and that a lady friend had carried out beneath her skirts, in the same way, a cavalry saddle. While this conversation was still progressing, all parties, including Mrs. Winburn, Trainor, and Dubois, were arrested, the latter being ironed and sent out—ostensibly to prison, but more probably to some other field of operations, where his skill in detecting rebel smugglers and spies might be made equally useful.

Mrs. Trainor had already returned to Louisville, and had been there some days. The medicines which had been forwarded by Kellogg were in her possession, and she was anxiously awaiting a visit from the secret agent of the Confederacy, to whom she could deliver them and make with him arrangements for the purchase of more. She had been telegraphed by her Nashville friends that he would call on her in a few days; and, as some time had elapsed since the receipt of the despatch, she began to wonder why he did not come. One day, as she was returning in a carriage to her house, in what is known as California Suburb, on Fifteenth Street beyond Kentucky Street, she espied coming from it a well-dressed, handsome-appearing young man, who wore conspicuously a large red-white-and-red cravat. As he came opposite to the carriage, he hailed the driver, and asked—

"How far are you going?"

"Just to yonder house," replied the coachman, pointing to Mrs. Trainor's, the house he had just come from.

"Very well: I will wait here for you, then, and go back with you."

During the time occupied in this colloquy, and as long as she could see him from the carriage-window, Mrs. Trainor eyed him earnestly, as though she suspected he was the person she was anxious to see. Nothing was said, however, and on reaching home she went in and

found on the table a note for her from one H. C. Davis, stating that he was the secret agent of the Confederacy, that he had just called to see about the medicines, and was sorry to find her out. The signature to the note was "Truth and Fidelity,"—a sure guarantee that there was no deception in the matter. Meanwhile the coach had returned to where the prospective passenger was left standing, when that gentleman took his seat inside and directed the driver to turn around and go again to the house he had just left. Mrs. Trainor met Davis at the door and welcomed him most cordially. Holding out her hand, she said—

"I thought as much. I was sure it was you when *I* first put my eye on you."

"Why, madam, what could have made you think so?"

"Oh, that cravat! Nobody else would wear *it*. But you must be very careful about it. It isn't safe. You'll be suspected."

"Oh, I guess there's no danger. I have friends enough in Louisville to take care of me."

The two then entered the house and engaged in earnest conversation. Davis said that he was just about shipping some goods to the South, and he would like to send what medicine she could furnish along with them. He made it a practice to make as few shipments as possible in order to avoid suspicion.

It was all ready, she said, and he might have it as soon as he wished.

Davis made arrangements to have them delivered at an appointed time, and proposed the purchase of a large quantity in addition to that she had brought from Nashville. She entered eagerly into the business, and said she would ascertain at what prices she could obtain quinine, morphine, and pulverized opium. The next day she reported that she could get them from a man named Tafel, who kept a small prescription store—the quinine for six dollars an ounce, the morphine at eight dollars an ounce,

and the pulverized opium at fourteen dollars a pound. Davis thought this rather high, but said he would take them at that price. He wanted a thousand ounces of quinine and smaller quantities of the others. After making arrangements for the purchase of the medicines and a supply of pistols—which was to be furnished by Mr. Bull at thirty dollars each—Davis went to the city to prepare for their shipment South.

The next evening he called again to invite Mrs. Trainor to the theatre, and was told that there was a difficulty about the medicines. Tafel was fearful that he could not make so large a purchase on his individual credit, and that he wished the money advanced to buy them with. Davis replied that he never did business in that way. He would pay cash on delivery, and if Tafel could not furnish them on those terms they must look elsewhere. Mrs. Trainor thought there would be no difficulty about it. Tafel was to procure them of a wholesale druggist named Wilder, and the matter could doubtless be arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. In fact, she could safely promise that it should be ready by the next afternoon. At his next visit, Davis was told that the medicines had been purchased, and were ready for delivery, when and where he pleased.

He wished them delivered at her house, he said, early the next morning. He was all ready to ship, and was only waiting for them. Mrs. Trainor engaged that they should be there without fail, and Davis returned to the city, having first arranged with a Federal soldier whom he found at her house—a deserter from the Anderson Cavalry—to go South and act as a scout for General Breckinridge in his expected movement into Kentucky. The next morning, instead of himself coming to receive the goods as he had promised, he sent out a force of policemen, who reached there just as the wagon containing the medicines drove up to the door. Mrs. Trainor, the driver, and the deserter were taken into custody, and the former was sent

immediately to Nashville. The wagon was found to contain drugs—mostly quinine and opium—to the value of about five thousand five hundred dollars, according to the wholesaler's bill, and eight thousand eight hundred dollars at Tafel's prices. The pistols did not come, Bull having failed to procure them. Wilder and Bull were also arrested, and the store of the former seized, with its contents, valued at from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. Tafel's prescription shop was converted by General Boyle into a medical dispensary for the hospitals of Louisville, and is now used as such. Since her arrest, Mrs. Trainor has been heard to say that she was fearful that secret agent of the Confederacy was only "one of Truesdail's spies," in which supposition she was more than usually correct.

A CUTE DARKEY.

"Bob," now called Belmont Bob, is the body servant of General Clernand, and at the battle of Belmont it is said of him that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted and slid rapidly down, when an officer seeing the action, called out—

"Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse."

Merely looking up as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied—

"Can't bey, colonel; major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's worf mor'n a horse."

NOT USED TO IT.

A good joke is told from the other side of the lines, of a member of one of the volunteer companies which went down to Pensacola. We think it was a Mississippi

(rebel) company, and it is said to be a fact. Being accustomed to fresh water, living in the interior, and not having been on the Gulf of Mexico before, he was in blissful ignorance of its briny properties. Getting up in the morning to perform his daily ablutions, he drew a bucket full of water, set it down near some of his comrades, and retired for soap and towel. The consequences can be imagined. Recovering from the shock, and rubbing his burning eyeballs, he exclaimed: "I can whip the d——d rascal that salted this water. A man can't draw a bucket of water, and leave it for a few minutes, without some prank is played upon him."

Dashing the water aside, he left amid the shouts and jeers of his companions who had been silently watching him.

NEWCOMER THE SCOUT.

Our hero was a private in the Eleventh Indiana Battery, and accompanied Buell in his severe march from Nashville, Tenn., over almost impassable roads and through swollen streams to Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh—not arriving, however, in time to participate in the battle. Thence he went to Corinth, remaining there until its evacuation by the rebels, and thence to Huntsville and Stevenson, Alabama. Here, the monotony of camp and stockade life becoming irksome, he began to vary it by scouting on his own account. Frequently at night, after tattoo, he would mount his horse, slip past the pickets, scour the neighboring country in quest of information and adventure, and return again before reveille, his absence seldom being noticed by any one. On one occasion, something of more than ordinary importance having come to his notice, he reported it to Colonel Harker, of the 65th Ohio Volunteers, then commanding the brigade stationed at that post, stating the means by which he had obtained the information, and giving some account of his previous

midnight scouts. The colonel, highly pleased, at once gave him passes, and instructed him to continue the business as he had time and opportunity.

Frequently he would go down to the Tennessee River in sight of the rebel pickets; and one night he concluded to cross the river and get a nearer view of them. Striking the stream at a point three miles from Stevenson, he built a raft of rails and paddled himself across. Crawling up the bank through the brush, he came close upon the pickets, seven in number, without being observed. After watching their movements a while and finding nothing of particular interest, he returned safely as he went. Soon afterwards a negro told him of an island in the Tennessee River, some ten miles below Stevenson, on which a company of guerrilla cavalry were in the habit of rendezvousing every night. This opened a large field of operations for our scout, and he determined to visit the island forthwith.

One afternoon, borrowing a suit of butternut from a negro at Stevenson, he set forth in that direction. The butternut clothes were carried under his saddle until he was fairly outside of our lines, when he exchanged his own for them and went on in the character of a genuine native. Reaching the river opposite the island after dark, he again constructed a raft of rails, fastening them together this time with grape-vines, and shoved across the narrow channel to the island, landing in a dense canebrake. Carefully feeling his way through this, he came soon to a corn-crib, around which twenty-five or thirty horses were feeding. It was now ten o'clock, and quite dark, but clear and starlight. Examining the crib, the entrance was discovered about half-way up, and our adventurer at once clambered up and put his head and shoulders through. Careful listening revealed the presence of sleepers within. Putting his hand down to see how far it was to them, it came in contact with the body of a man. Wishing to know in what direction he was lying, he felt

along carefully and came upon a pistol in his belt. Working at this, he soon drew it out, and, finding it a good Colt's revolver, put it into his pocket and got down again. Exploring around, he came to a corn-patch and a cabin near by, in which there seemed, from the noise within, to be a family or two of negroes.

Crossing to the south or rebel side of the island, he found that the stream was much narrower there than on the other side, and that close to the shore a number of boats and scows, in which the band crossed and recrossed, were tied. It was now time to think about getting home, and he circled around the crib and cabin to reach the place where he had left his raft. When he came in sight of it, there was also to be seen a human form standing by the water's edge and apparently regarding the raft with no little astonishment. In the uncertain light, it was impossible to tell whether it was a man or woman, white or black; and there was nothing to do but wait until it disappeared. Crouching down amid the canes, he soon saw it turn and begin to climb the bank directly towards him, and as a precautionary measure took out the pistol and cocked it, though he could not see or feel whether it was loaded or not. The person proved to be a negro, and passed by, unconscious of the presence of any one so near, soliloquizing to himself thus—

"Mighty quare boat, dat ar; 'spec's some of Masser John's work."

The danger having passed, our self-appointed spy descended and re-embarked on his raft. Lest any one should see him, he lay flat upon it, paddling with extended arms, the whole presenting very much the appearance of a floating mass of driftwood. By the time he reached the opposite shore his butternut suit was pretty thoroughly soaked, but without stopping to dry it, he mounted his horse, which he found straying about the woods, rode on to Stevenson, and reported to Colonel Harker. An expedition for the capture of this band—afterwards ascer-

tained to be Captain Roundtree's company—was just about starting, when orders were received to evacuate the place and fall back to Nashville with the remainder of Buell's army.

The battery went no farther backward than Nashville, remaining there during the famous investment of the city and until the Army of the Cumberland again reached it. Meanwhile, Newcomer was occasionally employed by General Negley as a detective; but most of the time was spent with his command. Early in December the police and scout system was fully organized and in successful operation. Our former scout, thinking that he could serve the Government to better advantage in the business with which he was so familiar, made application to Colonel Truesdail for employment as a scout and spy. The colonel, pleased with his appearance and conversation, at once made an engagement with him, and procured his detail for that special service. Having previously made the acquaintance of one Cale Harrison, a livery-stable-keeper, he now called on him, and, exhibiting a forged certificate of discharge, told him that he was on his way to the rebel army. Harrison, of course, was highly pleased to hear it, and gave him some valuable hints and information for his guidance in the matter. There was, he said, a man living on the Charlotte pike, by the name of Spence, whose son was an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Polk, and who would undoubtedly assist him in getting South and give him a letter of introduction to his son. In this event the road would be clear, and no difficulty need be apprehended in making the trip.

Thus directed, he set forth from Nashville on a scout South, with saddle-bags well filled with fine-tooth combs, needles, pins, thread, &c., and carrying two fine navy revolvers. Going directly to Spence's, he introduced himself, said he had called by recommendation of Harrison, made known his business, and asked for a letter to

his son, on General Polk's staff. Spence received him cordially, but would not furnish him with the desired letter. He referred him, however, to J. Wesley Ratcliffe, living about one mile from Franklin, on the Lewisburg pike, as a person likely to render him very material assistance. This Ratcliffe was a rebel agent for the purchase of stock and commissary stores, and was well known throughout the whole country. Pushing on, he accordingly called at Ratcliffe's, and made his acquaintance. When informed of his plans and purposes and shown the goods, Ratcliffe was much pleased, and soon became very friendly, advising him to go to Shelbyville, where such articles were greatly needed and could easily be disposed of.

Newcomer accordingly started for Shelbyville, and for some time met with no incidents on the way. Between Caney Springs and Rover, however, he fell in with a band of rebel cavalry belonging to General Buford's command, who, on being made acquainted with his business, advised him not to go to Shelbyville, as considerable trouble might be experienced there. Their bushy shocks of hair suggesting that they were combless, he offered his stock for sale, chatting meanwhile with them about matters and things in general and in that vicinity in particular. Combs which cost two dollars per dozen he sold for two dollars each, and other articles in proportion, and, by the time his trading was finished, had ascertained that General Buford was stationed at Rover to guard a large mill full of flour and meal, the size of his command, the number and calibre of his guns, and other items of importance, and also what generals and troops were at Shelbyville.

The cavalrymen now wished him to go back to Nashville and bring them some pistols on his return. This he agreed to do, and, having obtained all the information he cared for at this time, turned his horse about and once more set his face toward Nashville. The two pistols

which he had carried with him he had not shown, and still had them in his possession, which circumstance was the cause of a slight adventure on the way home.

He had proceeded but a little way when he met with a small squad of cavalry, who halted him, as usual, and demanded his name, business, and where he was going. These questions satisfactorily answered, he was next asked if he had any pistols about him. He replied that he had two, and was forthwith ordered by a rough-looking Texan to produce them, which was hardly done before they were coolly appropriated by his interrogator. Remonstrance was followed by abuse and threats of violence, and it was only by the intervention of other parties that the matter was compromised by the sale of the pistols at fifty dollars each, and our traveller allowed to go on his way rejoicing. Without interruption head-quarters were reached, and a report of operations duly made.

Remaining two days at Nashville, he started again, with three pistols and the balance of the old stock of goods. The first night was spent at Ratcliffe's, and the next day both went to Murfreesborough in a buggy. Ratcliffe had business to transact with the provost-marshal, and a number of the generals and inferior officers to see, and Newcomer was taken round and introduced to all as a colaborer in the cause of the South. During his four days' stay he was all over the town, through several of the camps, in many of the houses, drank whiskey with General Frank Cheatham, went to a grand party at the court-house, and made love to a dozen or more young ladies of Secession proclivities—aided in all this by a perfect self-possession, an easy, graceful manner and a winning face. In addition to pleasure-seeking and love-making, he also drove a thriving business in the sale of pistols and other contraband goods, and with pockets filled with money and head stored with information, returned with Ratcliffe to his house, and thence to Nashville—having first made arrangements with the former to

accompany him to Shelbyville the next day. Arriving at Nashville after dark, he remained there until morning, and then made preparations and started for a third trip.

With a pair or two of cotton-cards, a lot of pistol-caps, and some smaller knick-knacks, as passports to favor, he set forth once more to join Ratcliffe; but, having been unavoidably delayed in starting, he found him already gone. Nothing was now to be done but to push boldly ahead in the hope of overtaking him on the road or meeting him at Shelbyville. With the exception of Ratcliffe, not a soul there knew him. Trusting to good fortune, he travelled on, and reached Shelbyville in due season without trouble.

The usual questions were asked him by guards and pickets, to all of which he replied that he lived in Davidson County, was going to visit some friends in the 44th Tennessee Regiment, and had, moreover, a small stock of contraband goods for sale. These answers proving satisfactory, he was passed through, and reached the town early in the forenoon. Most of the day he spent in riding about, looking into quartermasters' and commissary depots, inquiring the names of officers, the number of troops, commanders, &c., until he had ascertained all that he wished. By this time night was drawing near, and it was high time to think about getting out of town; for should he remain after dark he was certain to be arrested. Ratcliffe was nowhere to be seen; and on inquiry he was told that he had gone to Atlanta, Georgia, on the train, and that nobody knew when he would be back. Here was a desperate state of affairs. Get out of town he must, and to get out he must have a pass. It was easy enough to come in, but very difficult to get out. Nobody knew him; and, in fact, for once in his life, he was at a loss what to do.

While thus troubled, he met some citizens of Davidson County who had been over the river to the camps of Cheatham and McCown's division and were now on their

way to the provost-marshal to procure return passes. Misery loves company, and, with long face, he told them his trouble—dressing it up with a considerable amount of fiction to suit the occasion. By way of adding earnestness to his entreaty and to open a sure path to their sympathies, he bought a bottle of whiskey and invited them all to drink with him. The liquor warmed their hearts as well as stomachs; and while hobnobbing together he asked them if they wouldn't vouch to the provost-marshal and thus enable him to procure a pass. Being now in a condition to love the world and everybody in it, they promised to do so, and in due season all went for passes. His seven newly-made friends found no difficulty in their suit, their names being all written on a single pass; but our scout was left unnoticed. The attention of the provost-marshal was called to him, when that functionary asked if any of them were personally acquainted with him.

Though rebels, they would not lie—possibly they thought it was not necessary—and answered, "No," but they would vouch for him. But that would not do. His situation was now worse than ever. He not only had no pass, but had not the slightest chance of getting one. The whiskey investment had proved a losing speculation; and he knew not where to turn for relief. The loungers about the office began to eye him suspiciously, and even the dogs seemed disposed to growl and snap at him as having no business there. The place was getting too hot for safety; and his only hope of escape was to hurry out and lose himself in the crowd.

His new friends were still outside, waiting for him; and with them a long consultation was held as to what had better be done about getting away, as every moment added to his already serious danger. Finally, one of the party suggested that he should go with them anyhow—that the pickets would not be likely to notice that his name was not on the pass, there being so many already

on it. In default of anything better, this proposition was agreed to, and all set out together. Newcomer, however, was still far from easy about the matter, and was fearful that the plan would not work.

As they were journeying along, he proposed to the one who had the pass that he should be allowed to write his own name on the pass with a pencil, and if any objection should be made to it they might say that he belonged to the party but did not come in until the pass was made out, and that the provost-marshal, to save writing a new one, had inserted the name in pencil-mark. This was assented to and done. The amended pass carried them safely through, and the last cloud of anxiety was lifted from his troubled mind.

Some twelve or fifteen miles having been passed over pleasantly, Newcomer purposely lagged behind and allowed the others to get far ahead, when he turned off and struck across to the Lewisburg and Franklin pike. Travelling on this about ten miles, he stopped for the night, with five of Wheeler's cavalry, at the house of a man who had a son in Forrest's command. Starting the next morning betimes, he reached Ratcliffe's the same evening, but found he had not yet reached home. Stopping a few moments, he passed on through Franklin towards Nashville. He had gone some seven miles, and was near Brentwood, when he saw four cavalrymen riding furiously down a lane just ahead of him. They and our hero reached the entrance at the same moment. The leader of the squad—who proved to be Captain Harris, a scout of John Morgan's, and who, as well as his three men, was very drunk—roughly halted him, and, riding up, pistol in hand, shouted—

"Who are you, and where do you live?"

"My name is Newcomer, and I live six miles from Nashville, near Brent Spence's," was the ready, respectful reply.

Spence was well known to all, and no further trouble

was apprehended; but the drunken captain was not so easily satisfied. He soon asked—

"Where have you been, and what in the —— are you doing here?"

"I have been to Shelbyville to see Spence's son, and I took along some contraband goods to sell."

"You can go back to Franklin with me, sir!"

Protestation was unavailing; and without more ado he turned about and all started towards Franklin. On the way Harris asked if he had any arms with him, and, on being told that he had two fine revolvers and some cartridges, ordered him to give them up, which was done. With a savage leer he then said—

"I know all about you. You're a —— Yankee spy. You have been going backwards and forwards here so much that the citizens of Franklin have suspected you for a long time, and have reported you. I am satisfied that you are a Yankee spy; and I am going to hang you, —— you. Bragg has ordered me never to bring in spies, but to shoot or hang them like dogs, on the spot; and I am going to make a beginning with you, now, this very night."

"If you do that," was the reply, "you'll take the life of a good and true man. I can show by J. W. Ratcliffe that I am a true Southerner, that I have done much good for the cause—very likely much more than you have—and that I am doing good every day I live."

"Captain," said one of the men, "it may be that he *is* an important man to our cause; and you had better see Ratcliffe and inquire into his case."

Harris studied a moment, and finally concluded to go with the prisoner to Ratcliffe's and confer about the matter—at the same time assuring him that it was of no use, for he should certainly hang him anyhow. At Franklin all stopped to drink, and Harris and his men became beastly drunk. Reeling into their saddles, they were once more on their way to Ratcliffe's, but had gone

only a short distance, when Harris wheeled his horse and hiccoughed out—

"Boys, there's no use in fooling. I am satisfied this fellow's a —— Yankee spy; and here's just as good a place as we can find to hang him. Take the halter off that horse's neck and bring it here."

It was indeed a fitting place in which to do foul murder. Not a house was to be seen; and the road wound through one of those cedar thickets so dense that even in mid-day it is almost dark within them. It was now night, and the sombre shade even more gloomy than ever, as Harris jumped from his horse, and, taking the halter, made a noose of it, and, fitting it around the neck of the unlucky scout, drew it up uncomfortably tight, until, in fact, it was just about strangling him.

Now or never was the time to expostulate and entreat. In a moment it might be to late; and then farewell home, friends, and all the joys of life! It is not hard to die in peace, surrounded by weeping friends, or even to meet the dread king in the shock and excitement of battle; but to hang like a dog!—the idea is sickening, appalling; and it is no sign of cowardice to shrink from it. One more effort, then, for life, even if it be to supplicate for mercy from a drunken rebel.

"Captain," said he, with great feeling, "it is wrong to take a man's life on so slight a suspicion. It is a vast responsibility to take upon one's self; and you may do something for which you will be sorry by-and-by, in your calmer moments, and for which you may be even punished when it comes to the knowledge of General Bragg."

To which came the rough and heartless answer, "I know my business; and I don't want any advice from a —— Yankee spy. When I do, I'll let you know. Come along," shouted he, seizing the rope and dragging his victim towards a tree. "I know my duty, and am

going to do it, too. Come on, men, and let's swing up this —— rascally spy."

They refused to come to his assistance, however, saying that they were as ready as he to do their duty, but they wanted to be a little better satisfied about the matter. It was only half a mile to Ratcliffe's, and it would be a very easy thing to go and see what he said about it. Harris would not listen a moment, and again ordered them to come and help him, which they dared not longer refuse.

The case now appeared hopeless. Death stared him in the face, and life, with all its memories and pleasures, seemed passing dreamily away. Looking into the cedars hanging heavy with darkness, they seemed the entrance to the valley of the shadow of death, beyond which lay the infinite and mysterious future. On the verge of the grave life was yet sweet—yet worth striving for; and, as a last effort, the unfortunate man went up to Harris, placed his hand on his shoulder, and asked him if he would promise, on the word and honor of a gentleman, that he would go to General Bragg and give him a true statement of the affair, narrating every circumstance as it actually occurred. Then, turning to the men, he asked them if they would do it, provided the captain did not. Less hardened than the captain, they feelingly answered that they would; and the earnestness with which they replied was proof enough that they would make good their words. This set the captain to thinking. He evidently didn't like the idea of Bragg's hearing about it, and, after some moments' reflection, concluded to go to Ratcliffe's and see what he would say. The rope was removed, and they resumed their journey—the captain still swearing it would do no good, as nothing could save him, for he was bound to hang him that very night.

Life still hung on a thread, however. In the afternoon, when Newcomer had been there, Ratcliffe had not returned, and if he were not now at home nothing would

prevent Harris from carrying out his threat, which he seemed determined to execute. That half-mile was the longest ride Newcomer ever took. No lights were to be seen; but it was near midnight, and it might be that all were abed. Harris left the prisoner at the gate, in charge of the other three, and went up to the house. He knocked on the window, and Newcomer thought it was the thumping of his own heart. Fortunately Ratcliffe was at home, and came hurriedly to the door, without stopping to dress. The two conversed in a low tone for some time, when Ratcliffe was heard to exclaim, "I'll be —— if you do!" and instantly started down towards the gate. Coming up to the prisoner, and throwing one arm around his neck, while he took his hand in his, he said to him—

"Great God! Harry, how fortunate that I am at home!"

After they had talked a while together, Harris came up again, and called Ratcliffe to one side, where they had another protracted conversation in a low, whispering tone. While they were thus engaged, a large owl on a tree near by began hooting, and was speedily answered by another some distance up the road. The three men mounted their horses at once and galloped to the road, shouting, at the top of their voices—

"Captain, we're surrounded! This is a trap. Don't you hear the signals?"

The captain stepped to the road, listened a moment, and then, with a volley of oaths, ordered them back for "a pack of —— fools to be scared at an owl." Still quaking with fear, which did not entirely leave them until they were fairly away from the place, they resumed their places, the owls hooting lustily all the while.

Harris and Ratcliffe continued their conversation for a few minutes, when the former came towards Newcomer with a pistol and some papers in each hand, saying, as he gave them to him—

"I release you, and restore your property, on the word

of Quartermaster Ratcliffe. He assures me that you are one of the most important men in the South, and a secret agent of the Confederacy. I am very sorry that this thing has occurred, and will make any amends in my power. If you desire, I will go with you to Charlotte pike as an escort, or will do you any favor you may ask."

"No," said Ratcliffe, "he must come in and stay all night with me. I can't let him go on to-night."

While standing at the gate, during this conversation, our released prisoner sold his pistols to the cavalrymen for Tennessee money. Just at this moment, too, a squad of cavalry belonging to Starns's command came by. One of them, to whom Newcomer had sold a pistol some weeks before, recognized him at once, and shook hands with him very cordially. He corroborated Ratcliffe's statement, saying that Newcomer was on very important business for the South, which was rendered still more so by the fight having begun at Stewart's Creek. A short time was passed in general conversation, when all left except Newcomer, who hitched his horse to the porch and went in with Ratcliffe. When sufficient time had elapsed for them to be well out of the way, Newcomer said his business was of too much importance to brook delay, and he must be off at once. Ratcliffe said if he must go he could not urge him to stay. "I will go with you to your horse," said he; "meanwhile take this to keep you from further trouble. If anybody stops you again, just show them this, and you will be passed at once."

So saying, he took from his pocket a large government envelope—of which he had an abundance—and wrote on it, "*All right, J. W. Ratcliffe.*"

Armed with this, he started again, and reached the pickets of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, who brought him into the city. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when he arrived at the police-office: but the colonel was

still up, and immediately telegraphed his report to headquarters.

The next day, nothing daunted, he set out again, and went, as usual, first to Ratcliffe's, where he remained all night—thence the next morning travelled, by way of Hart's Cross-Roads and Caney Spring, to Murfreesborough, reaching that place on the Saturday evening closing the week of battles at Stone River. Riding about the town, he observed that nearly every house in it was a hospital. Everything was confusion and excitement. Immense crowds of straggling soldiers and citizens were gathered about the court-house and depot. Commissary and quartermaster stores, artillery, ammunition, and camp equipage, were being loaded on the cars, and trains were starting as fast as loaded. An evacuation was evidently on hand, and that right speedily; and he determined to leave as soon as possible. The only trouble was how to get out.

After wandering around some time, seeking an opportunity, he came across a train of small wagons, with which the neighboring farmers had come to take home their wounded sons and brothers. Quick to embrace opportunities, he saw that now was his chance to escape. Dismounting from his horse, he led him by the bridle, and walked demurely behind one of these wagons, as though it was in his charge. Clad in butternut, and in every outward appearance resembling the others accompanying it, the deceit was not discovered, and he safely passed all the pickets. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning, and he rode rapidly on, in a cold, driving rain, until fairly benumbed. Some nine miles out, he came to a deserted school-house, which he unceremoniously entered, leading his horse in after him. Within, a large fireplace and an abundance of desks suggested the idea of a fire, and a huge blaze roaring and crackling on the hearth soon demonstrated its practicability. The next step was

to wring the water out of his well-soaked garments and partially dry them.

Both horse and man enjoyed themselves here until near daybreak, when he mounted again and rode on to Ratcliffe's, reaching there about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Here he remained awhile to converse with his friend, refresh the inner man, and care for his horse—neither having eaten a mouthful since the morning before. Ratcliffe was rejoiced to see him, and wished him to remain longer; but he pushed ahead, and reached Nashville late that evening, wellnigh worn out with hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep. His report was immediately telegraphed to General Rosecrans; but he had been so long in making his way back that the general did not receive it until he had himself entered Murfreesborough.

Late the next night he started again, with a single pistol and a small stock of needles, pins, and thread. On Monday evening he reached Ratcliffe's, and, staying but two hours, rode on two miles farther to the house of one M. H. Perryear, with whom he remained all night. Thence he travelled, by way of Hart's Cross-Roads, towards Caney Springs, but before reaching the latter place fell in with some of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom he rode along friendly and companiony enough. Some of them were old acquaintances and very confidential. They were, they said, just on their way to burn a lot of Federal wagons at Lavergne and Triune, and, deeming him a good fellow well met, invited him to go with them. Thinking that there might be some chance to save the wagons, he declined the invitation, urging the pressing nature and importance of his mission as an excuse. It was soon found, however, that every avenue of escape northward was guarded, and the whole country filled with the cavalry, of whom there were, in all, about three thousand. There was nothing to do, then, but to leave the wagons to their fate and push on, which he did, and, arriving at Caney Springs, remained there over night.

The next morning the cavalry began to loiter back from their marauding expedition in squads of from fifteen to a hundred or more, and from them he learned the complete success of the enterprise. Making the acquaintance of a lieutenant, he was told that they were going at once to Harpeth Shoals, to burn a fleet of boats which was then on its way to Nashville. This determined him to abandon the idea of going to Shelbyville, and he accompanied a detachment back as far as Hart's Cross-Roads, where they went on picket duty at a meeting-house by the road. Bidding them good-day, he started on alone towards Ratcliffe's. Stopping at Perryear's, he was told that Forrest was in Franklin, that the roads were all guarded, and that there was a picket just at Ratcliffe's gate. Perryear then gave him an open letter of introduction, recommending him to all officers and soldiers of the Confederate army as a true and loyal Southern man, engaged in business of the highest importance to the government. With this he again set out, and, as he had been told, found a picket at Ratcliffe's gate. Requesting to be admitted, he was asked if he was a soldier, and, on answering negatively, was passed in without hesitation. Ratcliffe corroborated Perryear's statement, saying, furthermore, that Forrest was very strict, and that it would be much better for him to remain there until they had all gone down the river.

"But," added he, "if you must go, I'll go with you as far as Franklin and help you through."

The town was found to be full of cavalry, who were conscripting every man whom they could lay hands on. Ratcliffe introduced his companion to Will Forrest—a brother of the general, and captain of his body-guard. The captain was profuse of oaths and compliments, and, withal, so very friendly that Newcomer at once told him his story and business, all of which was indorsed by Ratcliffe. More oaths and compliments followed. The

captain was glad to know so important a man, and, by way of business, asked him if he had any pistols to sell.

"No," was the reply; "I have nothing but a single navy revolver, which I carry for my own defence, and which I wouldn't like to part with. But I am just going to Nashville for more goods, and, fearing trouble in getting away, I thought I would come and see about it."

"Oh, I guess there will be none," said the captain. "The general wants to know something about Nashville, and will be very apt to send you there to get the information for him. Come; let's go and see about it."

The two set forth, and found the general, surrounded by the usual crowd, at his hotel. Calling him to one side, the captain pointed out his new friend, and, explaining who and what he was, concluded by remarking that he wished to go to Nashville for goods, and would bring him any information he desired. The, general not just then in the best of humor, swore very roundly that he knew as much about Nashville as he wanted to—it was men he wanted—and concluded by ordering the captain to conscript his friend into either his own or some other company. Turning on his heel, he walked briskly away, leaving his brother to his anger and our would-be rebel spy to his disappointment. The captain fumed with great, sulphurous oaths, and consoled Newcomer thus wise;—

"He's a —— fool if he is my brother. You are the last man I'll ever bring to him to be insulted. But you shan't be conscripted. Come with me, and I'll help you through. You can go with my company, but not as a soldier, and I will send you to Nashville myself. My company always has the advance, and there'll be plenty of chances."

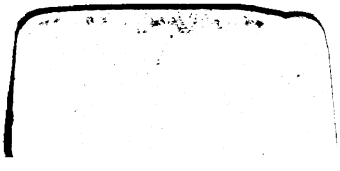
Making a virtue of necessity, this proposition was gladly accepted, and all started on the march. By this time Wheeler had come up and taken the lead, Forrest following in the centre, and Starns bringing up the rear.

About eight miles from Franklin the whole command encamped for the night, and our hero slept under the same blanket with Captain Forrest and his lieutenant—a Texan ranger named Scott, whose chief amusement seemed to consist in lassooing dogs while on the march, and listening to their yelping as they were pitilessly dragged along behind him. Towards midnight, one of their spies—a Northern man, named Sharp, and formerly in the plough business at Nashville—came in from the Cumberland River. Captain Forrest introduced Newcomer to him as a man after his own heart—"true as steel, and as sharp as they make 'em."

The two spies became intimate at once, and Sharp belied his name by making a confidant of his new acquaintance. He had formerly been in Memphis, and acted as a spy for the cotton-burners. More recently he had been employed with Forrest; and now he had just come from Harpeth Shoals, where he had learned all about the fleet coming up the river, and to-morrow he was to guide the expedition down to a place where they could easily be captured and burned. Early next morning the march was resumed, and at the crossing of the Hardin pike General Forrest and staff were found waiting for them. Upon coming up, the captain was ordered to take his company down the Hardin pike, go on picket there, and remain until eleven o'clock; when, if nothing was to be seen, he was to rejoin the expedition. These instructions were promptly carried out—a good position being taken on a hill some eight miles from Nashville, from which could be had a view of the whole country for many miles in every direction. About ten o'clock the captain came to Newcomer and said he was going to send him to Nashville himself; at the same time giving him a list of such articles as he wished, consisting principally of gray cloth, staff-buttons, &c.

As may be imagined, no time was lost in starting, and still less in getting into Nashville, where he arrived in

due season to save the fleet. A force was at once sent out on the Hillsborough pike to cut off the retreat of the rebels, and another on the Charlotte pike to attack them directly. The latter force succeeded in striking their rear-guard, and threw them into confusion, when they hastily fled across the Harpeth River, which was at the time very high. Our forces, being principally infantry, could not cross in pursuit, but the troops on the Hillsborough pike succeeded in killing, wounding, and capturing considerable numbers of them. They were thoroughly scattered, however, and the fleet was saved —which was the main object of the expedition.

THE END.

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